The Saturday Evening
POST
February 8, 1958 – 15¢

FEB 4 '58

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S Own Story of Her Life Since FDR Died

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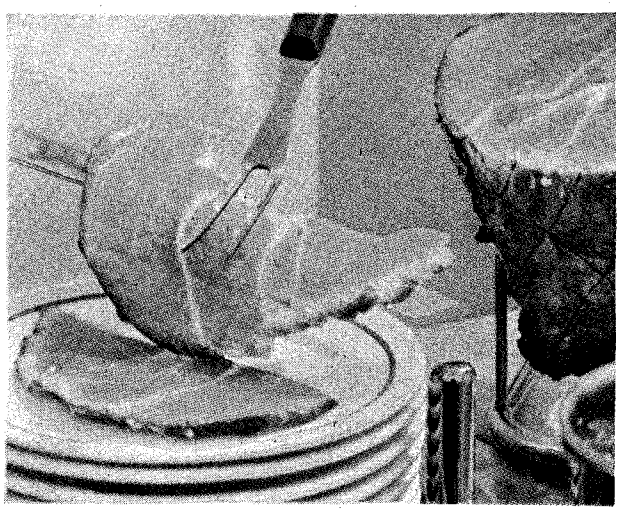
Eating out gives ~~life~~ *hearts* a lift!



Tender, juicy Swift's Premium Ham makes the meal!

♥ On St. Valentine's Day, or *any* day, there are three little words every lady loves to hear—"Let's dine out!"

Try them on your best girl! Watch her respond to your thoughtfulness. It's a wonderful way to a woman's heart!

This is National Dine-Out Month . . . eat out often!

Good eating places put quality first . . . so does

Swift
103RD YEAR
To Serve Your Family Better

In cooperation with National Restaurant Association

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Company in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association. Copyright by Swift & Company, 1958

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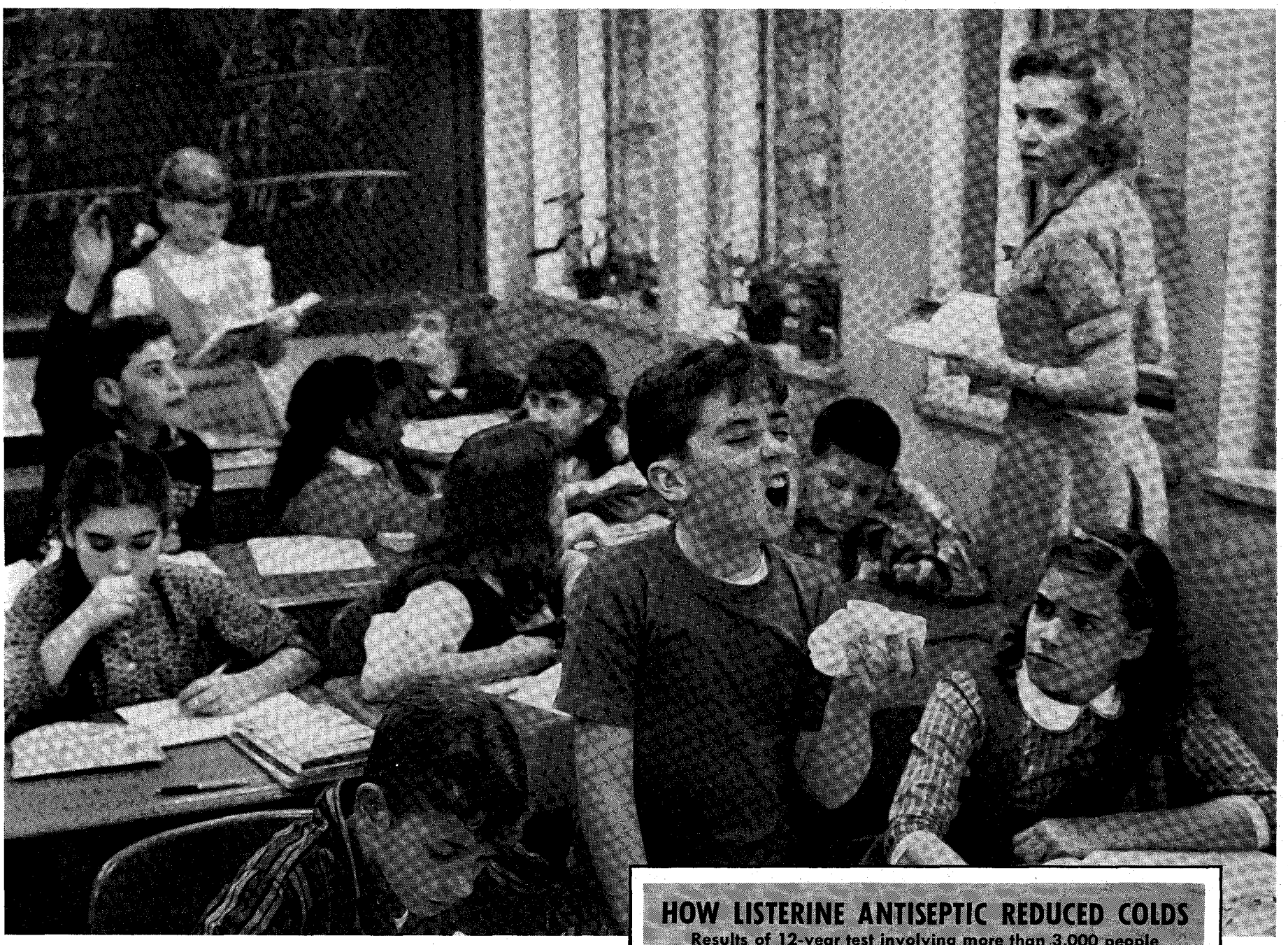
The Most Crowded Classroom
can find space for germs!



Children ought to gargle Listerine before and after school—it kills germs by millions, on contact!

Schools all over America are filled to capacity these days. And in this season of colds and sore throats due to colds, even the most *careful* school is apt to be crowded with bacteria, too!

Before you send your youngsters to school—soon as they come home in the afternoons—have them gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength. Listerine kills germs associated with colds and the sore throats they bring—kills germs on contact, by the millions.

Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice daily with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

The figures on the chart (right) show how regular use of Listerine helped reduce colds and sore throats due to colds. Have all the family gargle twice every day with Listerine Antiseptic.

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS
Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine
. . . your No. 1 protection against infection

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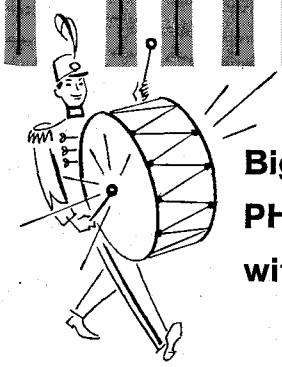
PHILCO TRADE-IN FAIR!



Big allowance on America's most wanted television!
PHILCO HYPER-POWER TV
with 3-SPEAKER

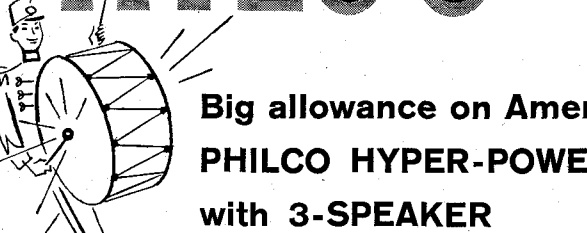
Wrap-Around Sound

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

Your present TV set was never worth more than it is right now at your Philco dealer's February Trade-in Fair! Now you can own the finest television in America—1958 Philco HTV—at tremendous savings.

Save now on exclusive 3-speaker Wrap-Around Sound consoles — on brilliant Philco Miss America consoles — on caster-equipped and swivel consoles! Enjoy the Deluxe Spur Switch Tuner that sidetracks *interference* — and the *Two-Position Range Switch* that locates the strongest signal *electronically!* These and many more advances are yours in a wide choice of cabinets and finishes.

Visit your Philco dealer's February Trade-in Fair — you'll be dollars ahead!



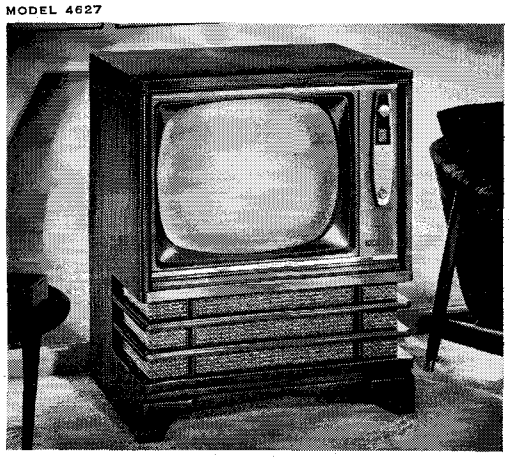
WRAP-AROUND SOUND! Three harmonically balanced speakers, one in front, one on each side. You're surrounded with sound no matter where you sit.

MODEL 4624-S

Brilliant Philco HTV in a handsome swivel cabinet! Three-speaker Wrap-Around Sound! Top Front Tuning. Two-Position Range Switch. Phono-Jack. Beautiful mahogany finished cabinet with gold accents.

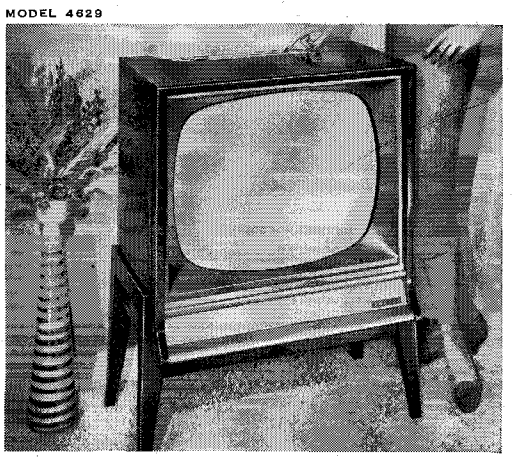
SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

MODEL 4627



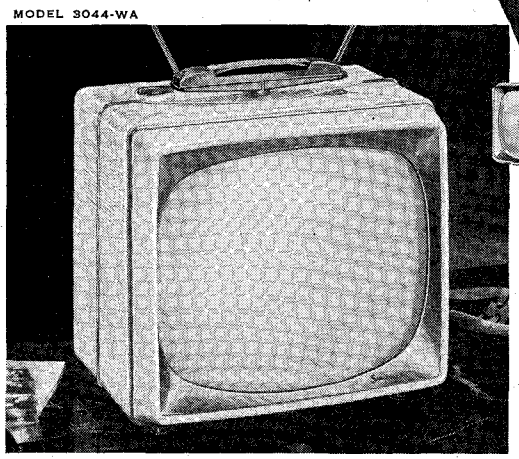
New Wrap-Around Sound Console, Easy-roll casters. Uni-Dial all-in-one Control Center. HTV chassis. 21-in. *overall diagonal* picture. Adjustable Range Switch. Phono-Jack. Mahogany or blond wood finishes.

MODEL 4629



New High-Style Slender Set Console. Stunning contemporary styling. Top Level Tuning. Edge-Lite Control Center. New Ear Level Sound system. Deluxe HTV chassis. Mahogany, blond or walnut finishes.

MODEL 3044-WA



Alligator White Slender Seventeener Portable. Textured alligator styling. Pink gold trim. Exclusive "Scan-Tenna" handle. Top controls. 17-in. *overall diagonal* picture. Many other new colors and finishes.

LOOK AHEAD ...
and you'll choose
PHILCO®

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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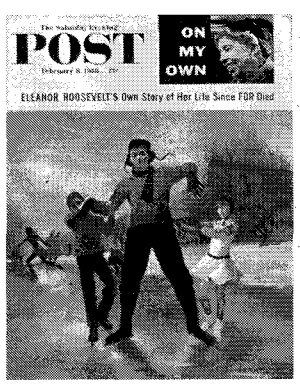

THE COVER

To learn to skate, you merely thrust one foot forward, then the other, continuing these gestures until a horrible fall is suffered. Then you arise, with some such comment as "Oh, fudge!" and resume thrusting. A person has learned to skate when he doesn't go boom nearly as often as he used to. *Ice* skate, that is. Once upon a time, a man who had been a whiz on ice visited a roller-skating rink, took off cockily on wheels, found them unruly, and was unable to stop himself until a brick wall helped him—WHAM! As for Papa Popeye, it's an even bet whether he will learn to skate or die in the attempt. And as for George Hughes, he is a jim-dandy skier, but on skates—Come to think of it, if George were in agony about something, that cover would be a jim-dandy self-portrait.

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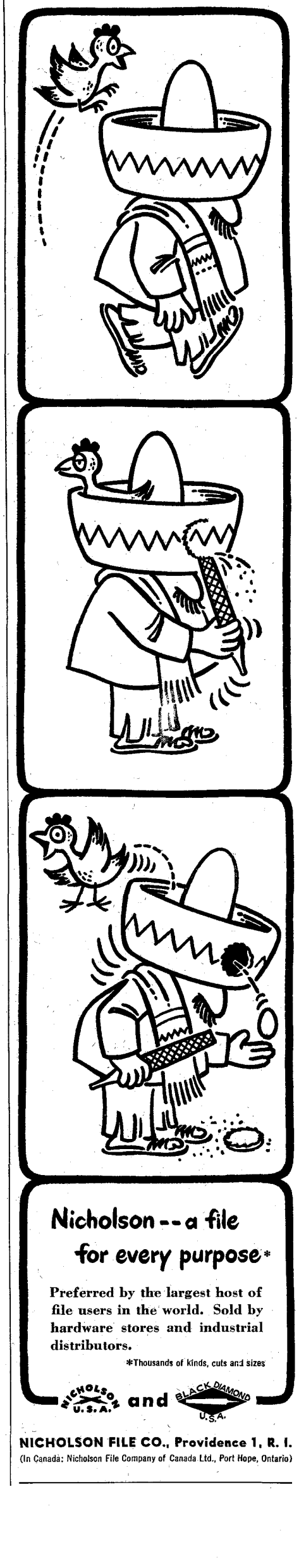

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"I sealed this package tightly with 'SCOTCH' Cellophane Tape.' Insist on "SCOTCH" Brand, the tape you can trust.

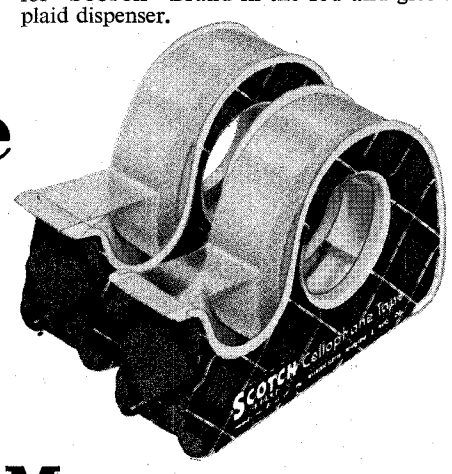
"I mended my torn sheet music with 'SCOTCH' Brand." This transparent tape is just as clear as glass.

"I fixed my airplane's wing with tape—in a jiffy." "SCOTCH" Brand is strongest, sticks tight longest.

"I taped this recipe on a file card." Look for "SCOTCH" Brand in the red and green plaid dispenser.

Next time buy two!

(keep one for you!)



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...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

3M COMPANY

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Letters

Picasso: Genius or Fake?

Dear Sirs:

A citation to the SatEvePost and photographer David Douglas Duncan for the picture story, PABLO PICASSO: THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST, Jan. 4. These are the times when a vision and a greatness are needed. Can the magazine give us a sense of the quality of the lives of our scientists, artists, thinkers by comparable picture stories?

ROBERT DUBROFF
Fairfield, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion that notorious Communist is the world's most famous artist only for the Communist press, as well as for those on the West who belong to that degenerated generation that has lost every sense of beauty!

J. D. SAVICH
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Doubtless you will receive an avalanche of letters. . . .

There will be those who piously condemn the artist and the man.

Also, there probably will be many who bow low and enshrine even his most tongue-in-cheek squiggles. . . .

How completely unimportant to say anything—to analyze or to criticize. Why must art viewers strain so to be articulate?

The point is that Pablo Picasso *is*. His force is as undeniable as that of Hurricane Diane or Sputnik.

Nothing could matter less than your opinion or mine.

MRS. C. W. HEERY
Athens, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I hasten my appreciation of your revealing portrait of painter Pablo Picasso—one of the best prose-photo presentations of the modern master I have seen. It is my conviction that Picasso's contribution will be indirect rather than direct; that, following the law of reaction, his works and those inspired by them shall result in an artistic revolution in which a reborn beauty in spiritual art may exceed that of the Old Masters . . . an art that combines the humanism of Vermeer with the savagery of Picasso toward a complete expression of the species man.

DALE NICHOLS
Pass Christian, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

The Picasso article was welcome. Although I can take or (mostly) leave his productions, I find the man most intriguing.

MARY E. MCQUISTON
Bronxville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Duncan and the SEP did a vividly intimate and beautiful job. He moved in real close and you blew them up real big. Bravo! I hope I will see many more like it in future issues.

FRANK HANLEY
Long Island City, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Pablo Picasso has come very near dealing art a death blow, from which it will take years to recover. He probably is the world's most famous artist, but he is also the world's biggest fake. Even his old realistic pictures are mediocre.

MRS. ANNE RITCHIE
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Picasso—Phooey!! Still say this fellow is a fraud, and the article bears that out indisputably, for it admits that the so-called "artist" is an adherent of Communism. But in the last picture, on page 63, he is described as showing compassion. He cannot be capable of the latter if he is a believer of the former.

H. E. WILLIAMS
Wichita Falls, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Your article on Pablo Picasso made my blood boil. . . .

Looking at those crude and carelessly made pieces of junk, misshapen heads and ugly monstrosities makes one sick. Those boxes of unopened paintings should be left unopened or destroyed. Even the sketch he shows of the dachshund is crude; surely a ten-year-old could do better.

E. EHLENBERG
Floral City, Fla.

● *We haven't found a picture painted by Picasso when he was ten, but here's one he dashed off when he was thirteen* [see cut]. —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Just one question—one main question—concerning Picasso. How does Duncan mean the word "companion" in connection with the woman named Jacqueline Roque?

MRS. G. R. HOOVER
Winston-Salem, N.C.

● *She is mistress of his household.* —*ED.*

From Oolitic to Peculiar

Dear Sirs:

In THE NAMES WE GO BY by J. C. Furnas, Dec. 28, you gave some of the more common names for towns in Indiana but you did not touch the most unusual area. Within a ten-mile radius of Nashville, Indiana, you will find the following: Bean Blossom, Stoney Lonesome, Trevlac (Calvert spelled backward), Gnaw Bone and Needmore.

PHILLIP A. FERGUSON
Selma, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

What's so funny about the name Oolitic? Look it up in any dictionary and you will find that oolite is "a granular variety (Continued on Page 6)

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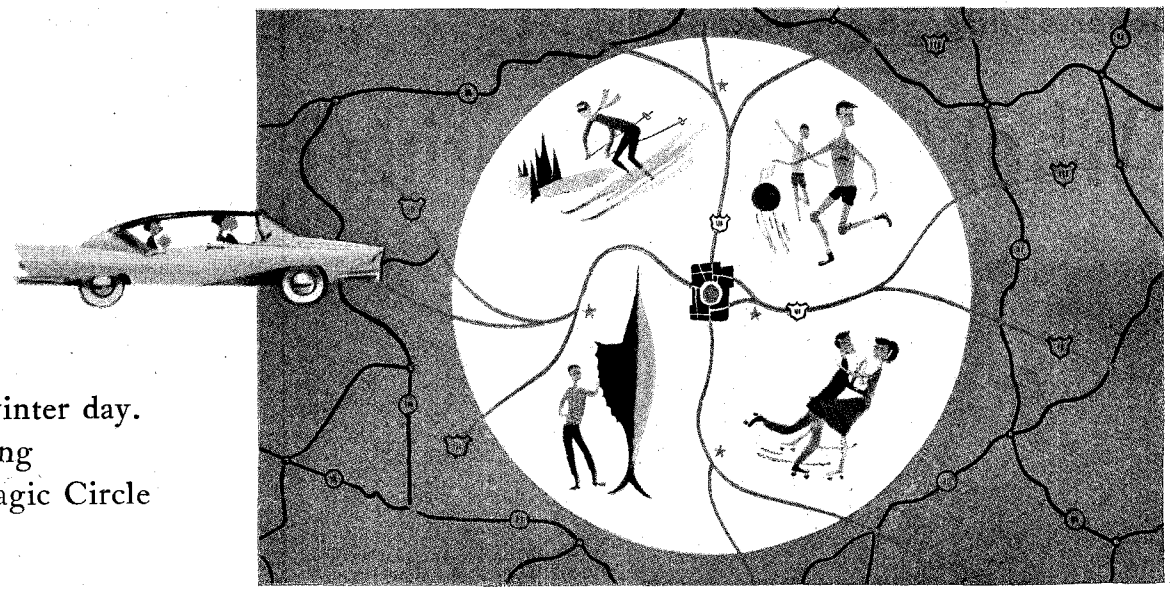
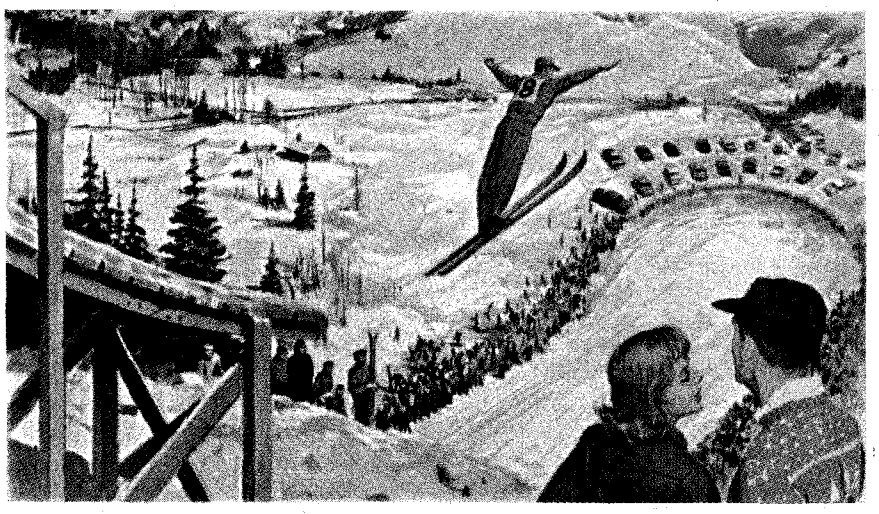
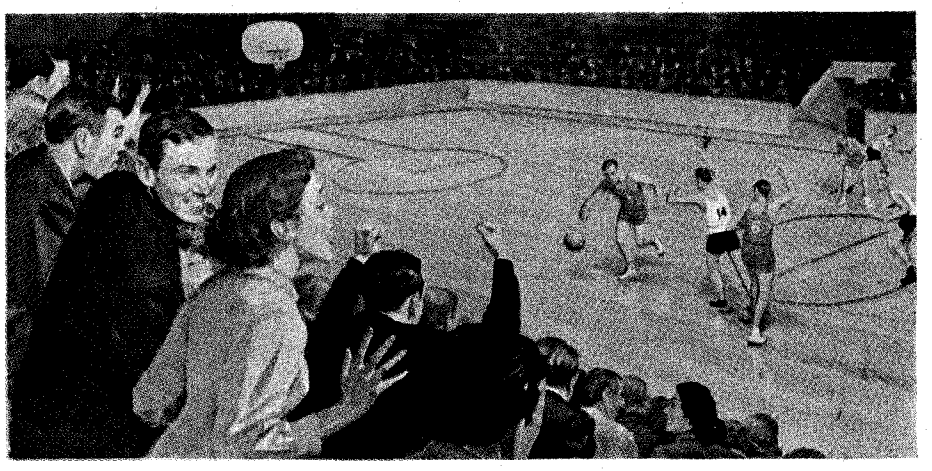
Your car makes this a Magic Circle



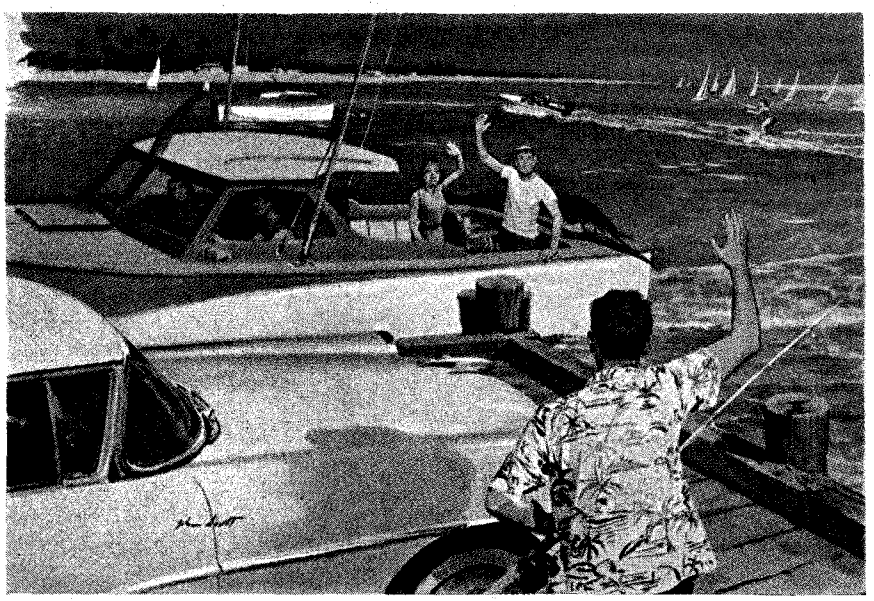
Open roads await you almost any winter day. They fan out into an endless, exciting playground, everywhere in your Magic Circle



Choose your slope, then set a course for it the fun way. By car. As skier or just sight-seer, find out just how invigorating a winter's afternoon out-of-doors can be.



Follow the team. Get your friends together and go to a basketball game, a hockey match, or a swimming meet. A good car, a good crowd, a good game . . . they add up to a good time. Anytime.



Head for the water. For you, winter fishing may be a few hours away or a few weeks' trip. And going or coming by car, the pleasure can be as limitless as the shoreline itself.

A round of fun. Children of all ages are discovering the happy relaxation roller-skating offers. Match it with the easy comfort of going by car.

Start living these winter days . . . start driving. Your Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy. Winter time—*any*time—it makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life. And from start to end of your trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or next vacation.

DRIVE MORE . . .
IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE
YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE

"ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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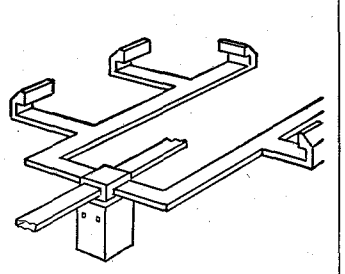
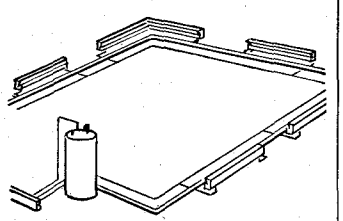
Sooner or later comes the question . . .

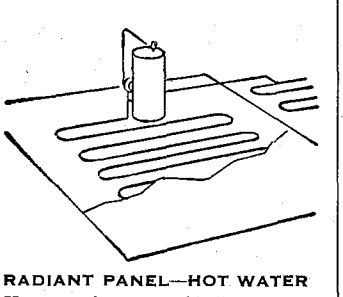
What kind of heating?



WARM AIR
Forced warm air is a popular method of home heating. Warm air is circulated through rooms and returned to furnace for filtering and reheating.



BASEBOARD—HOT WATER
Water is heated in central boiler and circulated through metal baseboards. It is a steady, even type of heat, often preferred for colder climates.



RADIANT PANEL—HOT WATER
Hot water from central boiler is circulated through small pipes enclosed in walls, floors or ceilings. No registers or radiators are used. Very steady heat.

Here's help from Iron Fireman

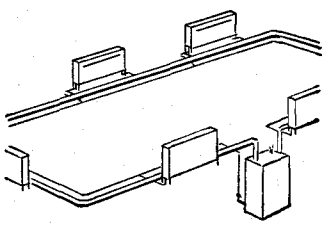
Names unfamiliar to most home owners have been applied to many modern heating systems, such as perimeter, radiant panel, convector and baseboard heating. How do these various systems work? Is one system better than another for your particular type and size of home?

Which kind of heating is best?

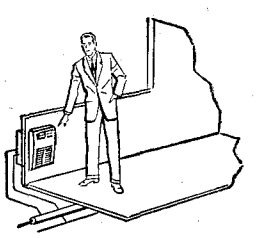
To help you decide which system is best for *your* present or new home, Iron Fireman has prepared a booklet, "12 Plans for Home Heating and Air Conditioning." It describes, in non-technical language, the modern heating and cooling methods most often specified by heating engineers and architects. It also describes the latest development in home comfort—Iron Fireman SelecTemp heating. With this system each room has its own heating unit, circulating filtered warm air, and its own thermostat, providing automatic temperature control *within each individual room.* This booklet is yours for the asking.

You can rely on Iron Fireman dealers

The Iron Fireman men in your community are carefully selected, and are trained by factory technicians. They are the important final link that is your assurance of a well-planned and correctly installed heating system.



CONVECTOR—STEAM
Steam from boiler is piped to convectors or radiators. A variant of this system is vapor-vacuum heating—a comfortable, responsive heat for homes.



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A thermostat in every room. Each room (including bathrooms) is a separate heating zone, heated to fit preferences or activities of the occupants.

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Engineered
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IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING CO.
3002 West 106th Street, Cleveland 11, Ohio
(In Canada write to 80 Ward St., Toronto).
Please send me free booklet, "12 Plans for Home Heating and Air Conditioning."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

of limestone made up of minute, nearly spherical concretions, used in building." Well, oolitic stone is the sort quarried in that region of Indiana where the town of Oolitic is located. What's more apt than that?

MRS. HAZEL DANNECKER
New Castle, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Wow!! You forgot such good old Hoosier crossroads as . . . Popcorn, Young America and Leipsic.

WINTON D. WOODS, JR.
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

How could J. C. Furnas write a piece about namesmanship and not mention Lake Chargoggaggoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug near Webster, Mass.?

Sissies call it Webster Lake, but anybody can learn to say or write the official name with five minutes' study by breaking it down into seven lines thus:

Chargogg
Aggogg
Manchaug
Agogg
Chaubun
Agun
Gamaug.

I take no stock in the story that to a Narragansett Indian "Chargoggaggoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaug" means "you fish on your side, I'll fish on my side, and we'll both fish in the middle."

GEORGE MACKIE
Hamden, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to enter what I claim is the most peculiar town name in the world—the one and only Peculiar, Missouri, population 267, located in Cass County, about 30 miles from K.C.

JOHN COPE
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Did Mr. Furnas investigate the custom of Iowa settlers in naming county seat and county after distinguished persons of the day?

The town of De Witt is in Clinton County. Andrew was once the most populous settlement in Jackson County.

A. G. WOOLFRIES
Sioux City, Iowa

Our Readers Define "Reactionary"

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the article, How I Became a Reactionary, by Thomas Braden, Jan. 4.

This is by far the best thing I've seen in the Post in a long time. It is the kind of writing all real Americans want to see and rarely ever do in this era of governmental incompetence and waste.

W. G. MONTGOMERY
Chatham, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It is indeed encouraging to know that one refugee from Baghdad on the Potomac has learned there's a difference between spending the dough and making a profit.

FRANK R. MILLS
Hoopeston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In 43 years of government work, I employed a great many people but failed to find Mr. Braden's headaches. In general, Government employees are interested in doing a good job. When I worked for the government, my people worked overtime willingly without extra pay while workers in industry were striking for higher wages.

The craving for green carpets, couches and power might have existed in Mr. Braden's branch, but, in general, it is simply a myth.

IVAN D. WOOD
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

What is reactionary about desiring a profit? A more apt title for Braden's apologetic effort may have been "How I Was Forced to Become a Businessman"!

BILL EVANS
Emeryville, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As a newspaper "working stiff" I read the article. . . . I would like to change the title "From Bureaucrat to B . . . . . ."

I really sympathized with the poor man as he fired the operator because he couldn't set 1½ galleys an hour, and when he fired the sweet old lady who wrote in longhand, and wrote up her friends' poetry and when he fired his "pearl without price," or his former secretary in Washington, the tears really flowed. . . .

I realize that such an operation as the author's has to make a profit, but do you have to give him space to be so smug about it?

WADE H. BULLARD, JR.
Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sirs:

So a reactionary is a businessman who cuts the deadwood from his organization, gets rid of expensive luxuries such as pleasant and super-efficient secretaries, and avoids the bankruptcy court. . . .

And any man who goes broke trying to run a business is, by the same token, presumably a starry-eyed liberal. I'm certainly happy to have these confusing matters cleared up.

ORRIN F. ALFRED
San Francisco, Calif.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19—Wide World. • 20—Wide World, United Press, Vernon L. Smith (Scope). • 21—Dr. A. David Gurewitsch, U. S. Army, Dr. A. David Gurewitsch. • 22, 23—Harold Von Schmidt. • 24, 25—Art Riley. • 26—Dick Stone. • 27—John R. Wells, Larry Keighley. 28, 29—John Launois. • 30—Joern Gerdts, from Melissa Mather Ambros, Joern Gerdts. 31—Amos Sewell. • 32—Harry Saltzman. • 33—Westinghouse, two by Harry Saltzman. 34, 35—Joe De Mers. • 36—Bob and Ira Spring. • 37—George Burns, Bob and Ira Spring, four by George Burns. • 38, 39—James R. Bingham. • 40—Mason Weymouth, three from Dr. James B. Pritchard. • 41—Ray Ballinger, Dr. James B. Pritchard. • 45—Bill Shrout. • 110—George Burns. • 124—U. S. Marine Corps., Mason Weymouth, Bill Shrout, International News Service. •

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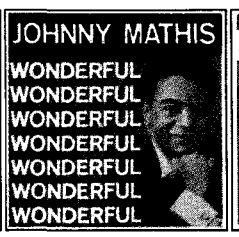
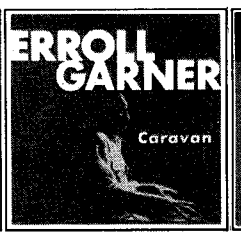
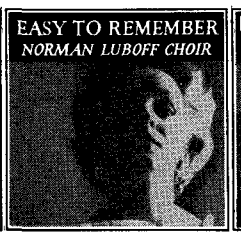


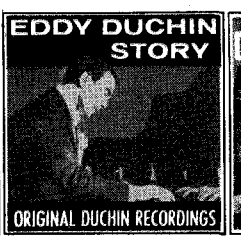
Johnny Mathis sings 12 favorites—Old Black Magic, Day In Day Out, It Could Happen To You, etc.



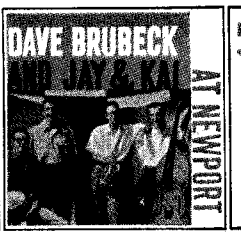
Erroll Garner plays Caravan, No Greater Love, Avalon, Lullaby of Birdland and other top hits



Tenderly, Deep Purple, Soon, Laura, September In The Rain, You Go To My Head, 6 others



Duchin plays The Man I Love, April Showers, Am I Blue?, Stardust, Blue Room, Brazil and 9 others



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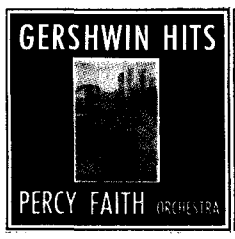

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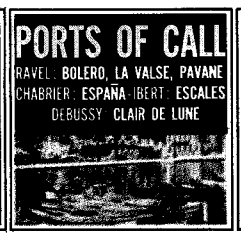

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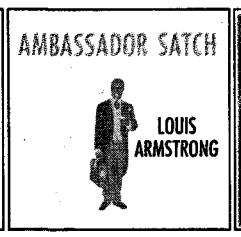

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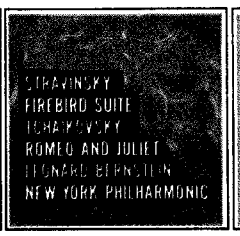

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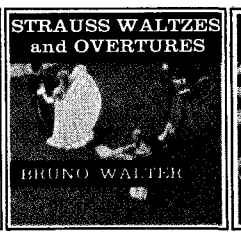
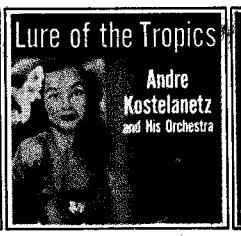


Emperor Waltz, Blue Danube, Vienna Life, Gypsy Baron Overture, Die Fledermaus Overture. etc.



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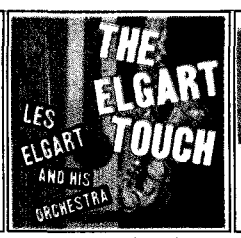

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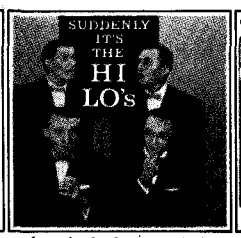

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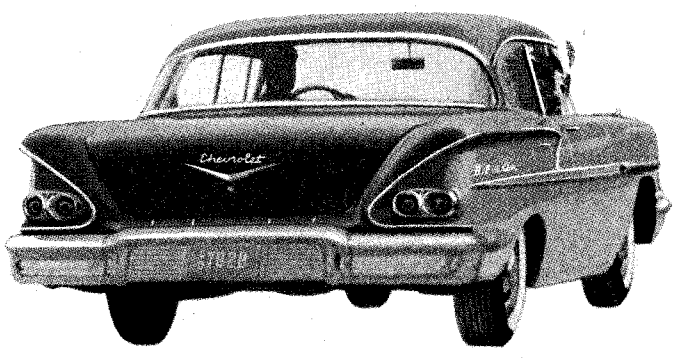

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Editorials

Why Did it Take Sputnik to Wake Up the U.S.A.?

After you have explored all the supposed reasons for our not too brilliant record in missiles and satellites, beginning with "interservice rivalry," and proceeding through Soviet espionage, faulty United States intelligence and failure-to-grab-enough-German-scientists, and ending with "progressive education," you come back to the conclusion you have probably suspected all along: too little sense of urgency. If five years ago there had been popular pressure in favor of manning our defenses such as we are getting now, a fleet of American satellites would be cruising the skies and our missiles would challenge those of the U.S.S.R. or any other nation.

So we come back to the central question: Why, in the face of a threat so obvious as the Soviet bid for world conquest, have the American people taken things so calmly?

There were warnings enough. On January 12, 1956, the late Sen. Joe McCarthy, whose gripes against the defense authorities made more sense this time than usual, declared in the Senate that "the American people have a right to know why this aspect of our guided-missile program is moving at a snail's pace." Did those who are at present "wallowing in simpletonian glee" about our backwardness, as Dr. Sidney Hook put it in the New Leader recently, join in demanding to know what was wrong? On the contrary, many of these neo-militarists were, again to quote Doctor Hook, "urging that the United States unilaterally abandon weapons research, particularly of a nuclear character."

Largely because of this attitude on the part of "the elite," the senator's question as to the state of the missile program, like another one by Senator Jackson, of Washington, produced no recorded speeding up, or popular demand for speed. With a few exceptions the columnists were too busy lashing John Foster Dulles for his "brink-of-war" magazine article to pay much attention to missiles.

For some reason the people and too many of their leaders have failed to take seriously the truth of Vice President Nixon's statement that "the Kremlin has reaffirmed its goal of world domination by nonmilitary means if possible and by war if necessary"—or of what President Eisenhower said in his State of the Union Message, that "the threat to our safety and to the hope of a peaceful world . . . is Communist imperialism." That was true at the close of World War II, but in those days it was assumed by too many people that, since it was "bad" to be a Nazi, it must be "good" to be a Communist.

Even now, when the intentions of the Communists ought to be understood by everybody, it isn't easy for Americans, in the midst of an era of plenty and vast promise, to accept the fact that a fanatical international conspiracy is methodically and ruthlessly working toward their destruction. Far more pleasant to bask in the prosperity and brush off as "warmongers" those who warn the nation of its peril.

The Supreme Court's cavalier frustration of efforts to control the Communist conspiracy in this country hasn't exactly stimulated a sense of urgency. Nor have certain columnists who represent the Kremlin as itching to "negotiate." The urge to "peaceful coexistence," which has nothing to do with what the President calls "waging peace," has had persuasive support.

It remained for the Sputniks and the Khrushchev Manifesto to expose the vanity of human wishes—and to warn us that it's time to go to work. But even these events are taken by some influential Americans not as calls to arms but as invitations for appeasement.

The Potato Gets a Well-Deserved Granite Monument

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

There are few foods grown which can combine the down-to-earth simplicity and *haute-cuisine* elegance found in the potato. Whether it is roasted on a stick in campfire embers or made an essential ingredient of a great chef's Vichyssoise, or mashed, baked, scalloped, hash-browned, chipped or French-fried, the potato occupies a prominent place in everything from a casual TV snack to a formal banquet. It will please most Americans, therefore, to know that a special and appropriate memorial is going to be erected to the "noble spud."

Under the auspices of the New England Council for Economic Development, the Committee for a National Potato Shrine has been established and is going ahead with plans for the monument. The first white potatoes grown in North America were planted in Londonderry—now Derry—New Hampshire, in 1719, according to the United States Department of Agriculture's 1937 Yearbook. The present owner of the potato field, Mrs. Caroline Murdock White, has turned over part of her property to the committee, which has been incorporated under New Hampshire law as a nonprofit association.

The proposed monument, according to Francis E. Robinson, an executive of the New England Council who is serving as clerk of the potato-shrine committee, will be of New Hampshire granite, and a central bronze panel will portray and describe the first potato planting in 1719. Other potato-growing regions and organizations have been invited to provide special panels for the monument, and to send stones typical of their regions for inclusion in the stone wall which will surround the plot, built in the old colonial New England fashion, with markers identifying the origin of all the contributed stones.

While Americans will continue to have various preferences for potatoes grown in Maine, Idaho, Long Island or other regions, few will disagree with the notion that the "tremendous tuber" deserves a memorial. From Maine to California, millions of citizens well under fifty have recollections of being hired as small boys and girls to pick potato bugs at so many—a great many—a penny; then in due season following along behind the diggers to sort and pile. Most of us can still feel the earth dry and powdery on the clean, brown potatoes, and it still feels good, but not so good as a bowl of leek-and-potato soup, or even a mess of home-fries!

Classical Training Does No Harm, Even to Young Scientists

Recently former ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy made what he asserted was to be, God willing, his last public address. In his talk he sounded a warning that all the post-Sputnik clamor for more and more science teaching must not be permitted to shut off all training in the classics.

This was the first time Mr. Kennedy had spoken out in public since son John took over the family's oratory department when he became a United States senator. The occasion for breaking his self-imposed silence was the annual alumni dinner of the Boston Latin School, its fiftieth since the elder Kennedy's graduation. He celebrated the event not only with a few well-chosen words but also with a $50,000 donation to the school's scholarship fund, because, he said, nothing outside his family meant so much to him as his association with the school.

When Mr. Kennedy was a schoolboy, his alma mater's curriculum was rigidly classical. Almost the only elective available to a student was a one-year choice between advanced French and advanced Greek. Nevertheless, the school had an enviable reputation for turning out boys who knew how to think. So well were they drilled in this process that when they came to grips with tough science courses at technical schools, they had little trouble in keeping well abreast of fellow students with far more background in scientific studies.

Certainly Mr. Kennedy's early exposure to the classics seems not to have dulled his mental processes. Let's hold on to that sort of training. If some subjects must be curtailed or even sacrificed completely in the interest of greater emphasis on science, surely there are plenty of expendable courses in folk dancing, finger painting and similar progressive efforts at developing self-expression.

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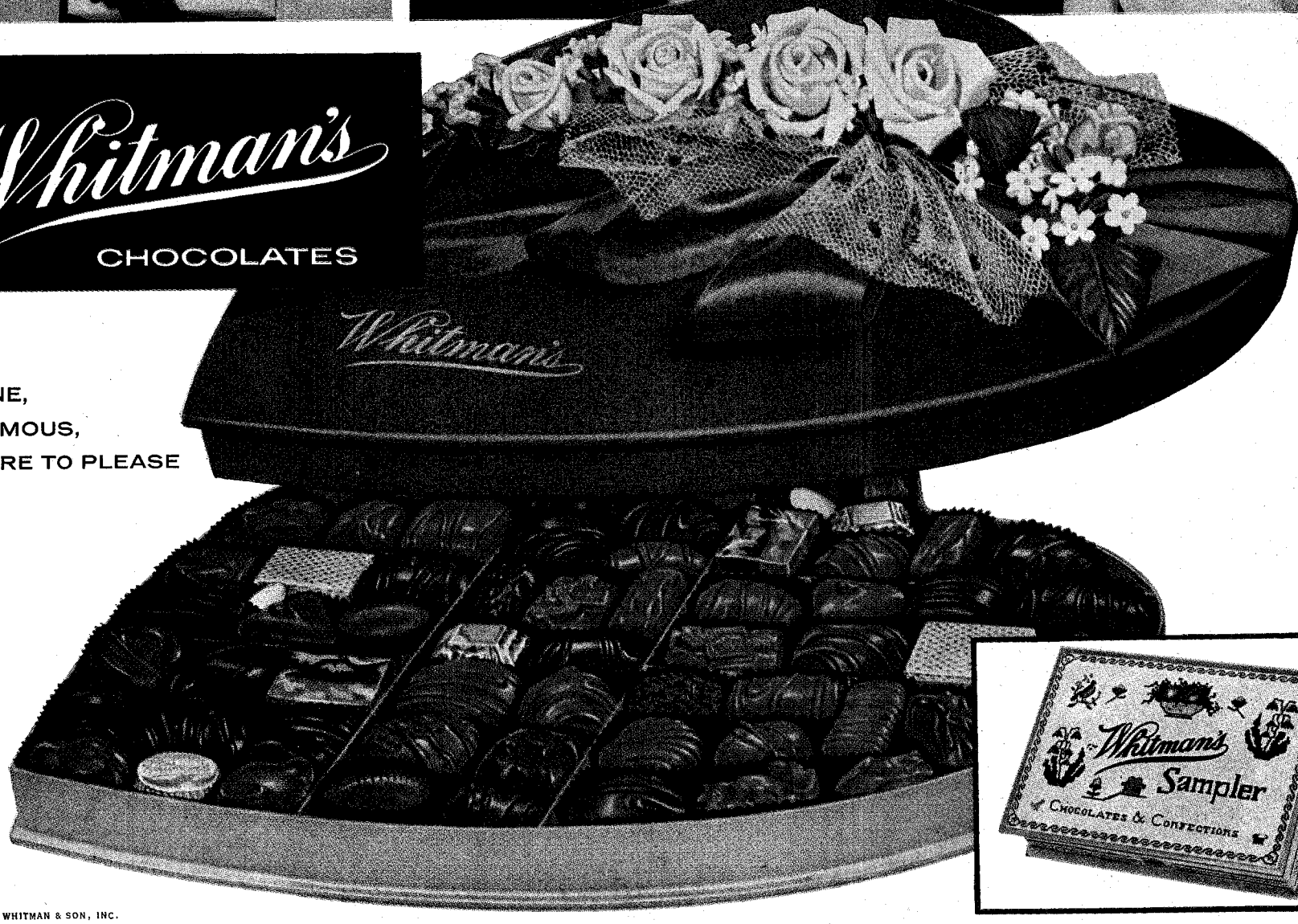

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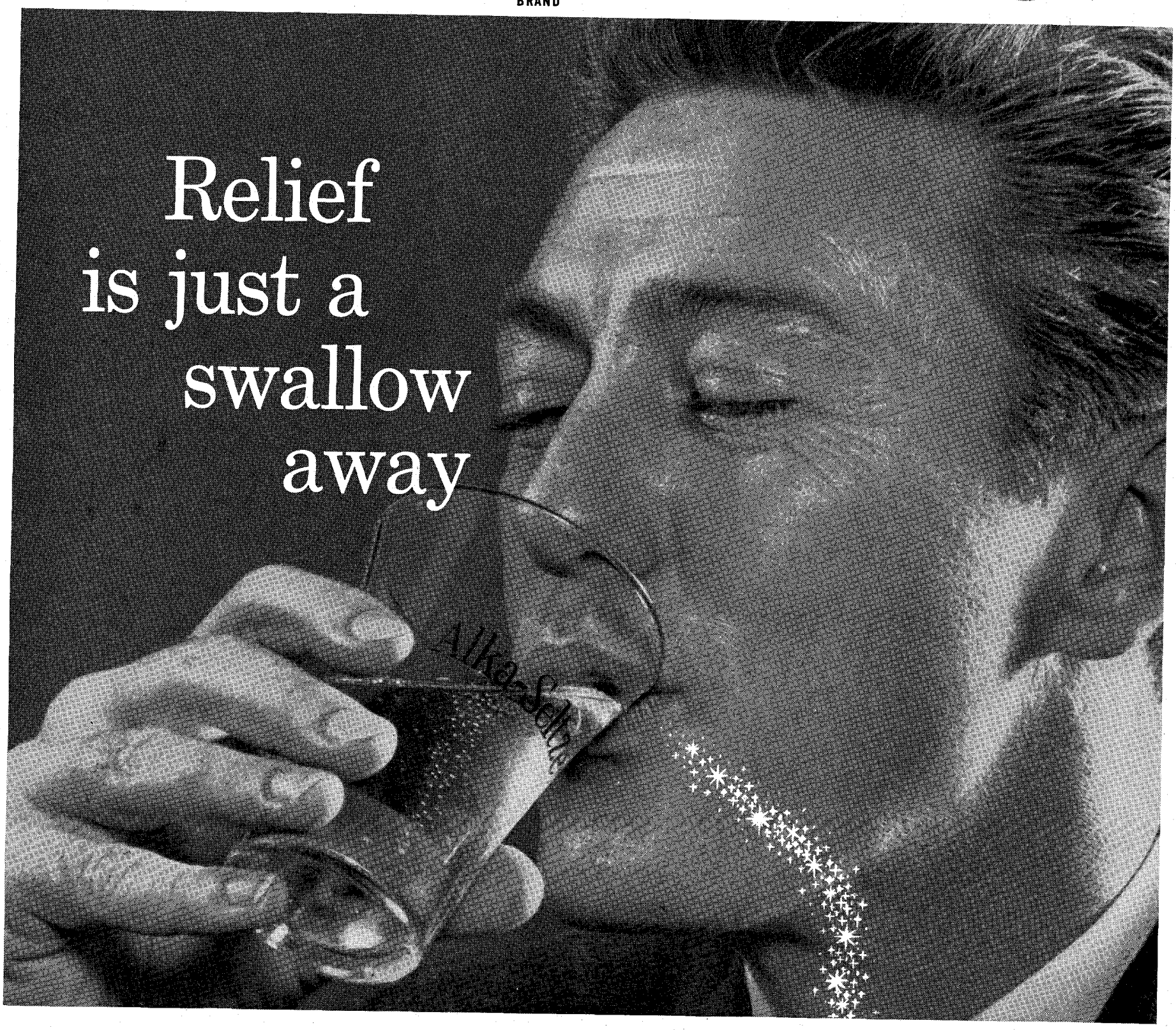

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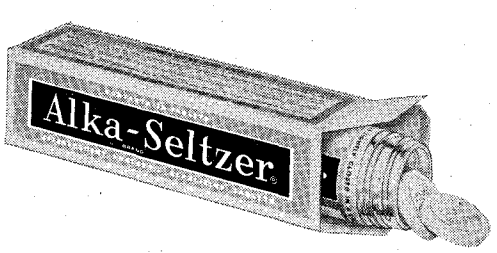

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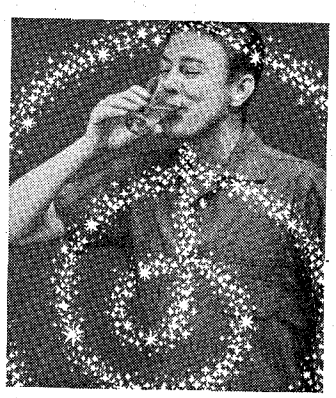

Through the stomach, into the system, around and around it flows . . . to help you feel better all over.

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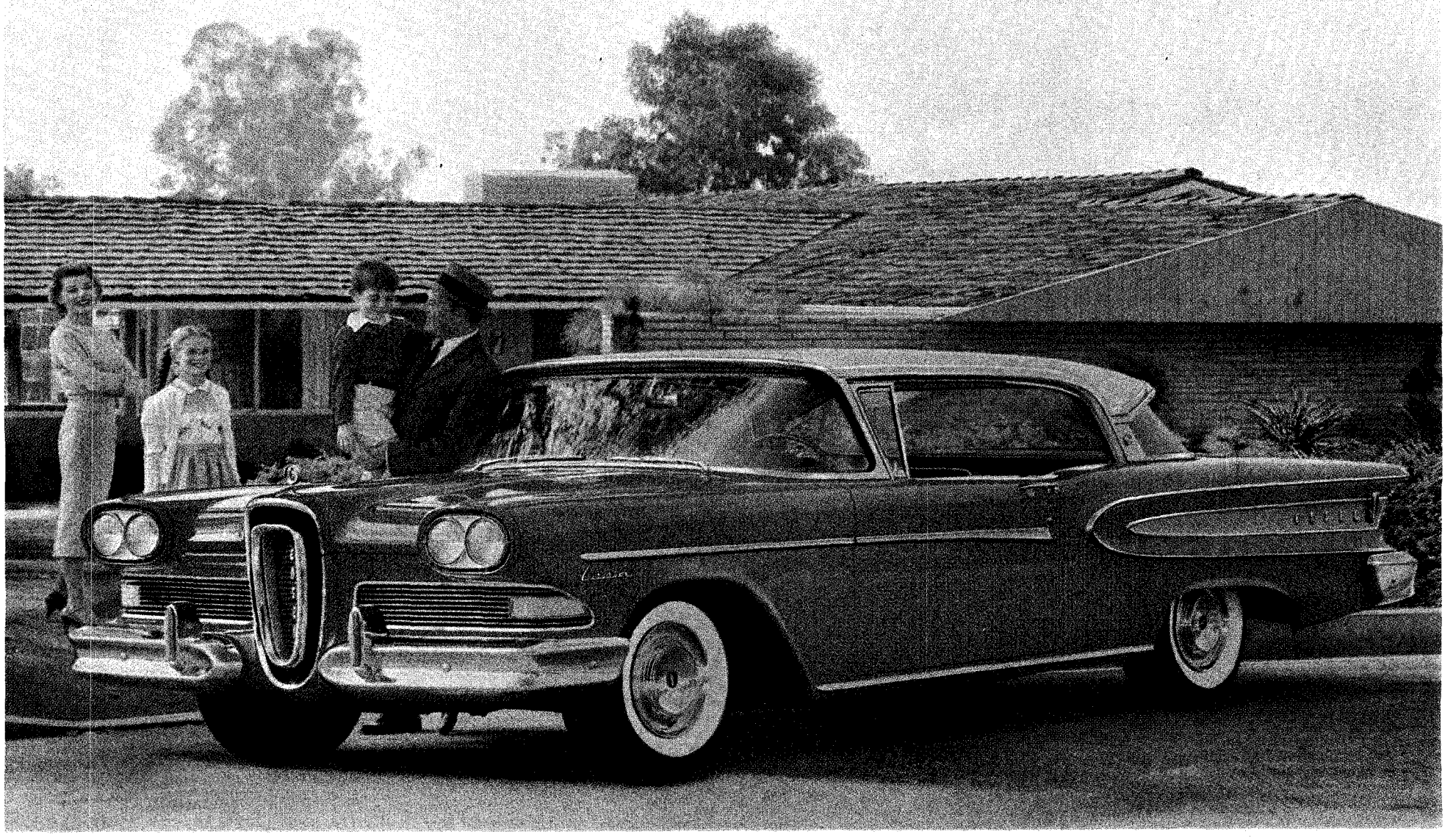
They'll know you've *arrived*

when you drive up in an Edsel



Step into the 1958 Edsel and you'll soon find out where the excitement is this year.

Drivers coming toward you spot that classic vertical grille a block away. And as you pass, they glance into their rear-view mirrors for another look at this year's most exciting car.

On the open road, your Edsel is watched eagerly for the already-famous performance of its big, new V-8 Edsel Engine.

And parked in front of your home, your Edsel gets even more attention—because it always says a lot about you. It says you chose elegant styling, luxurious comfort and such exclusive features as Edsel's famous Teletouch Drive—only shift that puts the buttons where they belong, on the steering-wheel hub.

Your Edsel also means you made a wonderful buy. For of all medium-priced cars, this one really new car is actually priced the lowest.* See your Edsel Dealer this week.

**Based on actual comparison of suggested retail delivered prices of the Edsel Ranger and similarly equipped cars in the medium-price field.*

EDSEL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Above: Edsel Citation 2-door Hardtop. Engine: the E-475, with 10.5 to one compression ratio, 345 hp, 475 ft.-lb. torque. Transmission: Automatic with Teletouch Drive. Suspension: Ball-joint with optional air suspension. Brakes: self-adjusting.

1958 EDSEL

Of all medium-priced cars, the one that's really new is the lowest-priced, too!

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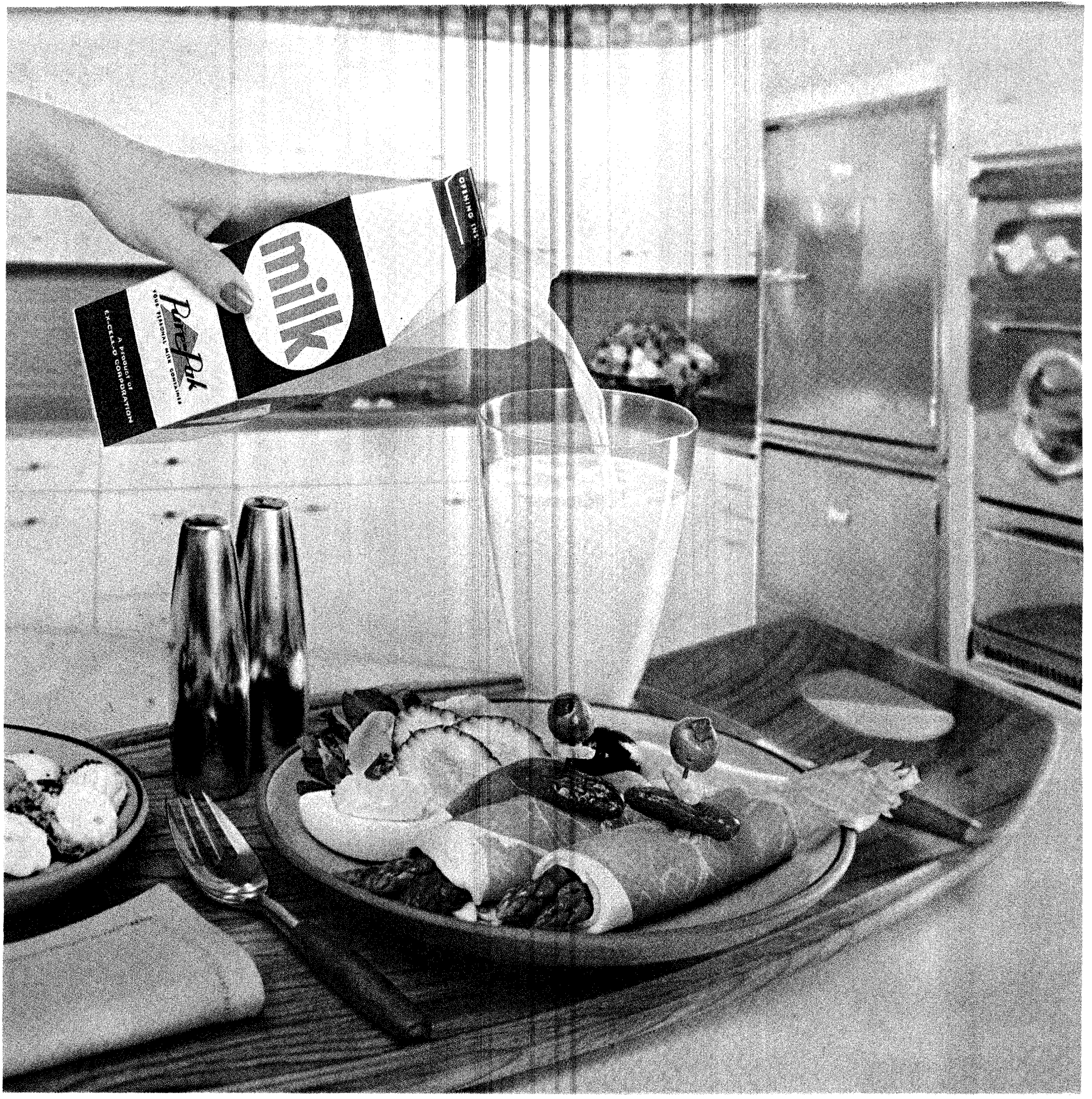

As modern as a new kitchen — milk in Pure-Pak!

Suddenly, as you use the convenient Pure-Pak carton, **all other methods of milk packaging are outdated.** Pure-Pak's the modern milk container that is so convenient, sanitary and safe—*easy as a pitcher to use.* Because so many of you have asked for it, dairies nearly everywhere offer this improved service.

Have you asked your milkman for milk in Pure-Pak?

Pure-Pak
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

25 MILLION TIMES A DAY, SOMEONE BREAKS THE SEAL ON A FRESH PURE-PAK CARTON

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BRUISE DAMAGE OFTEN LEADS TO BLOWOUT WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT. NYLON'S SHOCK-ABSORBING TOUGHNESS SHRUGS OFF PUNISHMENT, GIVES TIRES LASTING STRENGTH

BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Nylon cord protects best against weakening by bumps, flex strain, moisture, heat—runs cooler on the road. That's why safety-conscious people everywhere are switching to nylon cord tires.

In just one year, sales of nylon cord tires have increased 65%. You may be surprised how little the extra protection of nylon cord tires will cost you. Nylon is your best protection against the four major causes of unseen tire damage that can lead to blowouts: bumps that occur in everyday driving, flex strain that takes place every time a tire turns, moisture that seeps in through cuts in the rubber. What's more, nylon not only withstands heat best, but actually runs up to 30% cooler.

Nylon's superiority has been proved in billions of miles of use by safety-conscious truckers. Nylon cord tires are in everyday use by highway police, commercial fleet operators and taxis. All major airlines and military aircraft depend on nylon cord tires.

For greater safety, insist on nylon when buying new tires or a new car. Look for the nylon identification on the tire sidewall.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Enjoy the "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

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When you can't always brush after meals,
even though it's best — start the day with...

GLEEM *Today as ever* ...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

How many "snacktimes," as well as mealtimes, are there when brushing your teeth afterwards just isn't possible? Gleem answers this problem: Just use Gleem each morning to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just *one* brushing completely destroys most bacteria. And youngsters love Gleem's flavor! So always depend on the one and only Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific odor-measuring tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss*. So start *your* day with Gleem!

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The author at her husband's graveside in the Hyde Park rose garden. With her is Fala, now buried near his master.

On My Own

By Eleanor Roosevelt

On April 12, 1945, a President died,
and the wife who had stood beside
him began a new life.
Here, 13 years later, she tells how
she soon found herself too busy to be lonely.

PART ONE

When I said good-by to the staff at the White House on April 20, 1945, I really had given very little thought to the fact that from this day forward I would be on my own.

Of course, I knew there would be many important changes in my way of living, but I had long since realized that life is made up of a series of adjustments. If you have been married for forty years and if your husband has been President of the United States for a dozen years, you have made personal readjustments many times, some superficial, some fundamental. My husband and I had come through the years with an acceptance of each other's faults and foibles, a deep understanding, warm affection and agreement on essential values. We depended on each other. Because my husband could not walk, I was accustomed to doing things which most wives would expect their husbands to do; the planning of the mechanics of life centered around his needs, and he was so busy that I was obliged to meet the children's needs as well.

Now, leaving the White House for the last time, I had to face the future as countless other women have faced it without their husbands. I had few definite plans, but I knew there were certain things I did not want to do. I did not want to run an elaborate household again. I did not want to cease trying to be useful in some way. I did not want to feel old—and I never have.

In the years since 1945 I have known the various phases of loneliness which are bound to face people who no longer have a busy family life. But I have made the necessary adjustments to a different way of living, and I have enjoyed almost every minute of it and almost everything about it.

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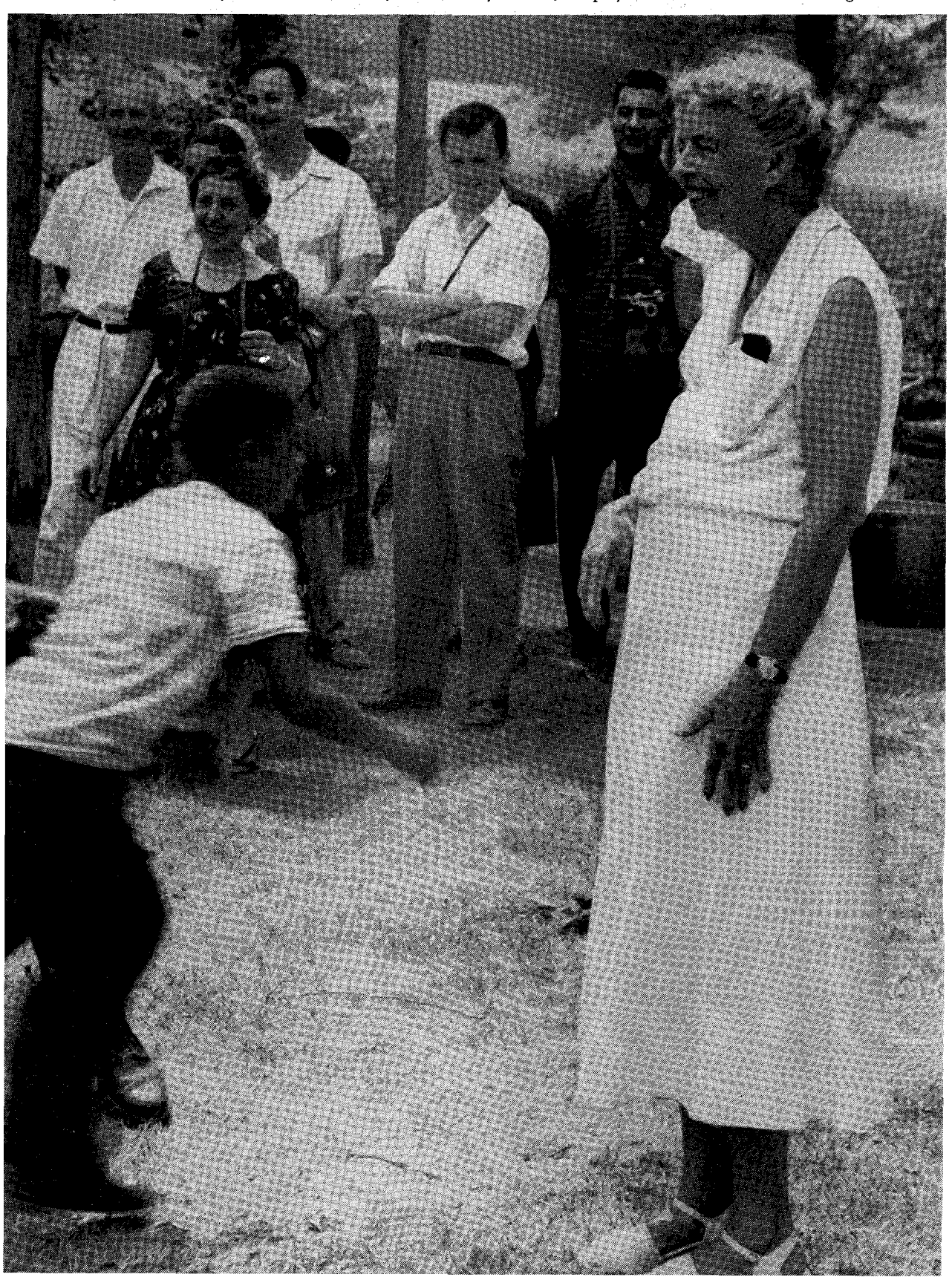
Just before election day, 1936:
Mrs. R., her mother-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt,
FDR and his bodyguard, Gus Gennerich.

Adlai Stevenson, a longtime friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, consulted her before he ran for President in 1956.

I lead a busy life. It is complicated in some ways because my working hours are long, I travel a great deal and see many people. But in another way I live very simply—so simply that many visitors, especially those from some distant countries, are often surprised to find that I can plan the meals, do some of the shopping and serve dinner for a dozen guests with a "staff" consisting of only one maid and an occasional temporary helper.

In New York City, I live alone in a four-room apartment in the East Sixties. One of the two bedrooms has been converted into my office. The other one I have had divided into two small bedrooms, so that I can have an occasional overnight guest. The living room also serves as a dining room, but it is not large enough to accommodate a dining-room table. Since I usually have luncheon or dinner

for emotionally disturbed boys from New York City. Here, at Hyde Park, she plays hostess at their annual outing.



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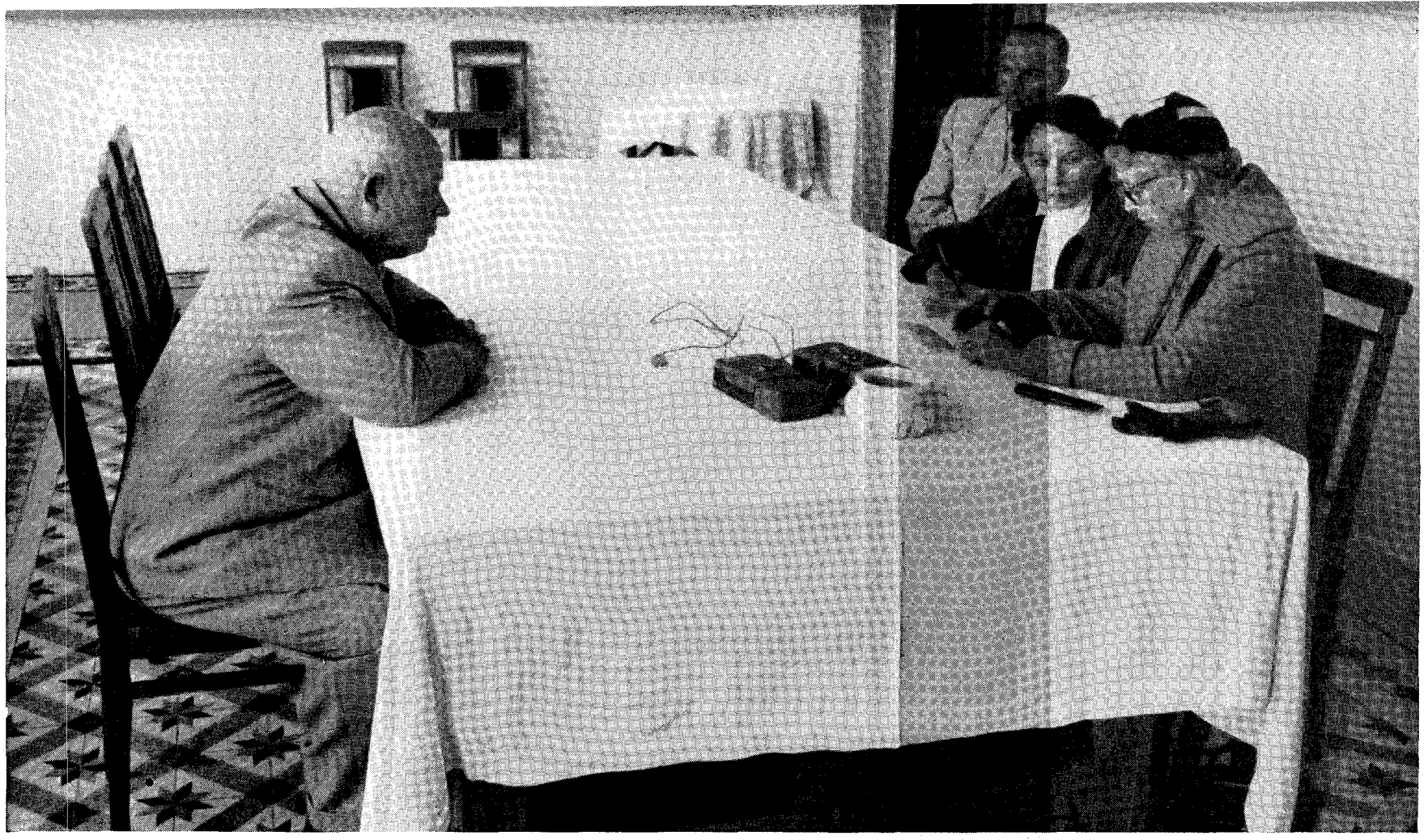

Yalta, 1957: The author (right) quizzes Soviet Communist Party chief Nikita Khrushchev at his Crimean vacation home during her tour of Russia last fall.

guests four or five times a week when I am in New York, I solve the dining problem by setting up a folding table in the living room or, if necessary, several smaller tables that can be easily removed after the meal. It is sometimes a little crowded, because I have served as many as sixteen persons for dinner there, but, fortunately, we can overflow in pleasant weather into my small garden, where we are shaded by a neighbor's tree that leans over the high brick wall in friendly fashion.

When I say that I live in rather simple fashion I do not mean that everything always goes smoothly. It doesn't. There was the occasion not long ago, for example, when I announced that I was reserving "a few quiet minutes" before dinner for a chat with two old friends—Lady Reading, who had just arrived from England, and Adlai Stevenson, who had just returned from a trip to Africa. We had hardly seated ourselves when the doorbell rang. The maid answered, but a few moments later she called my granddaughter to the door. Then I could hear a confused babble of voices and, finally, I went to see what was wrong. There was a young boy in the hall wearing a bathrobe—and obviously nothing else! Furthermore, he spoke only French. When I questioned him, he said he was staying in the apartment above mine and that when he stepped out into the hall for some reason, the wind blew the door shut behind him and locked him out. I sent the maid to find the janitor, but she reported that he was away.

Then, suddenly, the boy cried, "Oh, madame! I left the water running in the bathtub and it will flood the floor!"

Yes, I thought, and it will all come down into my apartment! At that moment, Governor Stevenson came to the door, saying that he could no longer stand the suspense and wanted to know what was wrong. When we explained, he rose to the emergency by dashing down into the basement and turning all the knobs he could find, in an effort to shut off the water for the entire building. Meantime, we sent around the corner for a locksmith. By the time he arrived, Governor Stevenson had acknowledged a certain lack of success as a plumber, but the locksmith managed to open the door of the boy's apartment before we were flooded out. It was all rather amusing, but it did interfere with my "few quiet minutes" with my guests.

I don't normally have many quiet minutes in the day. I get up around seven-thirty in the morning. At breakfast I read the newspapers. Then I work out the menus for the day and write instructions in "the cook's book." Occasionally, I like to shop in New York and I have found half a dozen little stores where I think I can get the best cheeses or vegetables or cakes. But usually the maid does the shopping after reading what I have written in "the cook's book," which is a day-by-day journal in which I jot down instructions. A typical page looks like this:

SATURDAY, August 3:

> Marie (my maid) do not come in until 4. Get Little Anna P. to help. 7:15—dinner for 8. Coffee, left-over ham, melon, spaghetti, salad, dessert. I will arrive about 6. I do not stay tonight. I ordered a cake and cookies for Sat. night. Pick them up. He is going to close until after Labor Day.

By nine o'clock my secretary, Miss Maureen Corr, has arrived to start work with me on my daily newspaper column. I have two secretaries, but not both in the same place. At my office at the (Continued on Page 66)

Australia, 1943: G.I.'s who met the author then still ask, "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Roosevelt?"

Bali, 1955: On her way to a U.N. Association meeting in Bangkok, the author met famous dancer Pollok, left.

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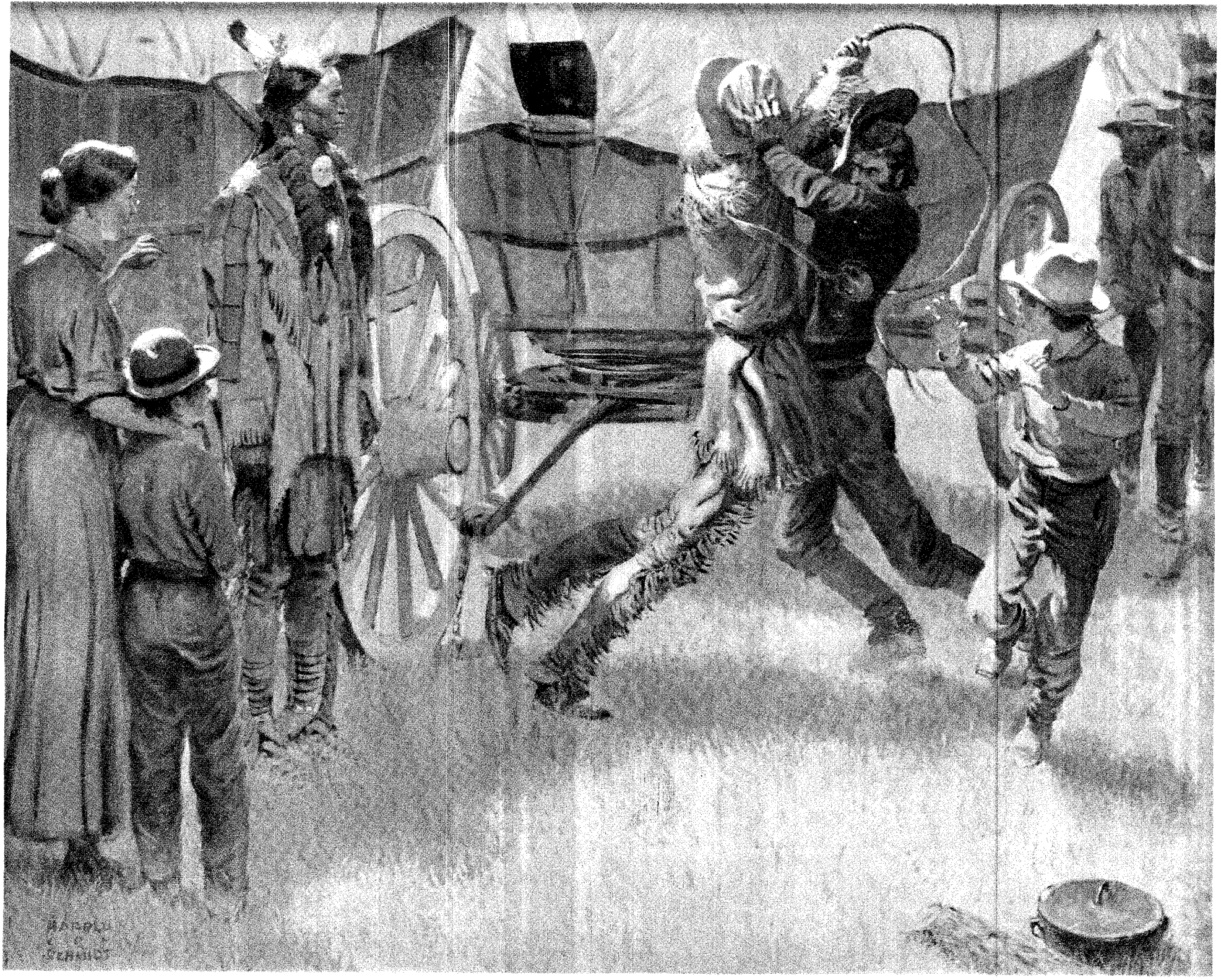

Buff grabbed Frankfort's upraised arm to twist the whip loose.

Thief in Camp

Buff Shelley did what few white men dared to do: He stood up for an Indian.

By BILL GULICK

The morning after the wagon train went into camp on the plain near Fort Laramie, Jimmy Coleman saddled his pony, Cherokee, and was fixing to go for a ride when that nuisance of a Ben Frankfort showed up. Being two years older than Jimmy, Ben Frankfort had been making life miserable for him ever since the wagon train left Independence. What started it was that Jimmy's mother had bought him a fine pony to ride to Oregon, while Ben's pa had said riding in the wagon was good enough for any youngster, which had made Ben so jealous he spit green. "Where do you think you're going?" Ben said.

"Guess that's my business, not yours."

"You know what pa said. Kids aren't supposed to go out of sight of camp without there's a man along."

"Aw, your pa can't boss me."

"Pa's wagon captain."

"What of it?"

"And you don't even have a pa."

"Well, you don't have a ma, so that makes us even."

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Ben took hold of the pony's reins. "Let me ride Cherokee twice around the camp and I won't tell, no matter what you do."

"No."

"I whipped you once. I could do it again."

"Not today, you couldn't."

Ben shot a look down the slope toward camp. Nobody was watching, but still he hesitated. "Heck, if I did whip you, you'd tattle."

"Only girls tattle. Now get out of my way."

Jimmy gave Ben a shove. Ben shoved back. Tripping, Jimmy fell down, bounced to his feet and charged at Ben. He managed to catch Ben a good one on the temple, but the older boy's weight and reach soon proved too much for him. Next thing he knew, he was lying flat on his back and Ben was swinging aboard Cherokee.

"Yipee!" Ben yelled. "Let's go!"

Cherokee went. His head went down, his back went up, and Ben went sailing through the air, hitting with a thump that knocked all the wind out of him. Jimmy grabbed a stick and made for him. A couple of wild whacks were all he got time for; then Ben got his feet under him and made fast and frequent tracks for camp.

Sobbing with frustrated anger, Jimmy dropped the stick and leaned against the pony's neck. "Big old bully! Someday I'll peel him good! Someday ——"

Before he could name half the unpleasant things he was going to do to Ben Frankfort, a quiet voice said, "Howdy, youngster. Kind of a rough game you two was playin', wa'n't it?"

Jimmy turned and stared up at the man, who was tall, gray-eyed, dressed in buckskin and riding a good-looking sorrel horse.

Jimmy brushed hastily at his eyes. "We weren't playing. We were fighting."

"Kind of outmatched yoreself, didn't you?"

"I'd fight anybody tried to ride Cherokee without my say-so."

The gray eyes were sympathetic. "Can't say I blame you a mite fer that. Tell me, son, you know whar I kin find a gent name of Theodore Frankfort?"

"Sure, I can take you right to him."

"I'd be obliged, boy; I truly would."

Riding down to camp, Jimmy covertly eyed the man, who had a long-barreled rifle slung across his back, a pistol and a knife in his belt, and a powder horn and bullet pouch hung from one shoulder. He was clean-shaven, handsome in a rugged sort of way, and appeared to be the same age as Mr. Frankfort, which would be in the middle thirties.

When they rode into the enclosure, Jimmy said, "That's Mr. Frankfort. The big man with the black hat."

The man rode up to where Mr. Frankfort was bossing a crew removing a wagon wheel. "Mr. Frankfort?"

"Yes?"

"Heerd tell you're lookin' fer a guide," he said.

"We are."

The man swung off his horse. "Name's Buff Shelley. Rate's five dollars a day."

Mr. Frankfort gave him an appraising look. "Are you acquainted with the trail?"

"Been over it a few times, yeah."

The men crowded in, asking numerous questions which Buff Shelley answered with calm brevity.

Mr. Frankfort nodded. "I guess you'll do. But we'd better have an understanding. I'm wagon captain. You'll take orders only from me. Agreed?"

By now, news that a guide was being hired had spread through the camp, and everybody had come over for a look. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, Jimmy looked up to see his mother standing behind him. She was slim and still pretty enough to turn the head of any man. Jimmy saw Buff Shelley's eyes pause for a moment on his mother's face, saw Mr. Frankfort's sudden frown, then Buff was looking at Mr. Frankfort and nodding.

"That's fine with me. You boss the wagons. I'll guide 'em."

As they all went back to their interrupted chores, Jimmy started to ride off on Cherokee, but his mother suddenly noticed the way his clothes and face were dirtied.

"Jimmy!" she scolded. "What have you been doing?"

"I sort of fell down."

"After I just put clean clothes on you!"

"It was an accident. I didn't go to do it."

She dusted him off, her tongue clucking chidingly. "You're getting to be a regular little savage, do you know that?"

"You want me to be a sissy?"

"Not at all. But your father was a gentleman. I want you to grow up to be a gentleman too."

"Dad got dirty sometimes. When we went camping ——"

"I'm not asking you to stay clean all the time, Jimmy. But surely you could make some effort to keep your clothes nice. Other boys do. Look at Ben Frankfort."

"You looked at him lately?"

"No; why?"

Jimmy started to say that Ben had fallen a sight farther and harder than he had, but he knew if he told his mother that he'd have to tell her why Ben had fallen. So he let it go.

The wagon train lined out for Oregon next morning, and for the next week or so Jimmy spent most of his waking hours with Buff Shelley. He learned a pile of things too. Like how you trapped beaver, how you lifted a scalp, how you hunted antelope and such. Unconsciously he began to imitate the guide's manner of riding, walking and speaking. Buff seemed to enjoy his company and they talked about every subject under the sun.

One day Buff said, "Your ma's a widow, I take it?"

"Yes, sir. Dad died a year ago."

"Whar you from?"

"Virginia. We're going out to Oregon to live with my uncle—till mom gets married again, anyhow."

"Oh, yore ma's gettin' married agin?"

"Well, people back home say she's bound to."

"Got a man picked out, has she?"

"Nobody particular. But I guess she's looking around."

Buff's gray eyes twinkled. "What kind of man is she lookin' around fer?"

"A gentleman, I guess. At least she's always talking about how dad was a gentleman and how I got to grow up to be a gentleman, so I guess that's what she's after."

Buff looked thoughtful. "Would a well-fixed widower like Mr. Frankfort fit the bill?"

"I suppose so," Jimmy mumbled without enthusiasm.

"You don't take to Mr. Frankfort, do you?"

Jimmy scratched Cherokee's neck disconsolately. "He's kind of bossy. But I guess he's all right."

"How'll it suit you to have Ben for a stepbrother?"

"Aw, I ain't afraid of Ben. He's bossy, too, but only because he's bigger'n me."

"Kind of a bully, is he?"

"Tries to be. But I'll show him who lays the chunk."

Buff laughed heartily. "That's the spirit, boy. Size ain't everything. Why, I recollect a leetle fella I used to know, name of Kit Carson. Regular runt of (Continued on Page 58)

The horse pitched, then fell, throwing the two boys into the ice-cold water.

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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The Face of AMERICA

Reserved for Everybody

California gutted her valleys for gold, fed her ancient trees into the mills, and stained her beaches with oil. She was a young state, and heedless—until her people protested and began, a generation ago, to set aside some of the wild and wonderful scenery for Californians yet unborn. She passed strict laws; now

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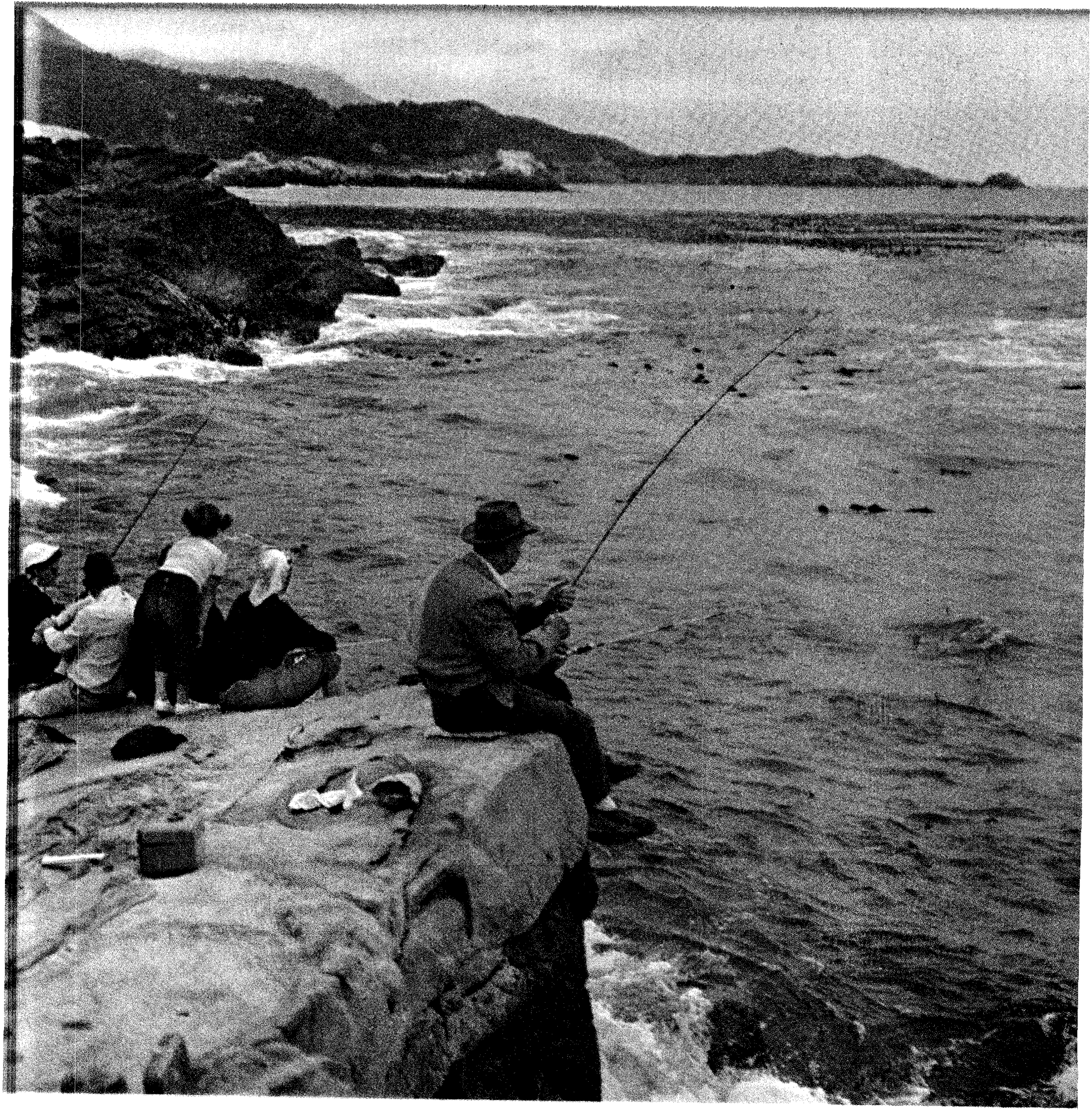

California has 600,000 acres of state parks.

Point Lobos Reserve, a small jewel in this collection of natural treasures, is a 345-acre peninsula on Carmel Bay, southwest of Monterey. The Spaniards, who found it first, called it Point of the Sea Wolves after the sea lions that lived there. (To the Spanish, Pacific seals seemed more lupine than leonine.)

Here Californians and tourists may cast for bluefish, kelp bass, cabezone and ling cod. They may observe the cormorants and pelicans, or admire the twisted cypress trees and wild flowers in season. With these pleasures they must be content. Visitors are warned: "No object, living or dead, may be disturbed, injured or removed!" Here, even in the outdoors, smoking is frequently forbidden.

Thus—and none too soon—has California insured that her eternal past will be available for her unpredictable future.

© Photograph by Art Riley

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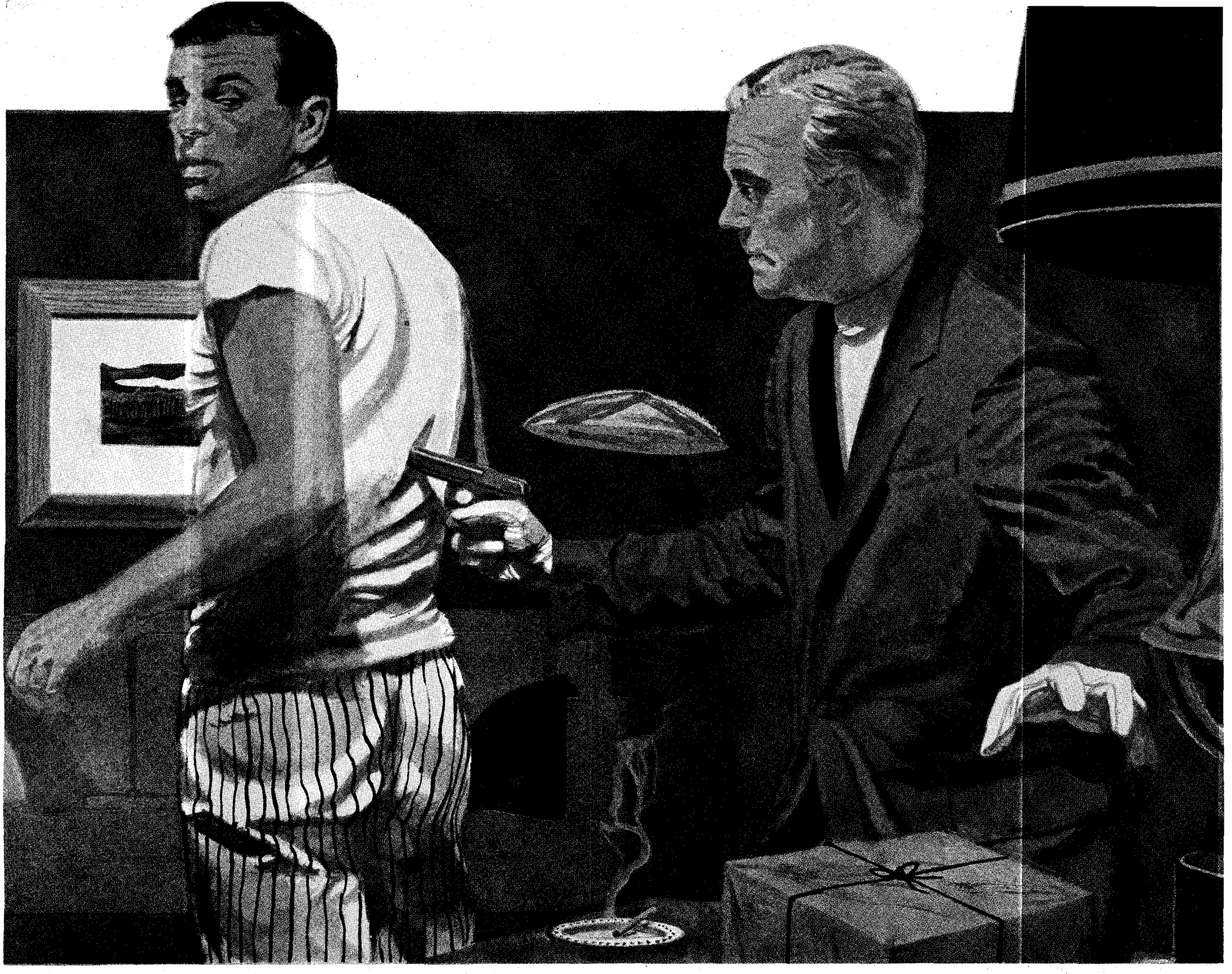

Manetti grunted in surprise when Mr. Piper pressed the little pistol hard into his back.

THE UNSUSPECTED

By JAY WILSON

How could anyone pin a murder on a man with so spotless a record?

A thing about murder is that you go for broke—alone. There are no rehearsals, no retakes, no changes in bits of business to make them fit—no changes in the cast. When the victim gurgles his last, the curtain goes up. The killer is at center stage, alone with a cast that has not read his script.

Mr. Piper was thoroughly aware of this. He had considered it most carefully. Because murder seemed to be the quickest, easiest, and, really, the safest solution to a problem which had become more urgent the past few years.

At fifty-five, Mr. Piper was nearing retirement. On the surface, he was an affable, pink-cheeked, slightly plump little man who looked some years younger than his age. He appeared so because he had lived a pleasant life. A bachelor, he bought good Scotch, enjoyed the theater, played weekend golf on public courses, and maintained a better than average little apartment. A man who had only himself to consider could afford these little pleasures and luxuries on even a bank teller's salary. But, of course, they took most of that salary. What little he could save additionally, even as senior teller in the uptown branch of the New Amsterdam Trust Company, went for little extras such as hopeful long shots at the track or the more consoling ministrations of demoiselles of the evening.

Such indulgences are habit forming. Mr. Piper had come to regard them as no more than a reasonable compensation for the monotony of a banking career which had reached its zenith at a considerably lower altitude than he (Continued on Page 76)

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Right: The packages in which a "harmless" Tommy gun and a new barrel for it arrived—quite legally—through the mail.

Murder Weapons for Sale

By ASHLEY HALSEY, Jr.

A Post editor exposes a dangerous loophole in the law. Anyone—even a child—can now buy a real machine gun by mail.

A surprise for daughter Alice. Halsey bought this Thompson submachine gun in her name to prove that anybody of any age could own one.

My two-year-old daughter, Alice Potter Halsey, is a most unusual child in at least one respect. She is almost certainly the only little girl of her age who owns a real .45-caliber Thompson submachine gun.

Little Alice, let me hasten to say, does not plan a massacre. Bloodshed is farthest from her happy, infant thoughts. She is not allowed to play with her submachine gun even when it is unloaded.

How, then, does Alice happen to own a genuine Tommy gun, or Chicago chopper, as the weapon has been nicknamed? The answer is simple and alarming.

She got it through the United States mails. I responded to an advertisement in her name, abbreviated to A. Potter Halsey, to demonstrate how absurdly easy it is to obtain such firearms by letter with few or no questions asked.

The ad that Alice and I answered was a blatant one typical of a number in smaller gun magazines. Headed MACHINE GUNS in big black type, it offered for sale as harmless war relics a half dozen or more makes of United States and foreign light machine guns. "Remember!" one ad said. "No license is required to own or purchase one or more of these deactivated war trophies. No age limit." It was that last which suggested that Alice, at the age of two, might own one just as well as anyone else.

We selected a Tommy gun rather than a foreign weapon, Alice and I, because I recognized it as one of the best-known and most lethal of those offered, and because Alice happened to put a plump finger on the picture of it.

The advertisement stated pointedly that all the weapons had their barrels carefully welded in compliance with Federal law so they never again could be fired. Each, it added, was in perfect working order otherwise, to enable firearms collectors to demonstrate its operation to friends. (Continued on Page 100)

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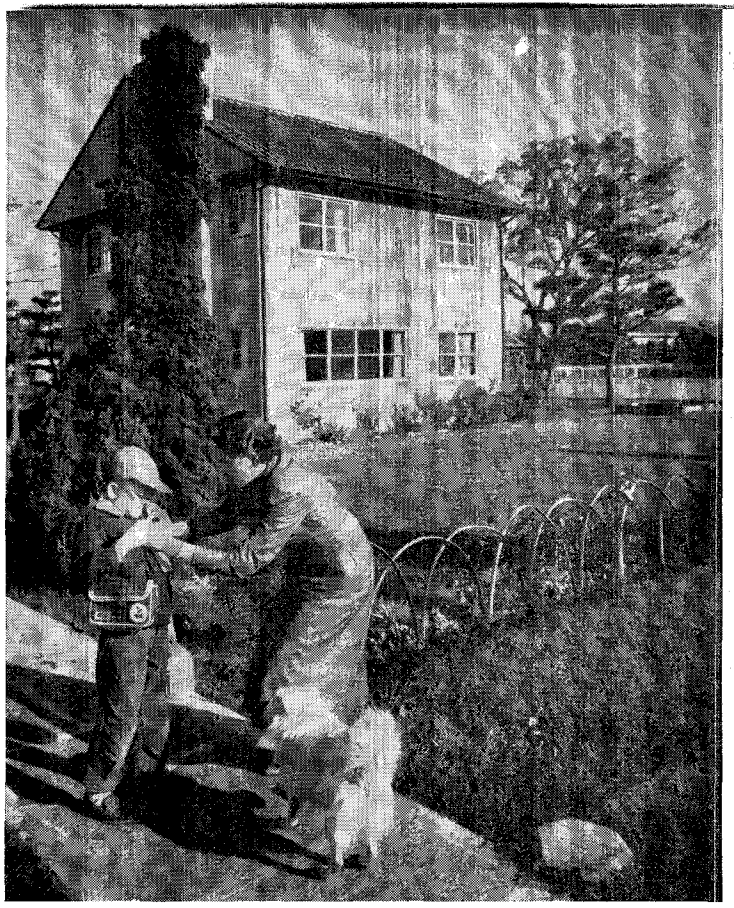

The author sees her youngest, Sam, off to kindergarten with the required white handkerchief pinned to his chest.

Gym class: Bill (with glasses) is not so lithe as his classmates, but he manages Oriental calisthenics manfully. In art class, however, he is outstripped by the innately artistic Japanese.

My Japanese-Educated Children

The author's three boys go to Japanese schools, which are wonderful, she says, if bewildering. The kids appear to enjoy the experience.

By MARGARET HOPPER TAYLOR

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Parents take tots to school on bikes. Boys carry blue lunch baskets, girls red—and the school is pink.

"I found some," my husband said, handing me the bamboo leaves. Folding them in waxed paper, I slipped them carefully into our son John's shoulder book satchel. John eased the leather straps of his schoolbag up his arms, shed his slippers at the door and stepped into his brown moccasins without loss of forward motion. There was no time to lose if he was to beat the eight-twenty siren.

"Go and return," said our Japanese cook.

"I'll go and come back," he replied in Japanese and was off down the walk. His white handkerchief and embroidered school classification, pinned to his chest, were caught up once by the wind before he rounded the corner toward Zentsuji Central School, where two of our children are the only Americans enrolled.

I returned to the living room, sank down on the sofa and began to study again the daily list of school activities issued by John's capable first-grade teacher. With no English-language school and few Americans anywhere near us, our boys find companionship and a broader understanding of Japan in the public schools of Zentsuji, where we live. They are getting basic elementary-school education in Japanese, supplementing their English correspondence courses which I supervise at home.

"Why do you suppose they need bamboo leaves?" I asked my missionary husband, who teaches Bible at the Shikoku Christian College and who, after our seven years in this country, comprehends Japanese far better than I.

"They are to make little boats with them, but we'll have to wait for John to tell us which subject Mrs. Manabe illustrates with boats."

Laboriously I studied the activities sheet, figuring out that tomorrow, in addition to textbooks, he should pack his castanets. There was still another day to concoct the cloth bag with drawstring which was to hold John's shiny new abacus. I recalled the magazine picture of an abacus-fingering Japanese winning a mathematics contest against an American operating a calculating machine.

The day's schedule abruptly intruded. I heard myself ask our eleven-year-old Bill if he had made his bed, picked up his room and dusted his desk in readiness for his study hour of seventh-grade arithmetic. While Bill is wrestling with fractions at his desk upstairs, our third son, Sam, gets an hour's dose of first grade in English before his school—Japanese kindergarten—begins at nine.

From our dining-room window we can see the five- and six-year-olds arriving at the cheerful pink kindergarten next door, with its red-and-blue

(Continued on Page 120)

At the end of the day, John (foreground) and his classmates bow good-by to Mrs. Manabe, then to each other.

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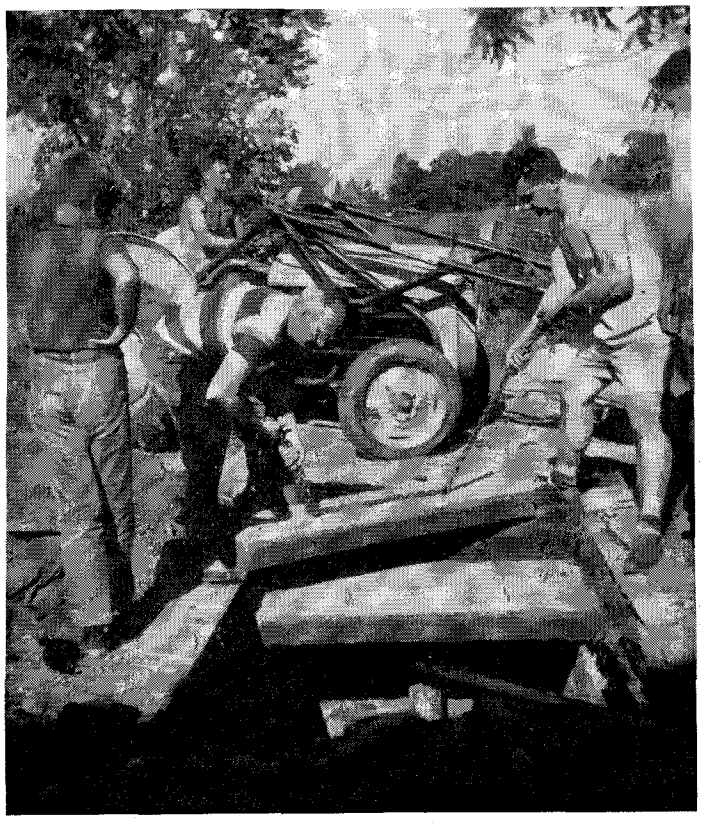
Melissa mans the guy ropes as the first wall of her new house goes up. Her husband, Longin, is building the eight-room dwelling with lumber sawed from their own timber.



The summer folks up the hill pitched in to help Longin (on tractor) cover his new septic tank with concrete slabs.

ROUGH ROAD HOME

When the Vermont summer came, Melissa set out to fix up her farm. Things went fine— and then the barn fell down!

By MELISSA MATHER AMBROS

Right: Mary Lee, Theodore and their favorite calf.

PART FOUR

As April's sun climbed higher and her smile grew warmer, the snow banks shrank under the hedgerows, the frost came out of the ground and the roads softened. It was mud season and the children had their spring holiday. I was making charts for the vegetable garden and had already ordered raspberry bushes and strawberry plants.

We had sent off to Missouri for fruit trees. The catalogue had displayed intoxicating illustrations of splendidly colored, blemish-free, enormous apples which bore little resemblance to the wizened, gnarled, blotched and spotted fruit which we had been quite willing, after all, to leave on our old trees for the deer. Mouths watering, we wrote the order, and at the proper planting time, as promised, the trees came.

Quite excited, we untied the bundles at once, as instructed, and gave the little trees a long drink in the bathtub, which we half filled with cool water. I started counting, for I am the counting type. (Continued on Page 95)

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LITTLE JOE'S REVENGE

A kid's practical joke gave a skinflint just what he deserved . . .

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Joe stood at the kitchen window, watching the pelting rain, and worrying about his eight hundred acres of swathed wheat that was lying out on the wet stubble. Six-feet-two, and broad and brawny with it, Joe was usually somewhat sober of mien, though not often as sour-faced as he looked at that moment. So much depended upon the crop which the rain was beating unmercifully.

It did not make him feel any better to reflect that a lot of other farmers were similarly worried. The harvest season had been cool and wet, so that the wheat had been slow to ripen. Then, when it did ripen, it was too damp for combining. It now lay in the swath, waiting for drying weather. And the short late-October days yielded only brief drying periods even when there was no rain.

People were fond of bragging, Joe thought glumly, about how mechanization had revolutionized farming. It was true that a man could work more land and raise more wheat with a lot less hired help than formerly. But with costly power machinery he could also incur bigger debts. One thing that had not changed was old Mother Nature. A farmer was still at the mercy of the same old wind and weather. And wheat farming was therefore still the gamble it had always been. A gamble for bigger stakes, that was the only difference.

Unaware of their pop's worried state of mind, Babe and Little Joe were relieving the boredom of a rainy day by putting on one of their impromptu concerts. A couple of kitchen chairs served for a stage, and at the moment, Babe was singing a solo—the Sunday-school hymn Sunshine in My Soul—with Little Joe giving a squeaky accompaniment on his cigar-box violin. Uncle Pete sat in his accustomed place, his chair tilted back against the wall, his bowed legs straddling the chair, and the heels of his shabby (Continued on Page 72)

"I dunno how you done it," Housman snarled, "but somehow you got that note outta my safe."

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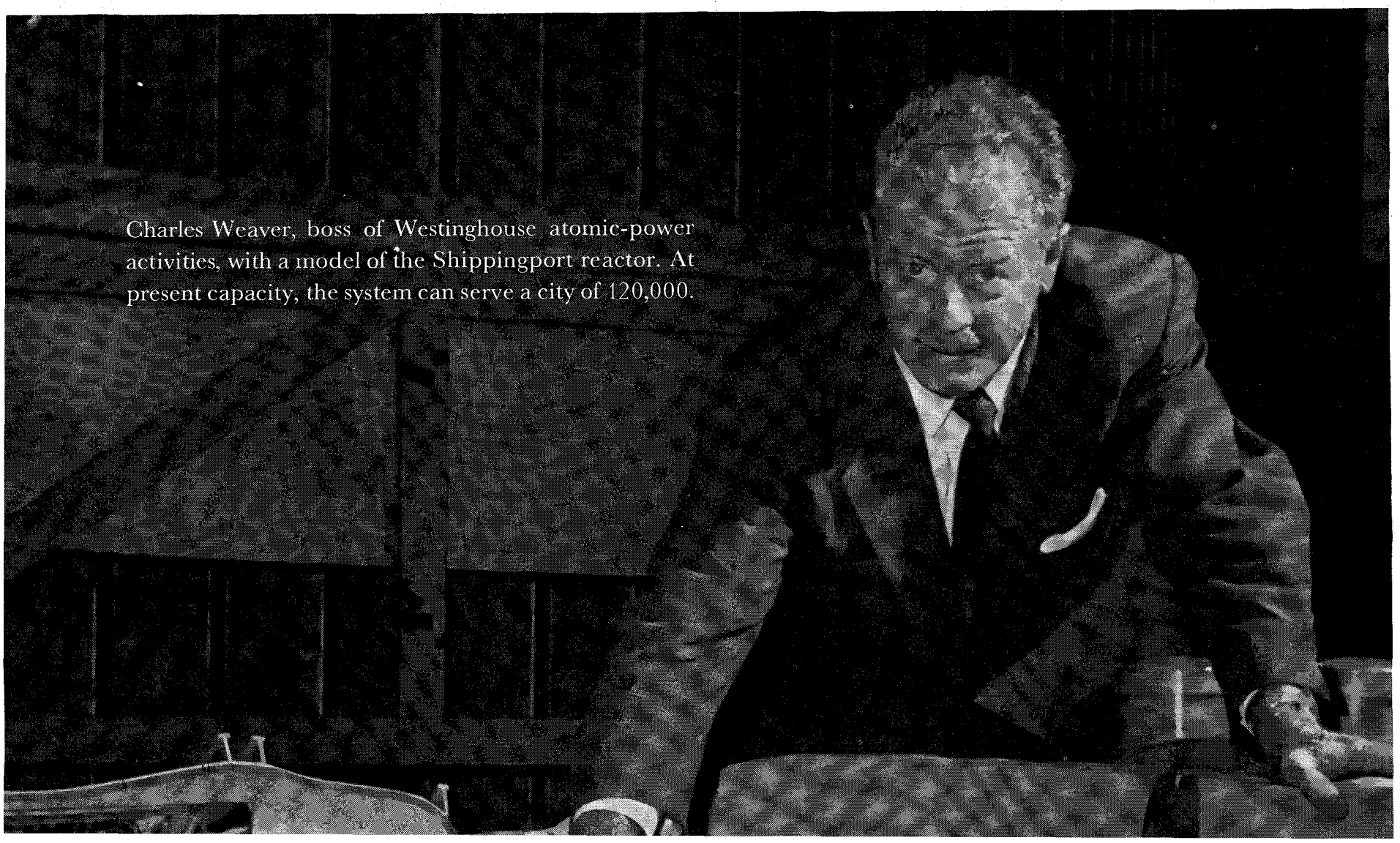
The big reactor at Shippingport, Pa., now provides the current for lights, refrigerators, TV's, and every other household appliance. But the costs are fierce and the "hot"-wastes problem is frightening. A Post editor reports on



Charles Weaver, boss of Westinghouse atomic-power activities, with a model of the Shippingport reactor. At present capacity, the system can serve a city of 120,000.

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Atomic Power for American Homes

By Steven M. Spencer

The village of Shippingport, Pennsylvania, was once a loading point for beaver pelts and farm produce for the Pittsburgh market. But that was long ago. Today it is as rustic as a river town of Tom Sawyer's time, and much less active. The Ohio flows slowly past its main street and on west between hills now frosted with snow. A little ferryboat, chuffing back and forth across a quarter mile of water, is the only sign of industry. It's just a peaceful spot to live in, and only 420 people live here, according to the last count.

But Shippingport's sleepy remoteness is more apparent than real. A mile downriver, hidden from the road by a fold of hills, stands a $110,000,000 showpiece of the atomic age, the first full-scale nuclear power station to be built exclusively for civilian purposes. Its fissioning atoms began in December to produce electricity for homes and industries in the Pittsburgh area.

How much the atomic curtain-raising will affect the lives of Shippingport's citizens is not immediately evident. Many of them are primarily interested in their improved chances of getting a bridge across the river at this point to shorten their trip to jobs on the other side. But whether they appreciate it or not, the atomic plant at their back door is an important landmark of American technological progress, a bridge to the high ground of almost limitless power. In a day when the world demand for energy is increasing at twice the rate of population increase, which itself is alarming enough, the atom, in the opinion of most authorities, is the only visible answer to this demand.

The Shippingport plant, a joint undertaking of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Duquesne Light Company and the Atomic Energy Commission, has an initial net rating of 60,000 kilowatts—enough to supply a city of 120,000—and an eventual capacity of 100,000 kw. It is the largest of six civilian-atomic-power stations now in operation. Among the five smaller experimental reactors which went "on line" during 1957 were a 7500-kw. plant built for the AEC in the Santa Susana Mountains near Los Angeles by Atomics International, a division

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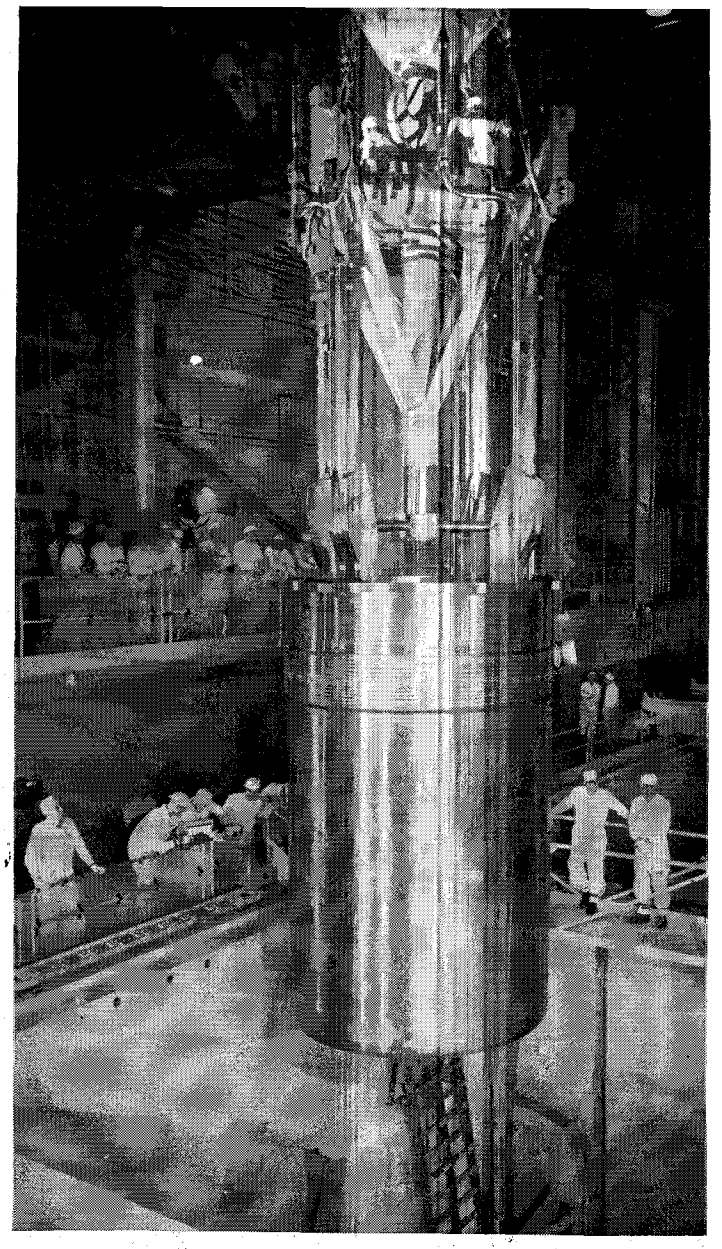
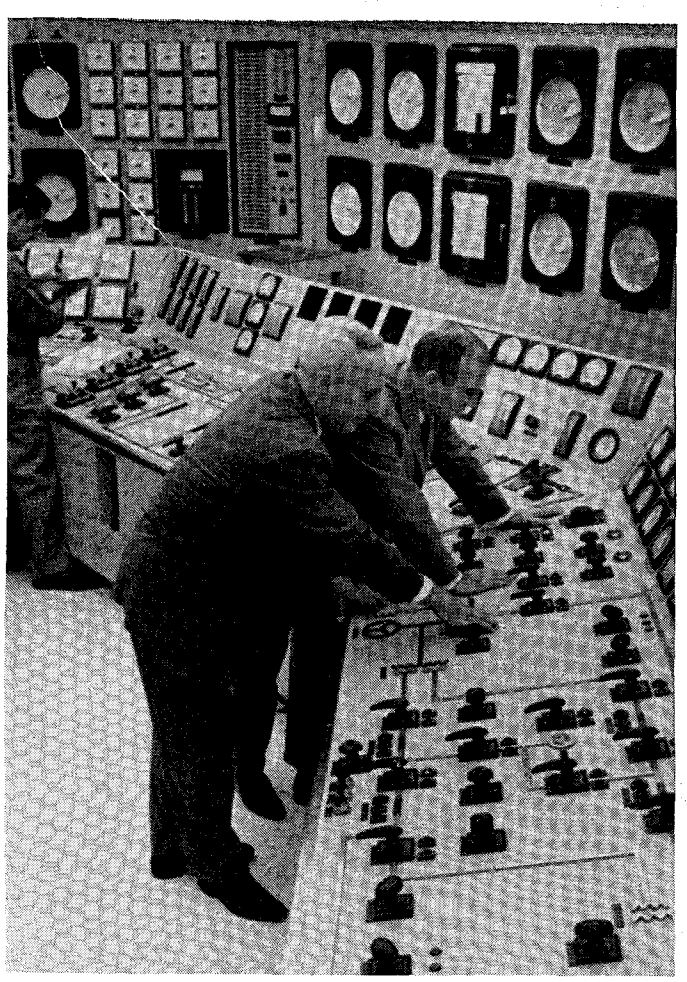
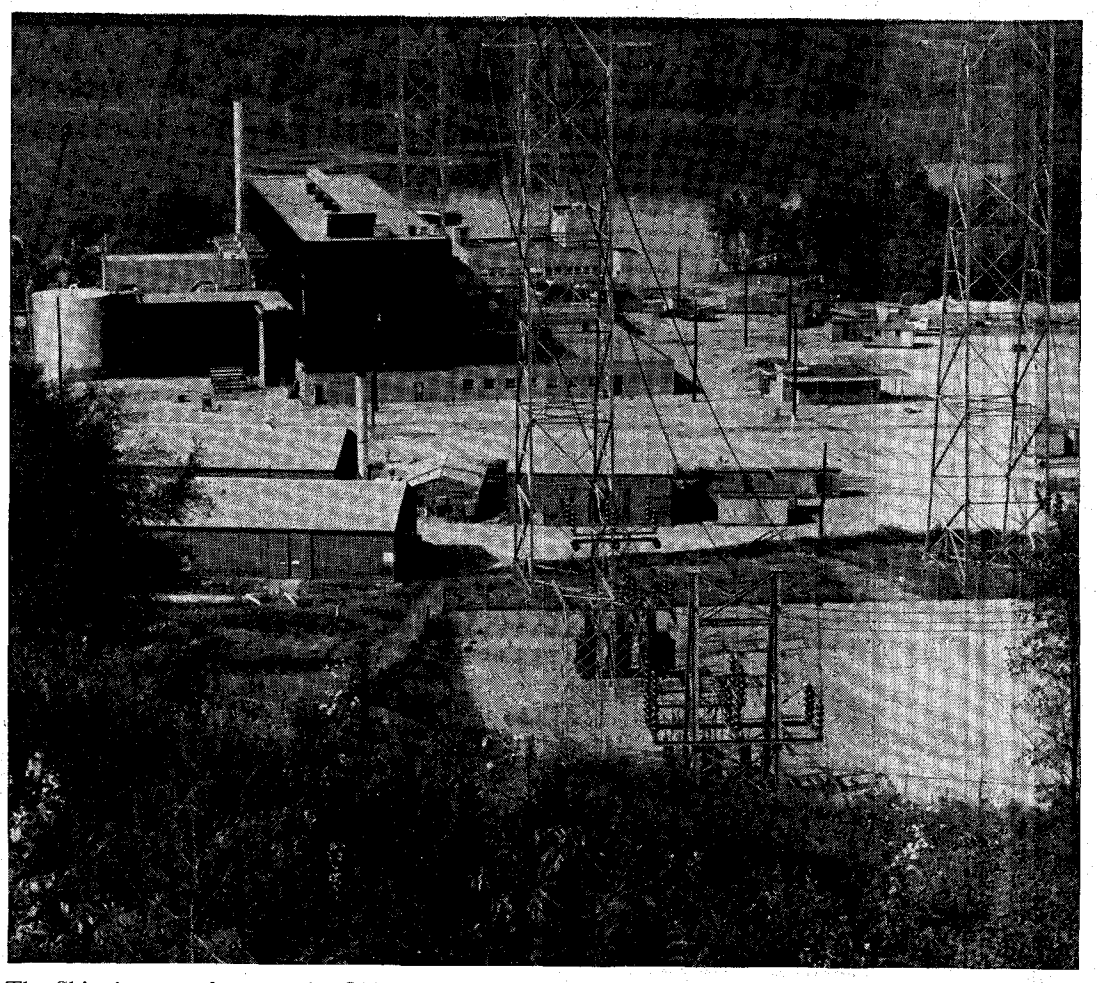


Workmen lower Shippingport's huge nuclear core into place. It costs $18 million to fill the core with its 12-ton load of uranium, but one load lasts two or three years.



Atomic-age control room: If the reactor starts to overheat, technicians here can cool it off swiftly, before disaster occurs.



The Shippingport plant, on the Ohio River near Pittsburgh, is for civilian use only. Ironically, its site is adjacent to a rich deposit of coal, one of the conventional fuels which atomic power may someday replace.

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Then she turned to Vernon, and there, alongside the piano, occurred her first kiss.

The First Affair

Nothing in her young life had prepared her for this magic moment.

By SAMSON RAPHAELSON

Beachtown, Long Island. Midnight in June. Music in the air. A girl, hidden in black shadow behind a high hedge, peered through the hedge across tops of cars in a parking lot, watching the two great rear windows of the high school beyond, feasting on the sight of couples dancing at the Senior Ball. She was a slender girl, sixteen, not tall and not small, with oversize eyes and mouth in a delicate, piquant face. She wore a thin cotton jumper dress and, over her shoulders, a light cardigan sweater. Her thick brown hair was moist from sea spray; her unusually long, strong, beautiful hands clutched a pair of flat-heeled shoes with socks stuffed in them; and her bare feet on the dewy grass were still crusted with sand from the beach nearby. The girl's name was Mady Schiffen. She was perhaps the most promising young pianist in the world, and several hours ago she had run away from home.

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It was after dinner, about seven, in the small brownstone house west of Central Park, and she had just finished helping her mother with the dishes. Rudolf Schiffen was lingering over his coffee, studying the music sheets of Beethoven's Sonata No. 23 in F Minor, Opus 57, otherwise known as the Appassionata. He was a thin, bald, fiercely artistic-looking man, a Vienna-born piano teacher and the son of a piano teacher. Mady came into the dining room and said, in her correct, slightly accented English, "Excuse me, pa-pa. I'd like to go out to the drugstore, please, for some tooth paste."

"Tooth paste?" Her father looked blankly over his spectacles. Then, with an air of patience more terrifying than the furies he thought he was concealing, he said, "May I ask, how can tooth paste come into your head at a time like this? I inquire only out of curiosity."

"Well, pa-pa, I ——"

"Do you know what day is today?"

"Yes, pa-pa. Friday."

"And tomorrow—you know what is tomorrow, twenty-four hours from now or—let us be exact—twenty-six?"

"Yes, pa-pa. Carnegie Hall."

"And what will you be doing in Carnegie Hall?"

"Playing the piano, pa-pa."

"Good. Very good. Now may I ask: Do you use your teeth in playing the piano?"

"No, pa-pa."

"What do you use, by the way?"

"My—my hands, pa-pa."

"Wrong. You know that is wrong, don't you? Your hands?"

Mrs. Schiffen appeared in the kitchen doorway. She was a plump, pink-cheeked *Hausfrau*.

She said mildly, "Let her go to the drugstore. It has been such a hot day and ——"

"Your hands!" Mr. Schiffen ignored Mrs. Schiffen. With even greater patience, he said, "Do you deliberately say such a thing to insult my intelligence?" Mady, of course, knew it was more than hands, but she had thought, after tooth paste and teeth, that he had wanted a literal answer. She also knew that any explanation would make things worse, so she said nothing. "Haven't I told you a thousand times," Mr. Schiffen went on, "that it is your heart, your soul, your mind? Your musical intelligence—you had it once, if only a little—that's what you use at the piano. Feeling, form, insight, imagination. Not tooth paste."

Mrs. Schiffen had gone back humbly and serenely into the kitchen, which was how it always had been.

Mady said, "Yes, pa-pa. I just want to go for a few minutes to the corner and ——"

"Go," Mr. Schiffen said. "But on your way contemplate, for (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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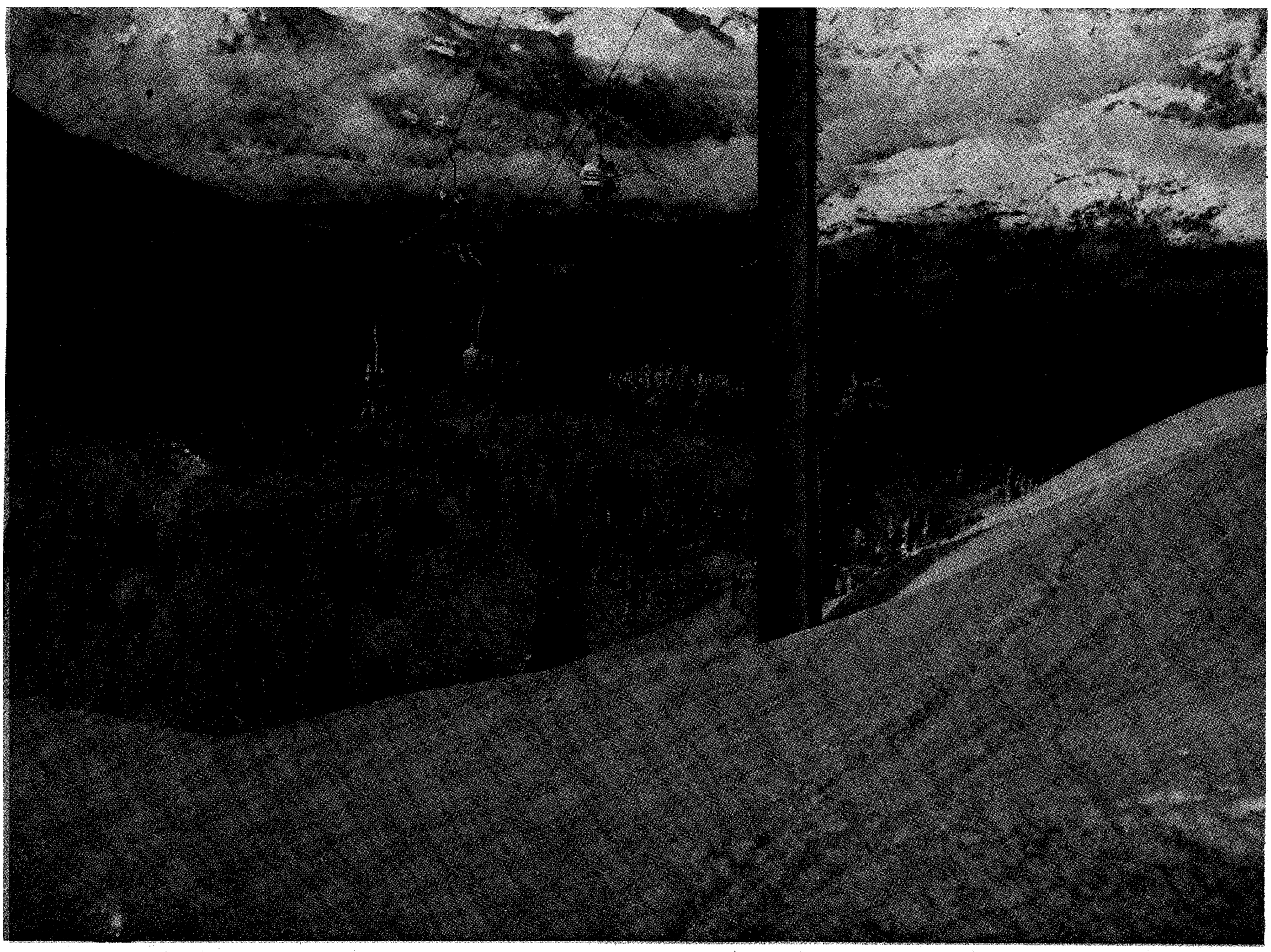

Mount Baker: Skiers go uphill the easy way in Washington's Cascade Mountains. The snowy peaks in the background lie along the Canadian border.

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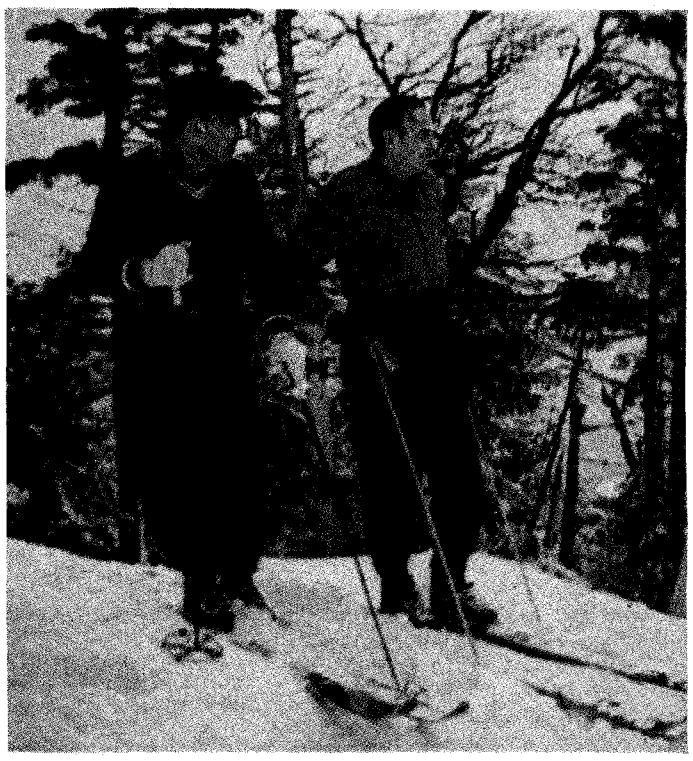

Whiteface Mountain: the author (left) and New York's Governor Averell Harriman, who, at 66, is an ardent skier.

Paradise Valley, Washington: Waiting for the ski-tow near the summit of Mount Rainier. Riding the tow is usually an "ordeal by freezing—and you complete the freezing process while skiing down again."

Why Do I Ski?

An addict of a breakneck winter sport weighs his chances of survival against the joys of risking his bones on steep and snowy mountains.

By HAL BURTON

For all my troubles, I blame two governors of New York State, Herbert H. Lehman and Averell Harriman, both Democrats—not to overlook two Republican legislatures whose members cheerfully collaborated with them. I blame Lehman for accepting, with alacrity, my suggestion that the state build itself a fancy ski area on Whiteface Mountain, in the Adirondacks, some 300 miles north of New York City. I blame Harriman for working hand in glove with a joint legislative committee, nineteen years later, to make this wild dream come true. Between them, the two administrations have lowered my earning capacity, driven my wife to distraction, kept me oscillating between euphoria and despondency, and cost me sums of money I could ill afford. They have also convinced me that skiing must possess some secret charm, else why would I punish myself this way?

I doubt if Herbert Lehman knew one end of a ski from the other. He was, nevertheless, willing to concede that some of his constituents might derive pleasure from riding up a wintry mountainside on a steel chair suspended from a moving cable in order to go tearing down to the bottom again on a pair of skis. Lehman was a tolerant man. He must have been, or he never would have listened to me, a private citizen, with no

(Continued on Page 110)

Walter Prager, Dartmouth's ski coach.

"Skeeter" Werner, of the 1956 U.S. Olympic team.

Austria's Tony Sailer won three gold medals in the 1956 Olympics.

Nonie Foley, of Houghton, Michigan, is now top U.S. girl skier.

Anderl Molterer, of Austria, a world champion.

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

Perry Mason knew his beautiful client was living a lie, but he didn't know how dangerous that lie was . . .

Mildred Crest was in trouble. It began the day of her betrayal by the man she loved. Grief-stricken and humiliated, she got into her car and fled.

She picked up a female hitchhiker, a desperate girl who, in a suicidal frenzy, grabbed the wheel and forced the car over a cliff. The girl—Fern Driscoll—died in the crash, and Mildred, seeing a way to begin life anew, decided to exchange identities with her.

The masquerade went well until a blackmailer named Carl Harrod appeared, charging that Mildred, whom he believed to be Fern, had rifled "Mildred's" purse and, after the accident, set the car afire to conceal the theft.

Mildred needed help, and in her need she turned to Perry Mason.

II

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, said, "There is a young woman employed with the Consolidated Sales and Distribution Company on this floor who wants an appointment. She says it will take only a few moments and she'd like to run in and talk with you whenever it's convenient. She says she can get away for ten or fifteen minutes whenever we phone."

"Say what it's about?" Perry Mason asked.

"Only that it was a personal matter."

Mason looked at his watch, then at his appointment schedule, and said, "These things that take only fifteen or twenty minutes quite frequently take an hour, and you don't like to throw a girl out right in the middle of her story. We have a half hour. Give her a ring, Della. Ask her if she can come in right away. What's her name?"

"Fern Driscoll."

"Do you know her?"

"I don't think so. She says she's seen me in the elevator. I think she's new with the company."

"Give her a buzz," Mason said; "tell her I can see her right away if she wants to come in now. Tell her that's with the understanding it will only take twenty minutes; that I have another appointment."

Della Street nodded and went to the telephone.

A few moments later she was back, saying, "She's coming in right away. I'll go to the reception office and meet her."

"Skip the preliminaries," Mason said, "getting her name, address and all that. We'll get them when she comes in. I want to hear her story and rush things along as much as possible."

Della Street nodded and went to the reception office, and within less than a minute was back. Turning to the young woman she had escorted into the office, Della Street said, "This is Mr. Mason, Miss Driscoll. . . . Fern Driscoll, Mr. Mason."

"Sit down, Miss Driscoll," Mason said. "You're working here in the building with the Consolidated Sales and DistributionCompany, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"What's your residence, Miss Driscoll?"

"Three-oh-nine Rexmore Apartments."

"What did you want to see me about?" Mason asked; and then added in a kindly manner, "I specialize mostly in trial work, and a good deal of it is criminal work. I think perhaps you're in the wrong law office, but I may be able to help you get in touch with the proper party."

She nodded briefly, said, "Thank you," then went on. "You'll have to pardon my dark glasses. Ever since I came to California some two weeks ago, I've been having eye trouble. Did you happen to read in the paper some two weeks ago about a Mildred Crest, of Oceanside, who was killed in an automobile accident?"

Mason smiled and shook his head. "No. Was there something special about Mildred Crest's death?"

"I was riding with her when she was killed."

"I see," Mason said. "Were you hurt?"

Perry Mason held Mildred's hand for a moment, looked at her searchingly, and said, "You're certain you've told me all of it, Miss Driscoll?"

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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"Fortunately, I was only bruised a little. I was sore for a day or two, but that was all."

Mason nodded.

"Mr. Mason," she said, "so that you can understand the situation, I have to tell you certain things. I lived in Lansing, Michigan. I wanted to disappear for reasons of my own. I can assure you I haven't violated any laws. I just wanted to get away where I could begin all over again. I was restless and nervous. I had sufficient funds to buy a ticket to any place I wanted to go, but the point was I didn't know where I wanted to go. I was drifting aimlessly. I was hitchhiking."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I went to Phoenix, stayed there for a few days, then went to San Diego, stayed there for only a few hours, got a ride out of San Diego and got as far as a little place called Vista and I was, for the moment, stranded there. It was about—oh, I don't know, seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the evening. It was dark and this Mildred Crest drove up."

"You knew her?" Mason asked.

"No, not at the time. I was simply waiting there at the service station for a ride. You see, a young woman on the highway is a little different from a man. A man will stand out by a boulevard stop and try to thumb a ride. I like to be at a service station where I can size up the person and then ask if I may ride."

"So you asked Mildred Crest if you could ride?"

"Yes."

"And what happened?"

"I sensed at the time that Mildred Crest was running away from something; that she was very much upset and—well, for instance, I asked her where she was going and she said, 'Away.'"

"So what did you do?"

"Well, that was so exactly my own case that I asked her if I might ride with her, and she said, 'All right.' I don't know. I think we might have confided in each other after a while. I had troubles of my own and she certainly had plenty on her mind. However, we drove down to Pala and then turned on the road going up from Pala and there was an accident."

"What happened?"

"There was an accident. Another car met us right on a hairpin turn. I tried to avoid—I mean, it was impossible to avoid the other car entirely. It was going too fast. It just barely sideswiped us, just a little bit, but enough to put the car out of control and over the embankment. The car went down, and Mildred, I guess, opened the door and tried to get out of the car before it went over, but she didn't have time. The door was unlatched and she was halfway out when the car went over. She struck her head against a rock and —— Well, she died instantly."

Mason thought for a moment. "Who was driving the car?" he asked.

She took a deep breath. "At the time, I was."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, after we started out we talked a little bit and I could sense that Mildred was emotionally upset. She asked me if I drove, and I said I did, and she started to cry and tried to wipe tears from her eyes at the time she was driving. So I offered to take the wheel and she said perhaps I'd better for a little while."

(Continued on Page 46)

"What a mess," Kitty Baylor said. "What have you done about Harrod, Mildred? You didn't tell him the truth?"

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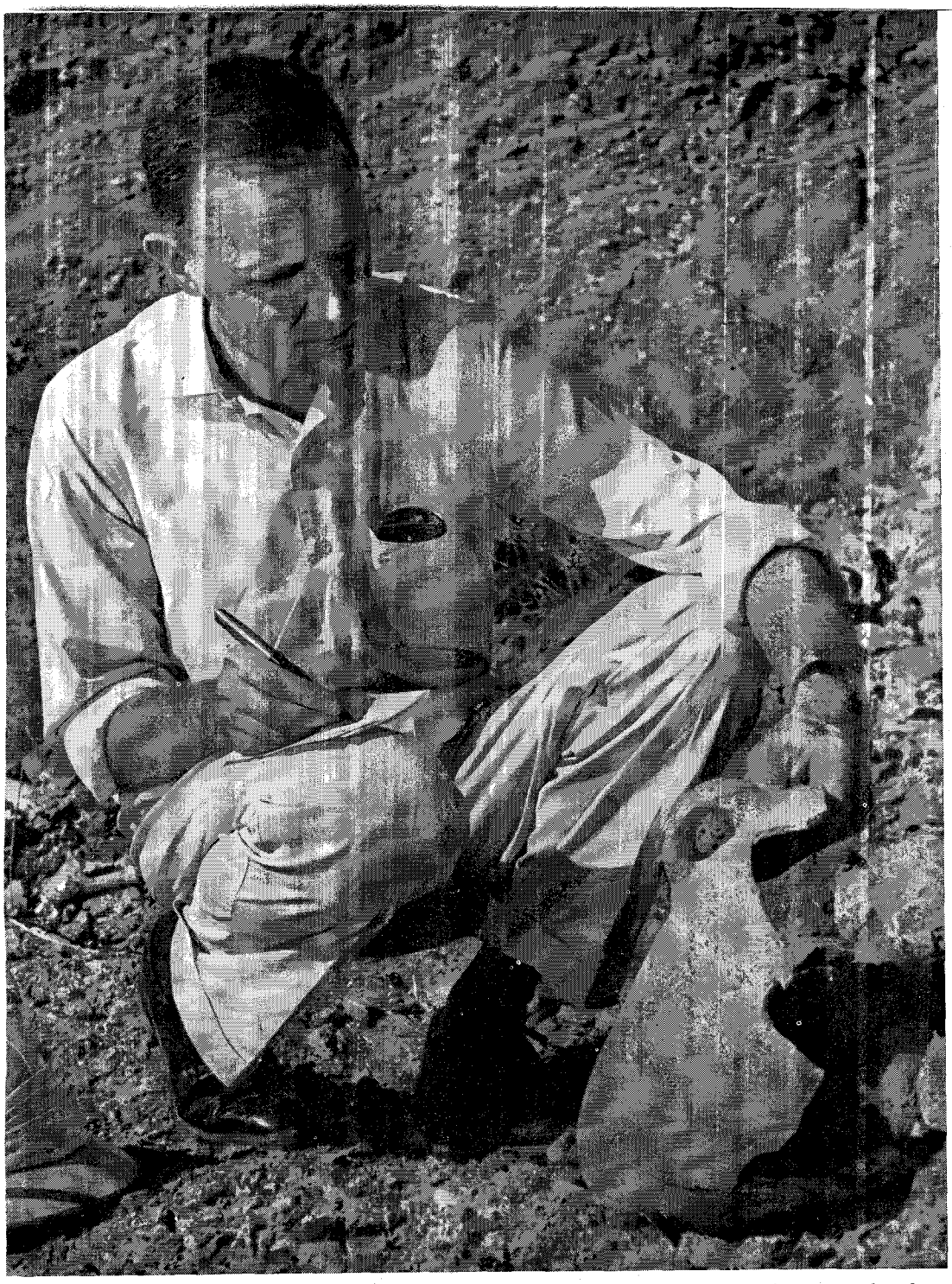


The author, photographed at home in California, with a pottery fragment taken from Gibeon. This shard may reveal important facts about life in the ancient city.

We Found the Lost City

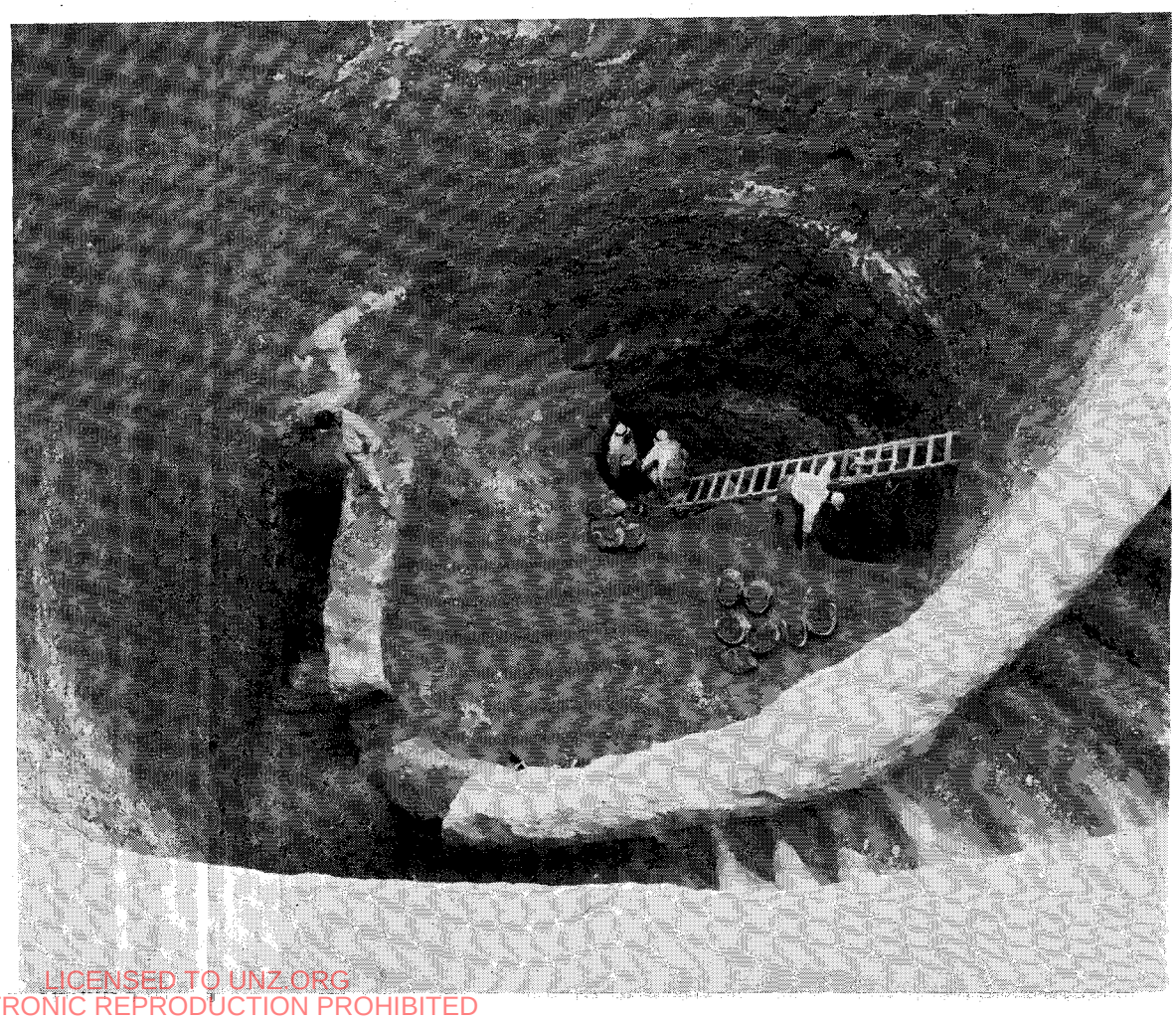
By Dr. JAMES B. PRITCHARD
as told to Frank J. Taylor

The discoverer of fabulous Gibeon, ancient city of Solomon's dream and Joshua's wrath, tells how he hit this archaeological jack pot.

Digging for lost, buried Biblical cities in the Holy Land has a tantalizing fascination which is difficult to get across to nondiggers. The explanation is, I guess, once a digger, always a digger.

I started digging in the ruins of ancient Bethel as a volunteer during my student days. I dug at Dhiban and again at Jericho. I discovered firsthand that "you can't learn archaeology from books—you have to get your hands dirty," as the director of one expedition for which I dug put it. Also that "you have to grow your own gloves"—calloused hands.

The arts of Gibeon: above, an impression of a seal showing worshipers at the tree of life. The rooster below decorated a cooking pot.



The pool of Gibeon, part of the remarkable waterworks the Gibeonites cut out of solid rock in the eighth century, B.C. The spiral steps wind down 82 feet to a chamber which collected artesian water.

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So, having earned by two decades of digging and research the privilege of heading an archaeological expedition of my own, I journeyed to the Holy Land in the summer of 1955 to stake out a place to excavate for buried ruins. This takes some doing. I had an urge to uncover the Biblical city of Ai, wiped out with all its people by Joshua when he conquered the land of Canaan.

Nobody had dug at Ai since the '30's, when a French party abandoned work after their leader died suddenly. But there is a gentlemen's code among archaeologists that you can't dig in another digger's excavation without permission. I went to Paris to get this. The French told me to go ahead and dig it.

Then I flew to Jordan to seek the blessing of the Director of Antiquities, who suggested, "Why dig in worked-over ruins? Why not make a fresh start?"

He added that some two score promising sites in the kingdom of Jordan awaited exploration.

"How about el-Jib?" I asked, pointing to a spot on the map eight miles northwest of Jerusalem.

I knew something about el-Jib. It was a site that had become a hot international controversy among archaeologists. The Arab village of el-Jib squatted on an oval mound that rose a hundred feet above the rolling plain of Judea stretching westward from the Dead Sea. American and French archaeologists long had held that el-Jib was the probable site of the lost Biblical city of Gibeon, mentioned in forty-three passages in the Old Testament, but nowhere in the New Testament. Outstanding German archaeologists contended vehemently that el-Jib marked the site of another Biblical town, Beeroth. Neither group could convince the other.

(Continued on Page 87)

THE BIBLE REPORTS ON GIBEON

As a Metropolis:

Gibeon was a great city, as one of the royal cities . . . and all the men thereof were mighty.

Joshua 10:2.

As a City of Guile:

And when the inhabitants of Gibeon heard what Joshua had done unto Jericho . . . they did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors . . . and said unto the men of Israel, We be come from a far country: now therefore make ye a league with us.

Joshua 9:3-6.

As a Scene of Miracles:

Then spake Joshua to the Lord . . . and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; . . . So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

Joshua 10:12, 13.

As a Battleground:

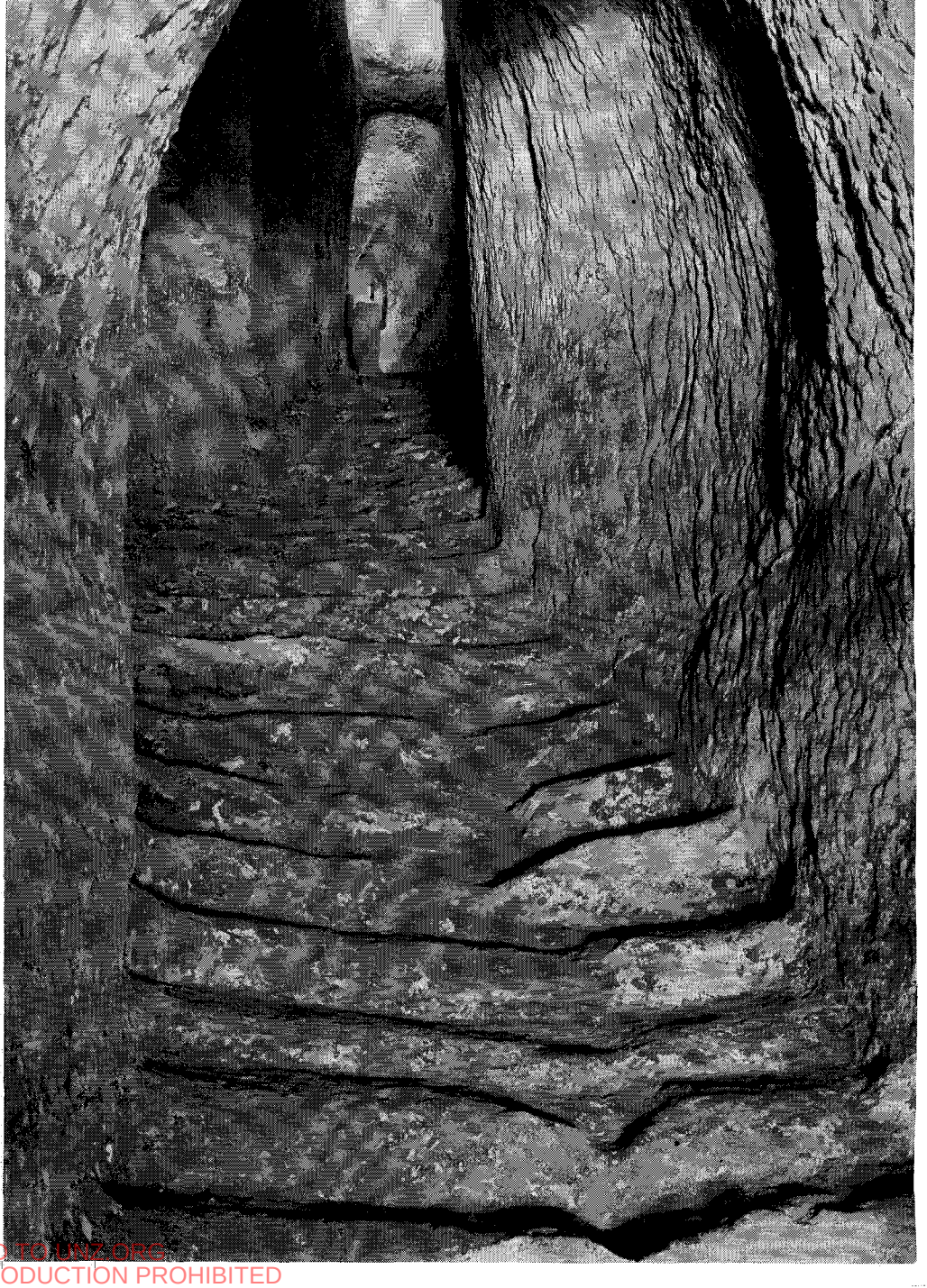
David therefore did as God commanded him: and they smote the host of the Philistines from Gibeon even to Gazer.

I Chronicles 14:16.

As a Holy Place:

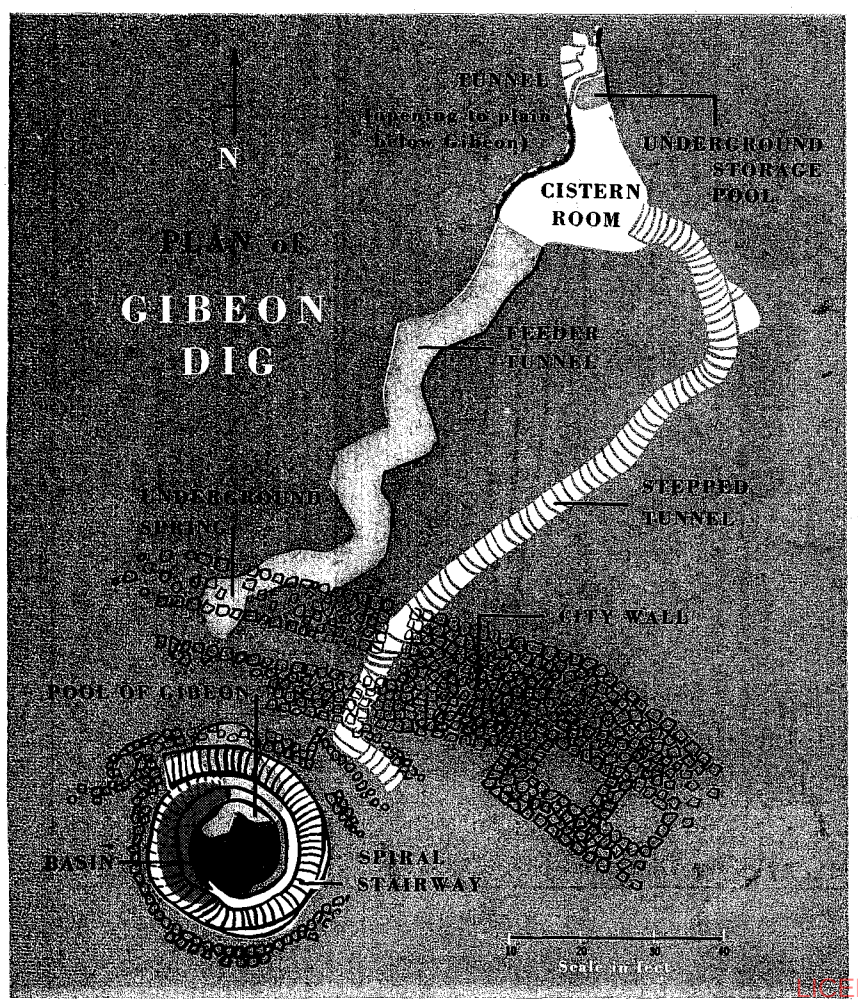
And the King [Solomon] went to Gibeon to sacrifice there, for that was the great high place.

I Kings 3:4.



A section of the underground passage to the cistern room. Another tunnel fed water from a subterranean spring to the same basin.

Gibeon's water supply was safe from enemies. One end (top) of the tunnel to the cistern room could be blocked. The other end (bottom) lay within the city's stout walls.



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Post Scripts

You Probably Know This Already

If you would like a nice amount
Of money in your bank account,
  Then shopping sprees are something you
    must frown on.
You won't succeed (it's sad, but true)
At feathering your nest if you
  Keep finding things to put a little down on.

RICHARD WHEELER

How to Make a Picture Frame

Everybody has a picture around the house that needs to be framed. (Oh, they do so!) Why pay seventy-nine cents for a frame when you can make one at home yourself for less than twelve dollars?

All you need are a few simple things you can find in any modern kitchen, like nails, iron glue, C-clamps, nail set, miter box, hack saw and a hardwood tree, preferably one whose trunk is scrolled.

Start by cutting down the tree, removing the bark, birds and squirrels, and sawing a center piece of the trunk into four pieces.

Carefully miter the corners of the pieces at a forty-five-degree angle. (Forty-five degrees is twice twenty-two and a half degrees.)

When the four pieces of wood are properly cut, one of them will be a little short, so that the frame will look like a triangle. This is an interesting effect, but not practical unless you have a triangular picture.

Cut another piece of wood equal to the other one. (You know which one I mean!)

Glue everything together into a rectangle and clamp together with C-clamps. Remove thumb from under C-clamps. Remove glue from thumb. Remove necktie stuck to thumb. Remove necktie stuck to C-clamp.

Nail everything together, and when wood splinters and cracks throw wood in the fireplace and tear up picture that was to be framed.

For circular frames proceed the same way, but use round wood.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Not Close Enough for Comfort

Often, from travelers' lips, we hear
  Of a simply marvelous nook
Where you live for nothing at all a year
  With seven maids and a cook.
And where is this perfectly dreamy spot?
The United States is where it's not.

It's Grand Canary or Windward Isles,
  Majorca, Pitcairn, Sark;
That's where the climate sunnily smiles,
  While here it's damp and dark.
It's Bali, Alice Springs, Kashmir—
Somewhere, anywhere else but here.

Oh, that we had in the U.S.A.
  Some halcyon spots like these!
But the bargain-basement magic casement
  Opes on alien seas,
And the lands where taxes are nonexistent
And life is sweet are awfully distant.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Centrally Located

The folks above us have a dog,
  The ones below, a baby.
The tenants just across the hall
  Have brawls—I don't mean maybe.

We like this new apartment house;
  It's handy and it's smart enough.
The only trouble is, we find,
  Apartments aren't apart enough.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Advice to Brides

Don't needle him;
Wheedle him!

ETHEL JACOBSON

My Own True Love

There's nobody sweet as my true love is;
Nobody's smile as merry as his.
And if there are others who feel the same—
Well, as he says, he isn't to blame.

Oh, nobody's dear as my own true love.
Who else could pledge me the moon above,
With vows so beautiful when he makes
  them,
I even believe him when he breaks them.

For he is my love come foul or fair.
There's nobody like him anywhere.
I worship the ground his light feet tread,
With stars in my eyes and rocks in my head!

PENNY PENNINGTON

"Bridal suite."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WE'RE SO GLAD YOU LOVE OUR 3 NEW SOUPS!

We're cooking overtime, to keep up!

NEW! TURKEY NOODLE SOUP

Already a favorite . . . it tastes so good! Here's soup made extravagantly from the *whole* turkey! That's why the broth is so rich and full-flavored . . . why there's so much tender turkey meat . . . light and dark. And there are noodles by the spoonful . . . big, golden, enriched egg noodles!

NEW! MINESTRONE SOUP

People love it! It's a great big homey soup with 12 favorite vegetables! Carrots and potatoes, peas, green beans and pea beans. Tomatoes and onions, mustard and turnip greens . . . celery, cabbage and zucchini. All this, plus tenderest spaghettini and a zip of cheese.

NEW! CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

A hit . . . almost overnight! It's a hearty, heartwarming country-kitchen kind of chicken soup. The broth is what cookbooks call "good chicken stock." And it's filled to the brim with pick-of-garden vegetables, golden ribbon noodles and plenty of tender chicken.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup—
Campbell's, of course!

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THIS 1958 BUICK is as far ahead in ground travel as the latest supersonic bomber is advanced in the sky.

Drive it, and you control a Flight Pitch Dynaflow* that switches the pitch a million ways—gives you *precisely* the performance you need, *precisely* when you need it.

Drive it, and you hold dominion over a B-12000 engine with 12,000 pounds of thrust behind every piston stroke.

Drive it, and you experience a new Miracle Ride, made still more wonderful by four columns of air that float you over hillocks and hollows.

And every moment of your journey, you're blessedly aware of this final fact:

Your B-58 Buick was built by skilled craftsmen dedicated to the highest standards of quality and precision ever set by Buick.

See your Buick dealer. He'll be glad to place a B-58 Buick in your hands for a trial—today.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**Flight Pitch Dynaflow standard on* LIMITED *and* ROADMASTER 75, *optional at extra cost on other Series. Buick air ride optional at extra cost on all Series.*

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To the solidity and balance of Buick's Rotoflow Torque-Tube Drive and Buick's X-member frame, we added the smooth ride control of Buick's new air suspension. Four air columns automatically level your car, keep it traveling with exquisite smoothness under any passenger load—even on backwoods roads.

There's never been anything like the feeling of smooth and soaring response you get with Buick's new Flight Pitch Dynaflow transmission.

As you press down on the gas pedal, 20 "propellers" keep changing their angle of pitch—keep biting deeper and deeper into a torrent of oil. You get the perfect pitch, the precise ratio for every performance need. You get instant response always, incredibly nimble performance.

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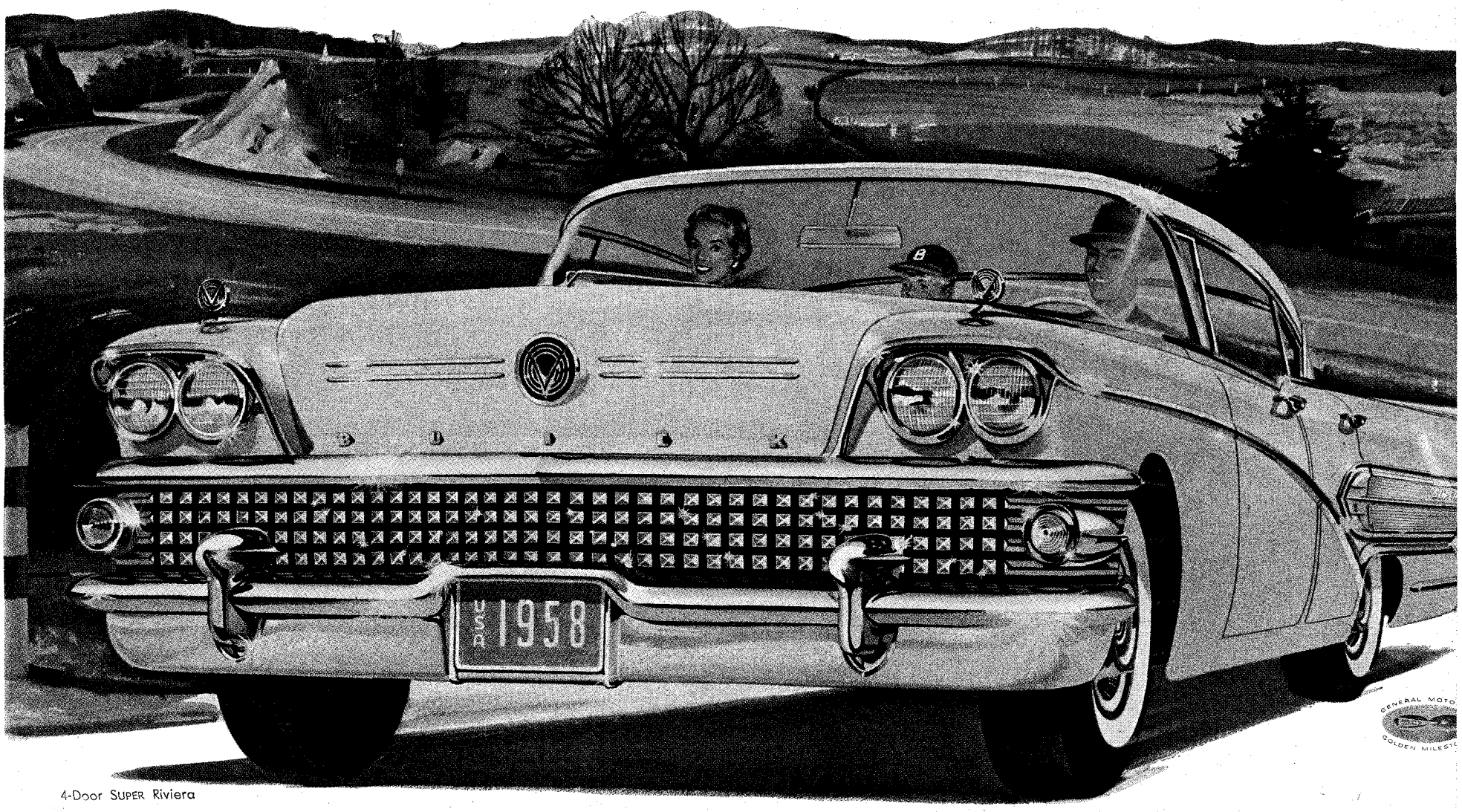

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THE UNIQUE OPEL—The imported car made by General Motors in Germany—can now be ordered in Sedan and Caravan Wagon models through authorized Buick dealers.

It looks and feels like flight on wheels—

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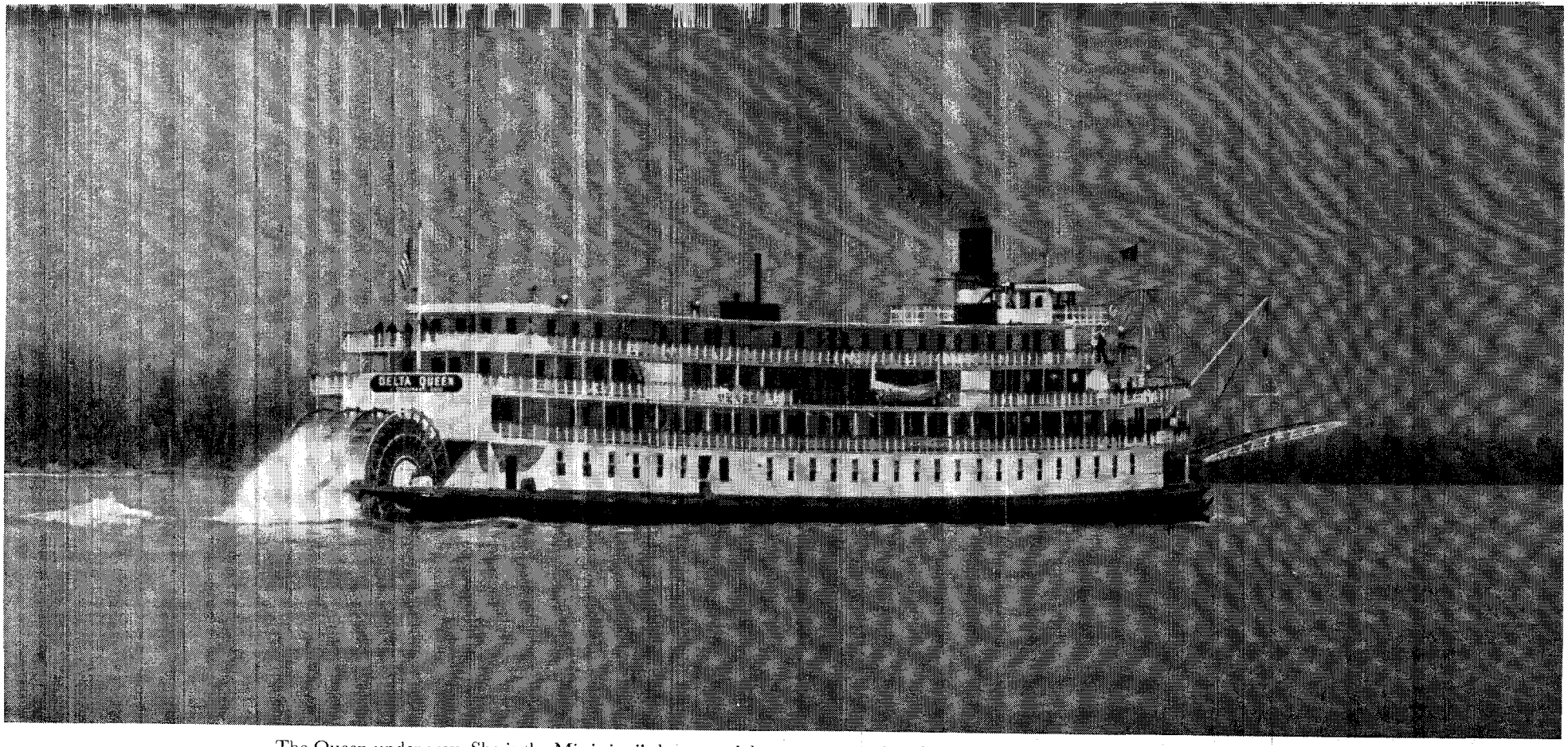

The Queen under way. She is the Mississippi's last overnight passenger packet. She accommodates 200 guests and a crew of 70.

Floating honeymoon: Ernie and Gwen Thabet, newlyweds from Columbus, Ohio; Imogene and Jack Heidloff, of Beaver City, Nebraska.

"All Aboard the Delta Queen!"

She steams down the river,
bound for New Orleans and the Mardi gras.
Here's one way to step back into the 19th century
on Mark Twain's romantic Mississippi.

By James A. Maxwell

When the Delta Queen leaves Cincinnati early this month for its annual Mardi-gras cruise to New Orleans, the passengers will find that riverboat travel has a strange effect on modern man. Aboard a stern-wheeler lazily splashing its way downstream, time loses importance. He lounges in his deck chair, as relaxed as a strand of cooked spaghetti, and stares in a euphoric trance at a shore line which passes before his eyes like painted scenery being wound from one giant spool to another.

A week earlier, he would have fumed at an hour's delay in the take-off of his plane. Now he awakens to find that, because of fog, the boat has been tied up all night to trees along the bank; instead of being annoyed, he is fascinated by the jungle which lies only a few feet away; and by the wildlife which goes about its business on the shore unperturbed by visitors.

(Continued on Page 117)

As the Delta Queen nears her New Orleans pier in the early morning, passengers line the rail for a view of the city. She makes the downstream run from Cincinnati in seven days. The return trip, against the current, takes ten.

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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 39)

"Did you pick the roads or did she?"

"She told me where to go."

Mason said, "If you went from Vista to Pala and then turned at Pala and started back up the grade, you were just doubling back on yourself and ——"

"I know. I think eventually she intended to return to Oceanside, but —— Well, as it afterward turned out, there were reasons why ——"

"Oh, I remember the case now," Della Street interjected. She turned to Perry Mason and said, "You may remember it, chief. We commented briefly about it. The girl had just learned her fiancé was wanted for embezzlement. The autopsy showed she was pregnant."

"Oh, yes," Mason said, looking at his visitor with renewed interest. "She didn't tell you anything about this?"

"No. I think she would have, but, as I say, there wasn't time. We were just getting acquainted when the accident happened."

"All right," Mason said, "why did you come to me?"

"Because I—I was trying to disappear. I certainly didn't want my name in the paper and I was afraid that, if the newspapers published that Fern Driscoll, of Lansing, Michigan, was in the car, there would be an exchange item, or however it is they work those things, and the Lansing paper would get hold of it. I wanted to keep out of the whole thing."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

She hesitated a moment, said, "I —— Well, I'm afraid I was negligent. I am responsible for the car catching fire."

"How did it happen?"

"I found that I wasn't hurt. I squirmed out through the window on the left-hand side of the car. The door wouldn't open, but the window was down. I was pretty badly shaken up and I guess pretty rattled. I struck a match and took stock of the situation. I wanted to see if I could help Mildred."

"And what happened?"

"As soon as I saw the way she was lying, half in and half out of the door, and her head, I—I just became terribly nauseated. It was frightful. She had been half out of the car and her head had been—well, it was smashed! Just a pulp!"

Mason nodded.

"After that it took me a little while to get myself together and, of course, all that time gasoline was running out of the car. Apparently it was leaking out of the tank at the rear of the car and trickling down toward the front. I didn't know just what was happening and I'm afraid I'm responsible for not appreciating the danger. Anyhow I struck a second match, and that second match burnt my fingers, so I dropped it. There was a flash and I jumped back and the whole thing started blazing into flame."

"You didn't have your hair or eyebrows singed?" Mason asked.

"No; I was holding the match down and —— Well, that's the way it was."

"So then what did you do?"

"I had my purse with me, fortunately. I—my suitcase, with everything I own, was in the car. I started running from the fire and then I found myself at the bottom of a little canyon and I worked my way along that through big rocks and—and then I guess I got in something of a panic. There was a rattlesnake that I almost stepped on and —— Well, by the time I got up to the road I just wanted to get away from there without having my name in the papers or anything, so—well, that's what I did."

"You didn't report the accident to anyone?"

She shook her head.

"How long ago was that?"

"About two weeks, not quite. It was the twenty-second."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "And some development has caused you to come to see me?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"A man by the name of Carl Harrod called on me last night. He's an investigator for the insurance company. From the position of the car and the manner in which the doors were jammed, it was apparent that only the person who was in the driver's seat could have squirmed out through the window. My suitcase was in the car; it wasn't entirely consumed by the fire. Mildred's purse wasn't burned up. Well, anyway, this man Harrod had put two and two together. He found out that Mildred had picked up a hitchhiker at Vista and then he traced the hitchhiker back from Vista, which wasn't too difficult to do."

"And what did Harrod want?" Mason asked.

(*Continued on Page 51*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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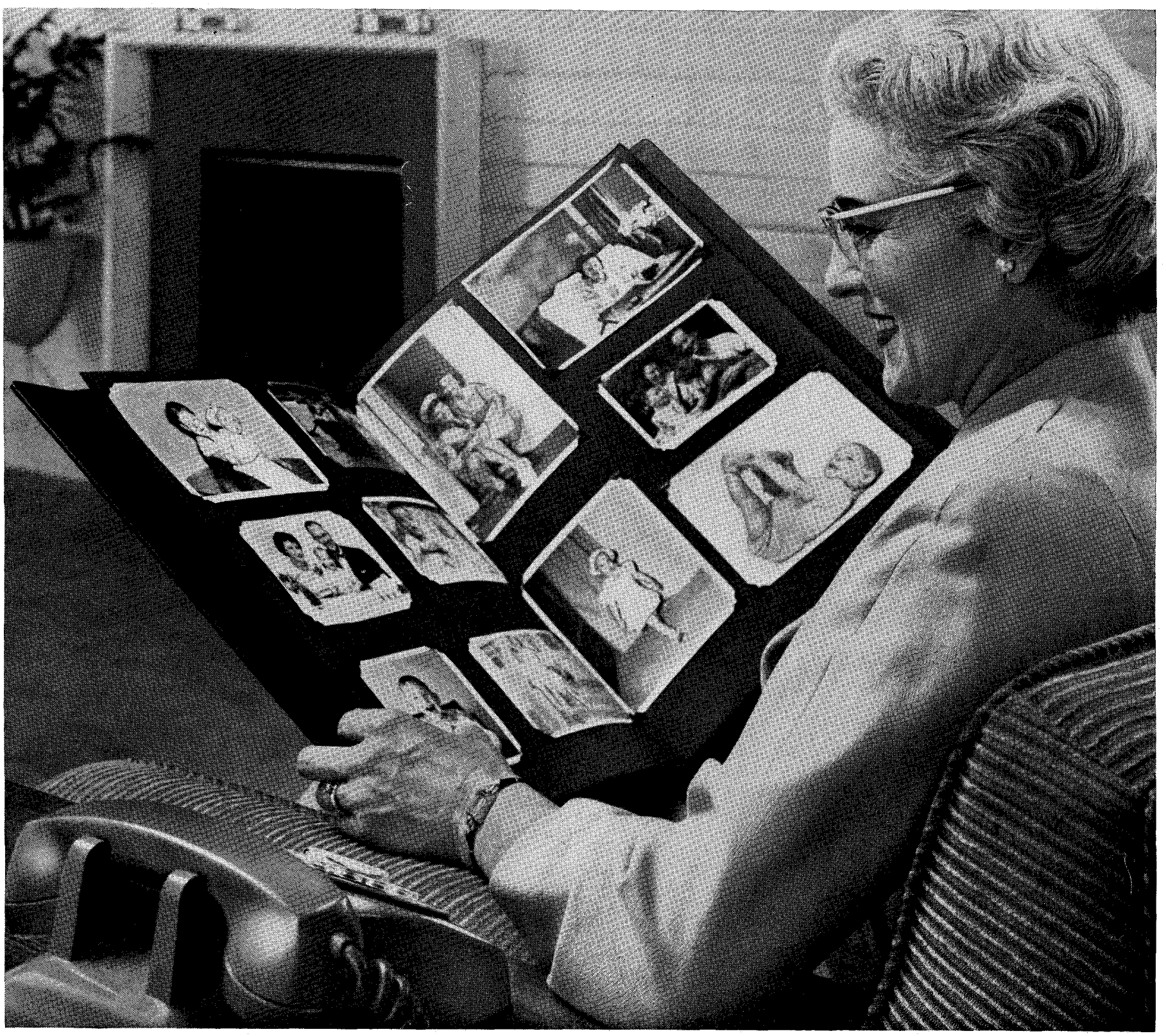

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These rates apply nights after six and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

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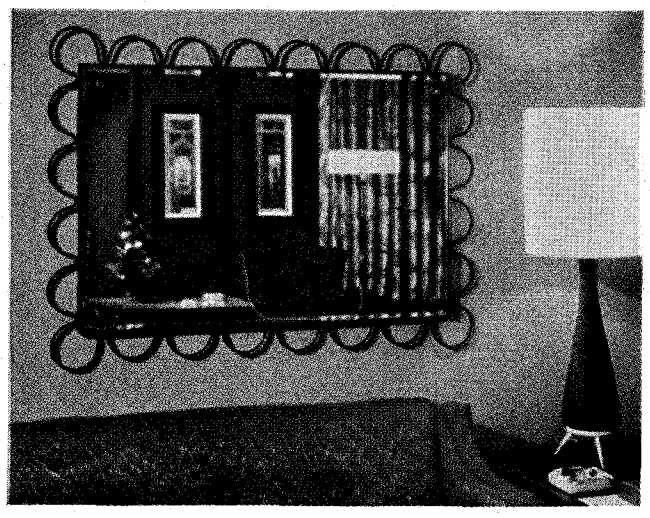
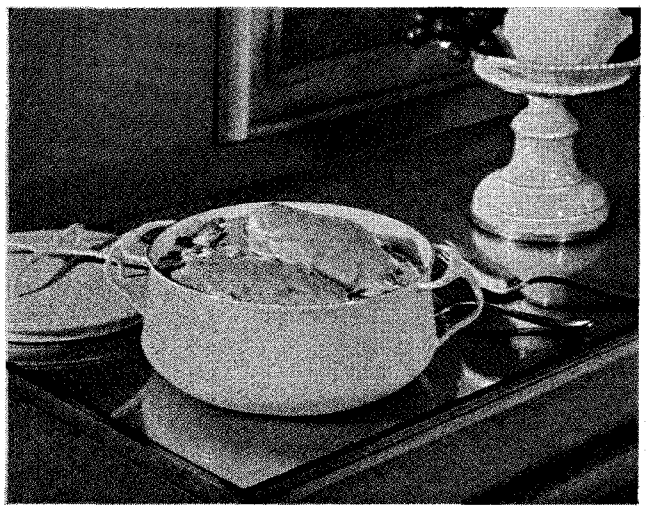
How Pittsburgh Glass adds ze



ADD EXCITEMENT TO YOUR ROOMS. Decorative mirrors such as this modern, highly attractive one can be hung just like a picture. For more exciting home living, make sure that you have them in your living room, bedroom, dining room and entrance hall. They are priced very reasonably.

MAKE SMALL ROOMS LOOK LARGER. When you have a wall mirror over a buffet, as shown here, the room achieves greater glamour, becomes more alive. Wall mirrors truly have the magic quality of giving rooms more light, sparkle and beauty . . . of making them more spacious looking—especially when they are made from Pittsburgh Plate Glass, long famous for its high quality and clear reflections.



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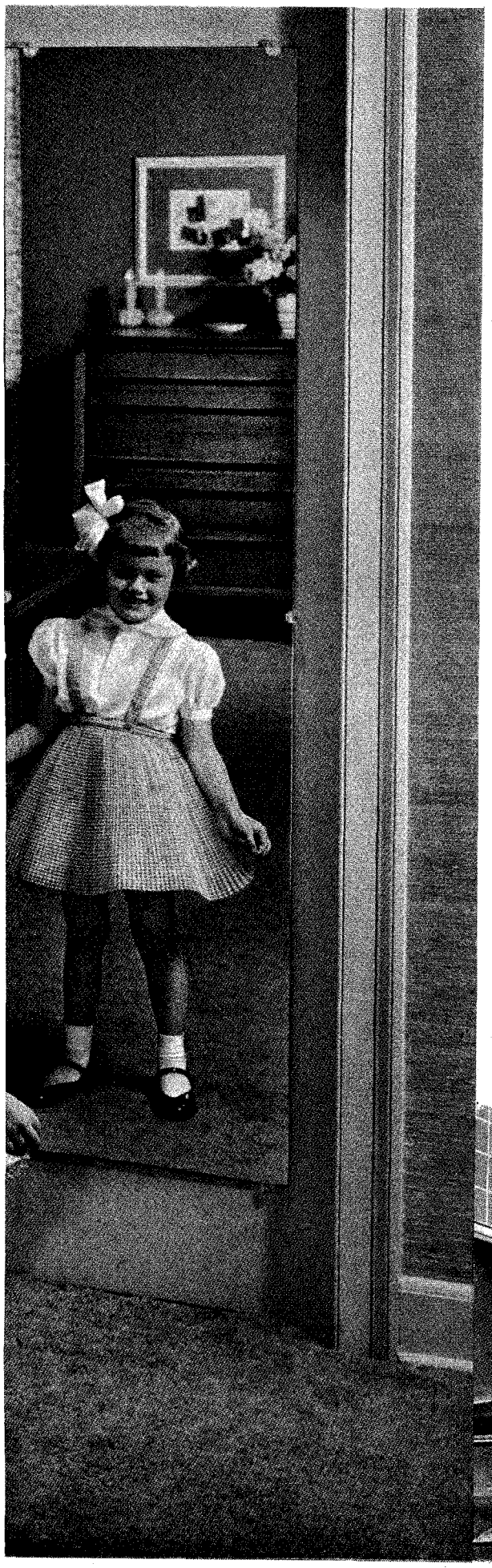
and beauty to everyday living...



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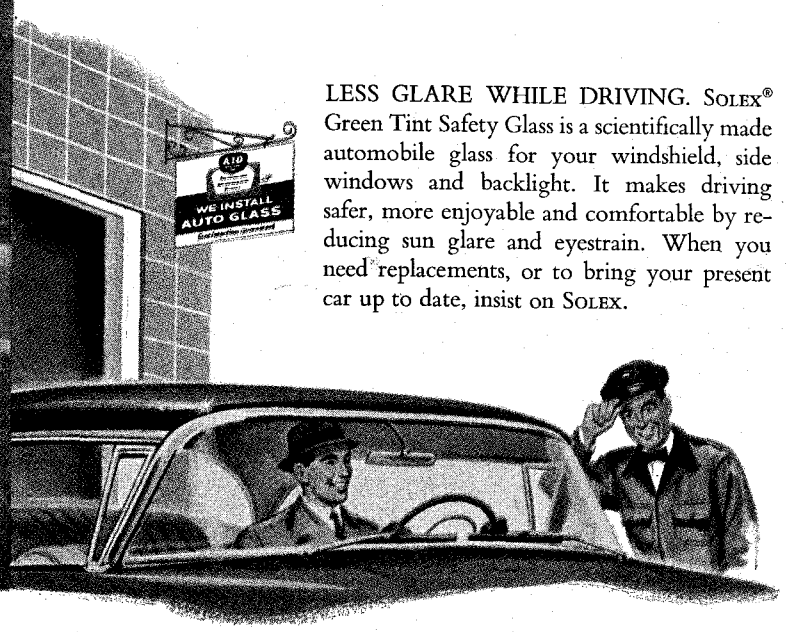

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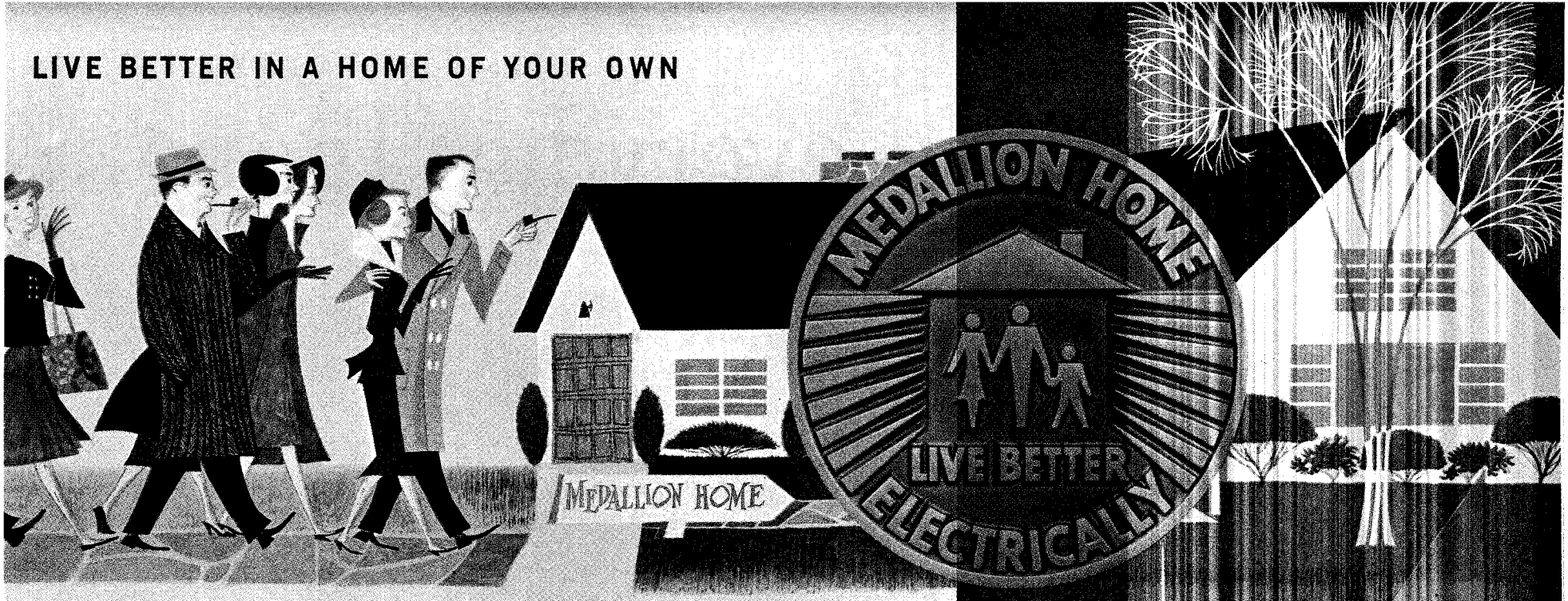

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Electricity contributes so much to your family's comfort and happiness. That's why you should make a point of looking for homes carrying the new "Live Better Electrically" Medallion. This handsome bronze plaque is your certification that the house contains the basic conveniences you need for modern electrical living.

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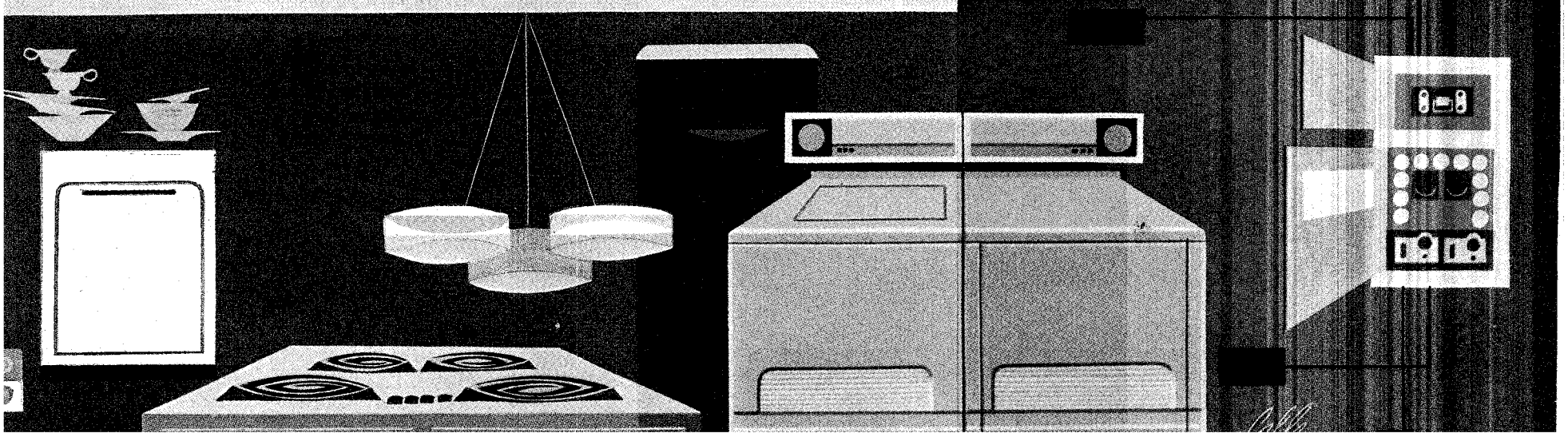

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(*Continued from Page 46*) "He wanted me to sign a statement."

"In regard to the accident?"

"Yes."

"Did you do it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I—I have the feeling Mr. Harrod wants that statement not on behalf of the insurance company, but—I think he wants to do something with it."

"Blackmail?" Mason asked.

"I wouldn't be too surprised."

"Did he make any overtures along that line?"

"He intimated something like that. Later on, he was very careful to point out that he actually had asked for nothing except a written statement."

Mason drummed with the tips of his fingers on the top of his desk. His eyes were squinted thoughtfully.

"So," she asked, "what do I do?"

Mason said, "You've gone this long without reporting an accident. Sit tight and wait for another twenty-four or forty-eight hours. If Mr. Harrod calls to see you again, I want you to tell him only what I will tell you to tell him."

"What's that?"

Mason nodded to Della Street.

Della Street handed the young woman a shorthand notebook and pencil.

An adult western film is one in which the hero kisses the girl instead of the horse.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

"You take shorthand?" Mason asked.

"Oh, yes."

"All right, take this down," Mason said. "Here is what you tell Mr. Harrod. Simply say, quote, Mr. Harrod, I have consulted my attorney, Mr. Mason, about all matters in connection with your previous visit. Mr. Mason has advised me that, if you call on me again, I am to ask you to get in touch with him. So, therefore, I ask you to call Mr. Perry Mason, who is representing me in the matter. If his office doesn't answer or if it is night, call the Drake Detective Agency and leave word with Mr. Paul Drake. Mr. Mason is my lawyer. Aside from that, I have nothing to say. I don't care to discuss the matter with you. I don't care either to affirm or deny any deductions you may have made. I am, in short, referring you to Mr. Mason for all information concerning the matter under discussion. Unquote."

Mason watched the pencil fly over the page of the notebook with deft, sure strokes.

"You're evidently a pretty good stenographer," Mason said.

She smiled. "I pride myself that I am."

Mason glanced at his watch. "All right. That's all you do. Just tear that page out of the notebook, read it over enough so you remember it, and if Mr. Harrod calls refer him to me."

She detected the note of dismissal in his voice and got to her feet. "How much do I ——"

Mason waved his hand. "Forget it," he said. "You're employed on the same floor here in the building, which makes you something of a neighbor, and, after all, there's nothing —— Wait a minute, do you have a nickel in your purse?"

"Why, yes."

"All right," Mason said, smiling, "give me the nickel. That means that I've been duly retained to protect your interests and anything you have told me is a privileged communication. Also, anything I have told you is entirely confidential. Now then, go back to work and quit worrying about Mr. Harrod. If he becomes a nuisance, we'll find some way to deal with him."

She impulsively gave Mason her hand. "Thank you so much, Mr. Mason," she said.

Mason held her hand for a moment, looked at her searchingly and said, "All right, Miss Driscoll. You're certain you've told me all of it?"

"Yes, yes. Of course."

"All right," Mason told her. "Run along back and get to work."

When she had left the office, Mason turned to Della Street. "What do you think, Della?"

"She's really frightened. Why did you tell her not to report the accident? Didn't you take a risk doing that?"

"Probably," Mason said. "However, I didn't want her to get in any worse than she is now. Her story of what happened isn't true. I don't want her to make a false report."

"In what way isn't it true?"

"The other car didn't crowd her off the road. Notice she said, 'It was impossible to avoid the other car entirely.' No one on earth ever described an automobile accident of that sort in that way. A person would have said, 'Despite the fact we got way over on our side of the road, the other car hit us.'"

Della Street thought that over, then nodded thoughtfully.

Mason said, "Now that you know this Fern Driscoll, you'll be running onto her in the elevator and in the restroom. Keep an eye on her and see if she doesn't try to find some opportunity to confide in you. I have an idea the situation will change within the next forty-eight hours."

"And I'm to report to you?" Della Street asked.

"Immediately," Mason said.

That night after Mildred had cleaned away the dinner dishes, put the apartment in order, the chimes on the apartment door sounded. Mildred took a deep breath, set her face in the expression she wanted to use on Carl Harrod and opened the door. The young woman who stood on the threshold was perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two. She had a dark complexion with finely chiseled features, a chin that was up in the air far enough to indicate pride, breeding and a certain strength of character. Gray eyes made an appraising study of Mildred.

"Well?" Mildred asked at length, breaking the silence.

"Oh, Fern," the young woman said, "I —— It is Fern Driscoll, isn't it?"

Mildred nodded.

"I'm Kitty Baylor," the young woman said, as though that explained everything. And then she added, by way of explanation, "Forrie's sister."

"Oh," Mildred said, striving to get her mind adjusted so she could cope with this new complication.

"I know," her visitor said, the words rushing out rapidly, "I'm the last person in the world you expected to see, the last person on earth you wanted to see. However, there are certain things we're going to have to face. Running away from them doesn't help. I'm up at Stanford, you know, and when I found out about what had happened —— Oh, Fern, please let me come in and talk things over. Let's see if we can't find some sort of a solution."

Mildred stood to one side. "Come in," she invited.

"I'd heard about you from Forrie," Kitty Baylor went on. "I—I don't know how to begin."

Mildred closed the door. "Won't you sit down?" she invited.

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Mildred's visitor seated herself and said, "Quite frankly, I don't know how to begin. We've never met, but you undoubtedly know about me and I know about you."

Kitty Baylor paused, and Mildred nodded dubiously, sparring for time.

"Now then," Kitty went on, "if it's a fair question, would you tell me just why you suddenly packed up and went away, why you left all of your friends, your contacts, and simply disappeared?"

Mildred said with dignity, "I don't think I have to account to you for my actions."

"All right," Kitty said, "I'll put cards on the table. This is for the purpose of protecting your good name just as much as the good name of my family. You and Forrie were friendly. You were very friendly. I know that."

Kitty paused and Mildred said nothing.

Kitty fidgeted for a moment, then, pushing up her chin and looking Mildred in the eyes, said, "A man whom dad regards as a blackmailer has been trying to build up the facts for a scandal story. This man is going to publish a story in a slander magazine which makes a specialty of digging out dirt with a sex angle. That story concerns you. Are you interested?"

Mildred tried to say something, but couldn't.

"All right," Kitty went on, "I'll tell you what that story is. It's that you and Forrie were going together, that you became pregnant, that Forrie went to dad, that dad was furious, that he felt Forrie had jeopardized the good name of the family, that you were given a large sum of money to go away and have your baby, that you wanted Forrie to marry you, but that dad wouldn't let Forrie even consider it and that Forrie was under dad's domination."

Kitty paused and Mildred, not knowing what to say, maintained an embarrassed silence.

Kitty seemed to shrink within her clothes. "Well," she said, "I guess it's true. I'd have sworn it wasn't. I wouldn't have thought dad would have done a thing like that. I know he wouldn't. He admits that he talked with Forrie about you and said in a general way that he hoped Forrie would marry in his social set. I guess it's no secret that dad wanted and I guess he still wants Forrie to marry Carla Addis." Kitty, suddenly weary, said, "I know I'm taking an awful lot on myself, but this is important. It's important to all of us. Do you want to say anything?"

Mildred shook her head.

"All right," Kitty went on, "here are my cards, right on the table, Fern. If the story is true, I'm going to fight for you. If you are pregnant and were sent away under circumstances of that sort, I'm going to do something about it."

Mildred remained silent.

"On the other hand," Kitty went on, her eyes boring directly into Mildred's, "if, as dad says, this is some sort of blackmail scheme by which you're planning to hold up the family, blast Forrie's future with a paternity suit or team up with this man Harrod for a shakedown, you're headed for trouble, and I mean big trouble. Dad is a fighter, and you just don't have any idea how hard he can fight. You're buying yourself a ticket to the penitentiary for blackmail. You're a woman. I'm a woman. I think you care for Forrie. I'm his sister and I love him. But I want to face the issues. I want to be friendly with you, but I want to know what the issues are. If you're trying to be a party to a shakedown, I think it's only fair to tell you certain things."

Mildred met Kitty Baylor's eyes and said suddenly. "I'm sorry. I can't tell you what you want to know."

"Why not?"

"Because," Mildred said, "I don't know."

Kitty's eyes were scornful. "You mean you don't know whether you're going to have a baby?"

"It isn't that," Mildred said. "It's—it's ——"

"Is it a shakedown? Are you desperately in need of money?"

"It isn't that. It's —— I don't want to —— All right, I guess I'm going to have to tell you. Will you promise not to interrupt and let me tell you the whole story in my own way?"

"Of course. Go ahead."

Mildred waited for a couple of seconds; then plunged ahead. "I'm not Fern Driscoll. I'm a girl who has troubles of her own. I wanted to disappear. I was driving my car. Fern Driscoll was hitchhiking. I picked her up. She was terribly despondent. She was hysterical, and I think she was probably temporarily insane. She grasped the wheel of the car and tried to commit suicide by sending the car off the road down into a deep canyon. She was killed instantly. I escaped.

"I didn't care about taking on her identity, but I did want to get out from under my own identity. I wanted to go where I couldn't be traced through Social Security or anything else. So I took Fern Driscoll's identification and started living under that name. Everyone thought Fern Driscoll was—well, after all, she was found in my car and—the autopsy showed she was two months pregnant. So there probably is something to the claim this man Harrod is making."

Kitty Baylor blinked her eyes as she tried to adjust herself to this new situation.

"Harrod was here yesterday," Mildred went on. "He thinks I'm Fern Driscoll. He's trying to get me to sign a statement about the automobile accident."

Kitty was silent for a few seconds; then she said thoughtfully, "I don't think Harrod really thinks you're Fern Driscoll. He's trying to get you to sign a statement as Fern Driscoll so he'll have you in his power. Then he can make you say or do almost anything he wants. He's on the track of a big story, something that he can make into a scandal feature. I'm sorry about Fern. I never knew her, but I know that Forrie was fond of her and—— Now things really are in a sweet mess!

"Frankly, I thought I could have a showdown with Fern Driscoll. Either Forrie was responsible for her condition or he wasn't, and —— Now no one can ever talk with Fern Driscoll and there's a post-mortem which proves her condition. I suppose this man Harrod has a story that —— Well, he claims a magazine is going to pay him ten thousand dollars for it. It's a story that has everything, according to his way of looking at it: sordid sex, surreptitious trysts between a secretary and the son of a wealthy manufacturer, the arrogant father with the power of wealth. Look here, do you have any objection to telling me who you are? From what I know now, I can find out, you know. It's only a question of time."

Mildred sighed and told her visitor the entire story. When she had finished, Kitty thought things over. Then she said, "You haven't fooled Harrod a bit. I know that. The more I think of it the plainer it becomes. You see, Harrod told dad that Fern was two months pregnant. He must have learned that from the autopsy."

"She could have told someone," Mildred said.

"I suppose so," Kitty said.

Mildred asked, "Why did she leave?"

"Probably because she's a darn decent kid," Kitty said. "She must have been in love with Forrie. She went away so she wouldn't bring any disgrace on Forrie. She knew that, even if they married, the child would come too soon and —— No, Forrie wouldn't have let her go."

Mildred said, "No one knows this, Kitty, but there were four thousand dollars in Fern's purse, forty new one-hundred-dollar bills."

Kitty looked at her with wide-eyed dismay. "Where's the money now?"

"I have it."

"Good Lord!" Kitty said. "Look how that would make a story if Harrod got you to admit that! The poor little secretary finding herself pregnant tries to get the son of the wealthy manufacturer to marry her. The manufacturer kicks her out into the cold, cruel world, giving her four thousand dollars to go and have her baby. Mildred, it can't be true!"

"Well," Mildred said, "she had four thousand dollars in her purse. I don't know where she got it. The autopsy showed she was two months pregnant."

Kitty rose and faced Mildred, hands on hips. "What a mess! What have you done about Harrod, Mildred? You didn't tell him the truth?"

"I told him nothing," Mildred said. "I went to Perry Mason, the lawyer. If Harrod returns, I'm to tell him this." She read her shorthand notes.

Kitty Baylor's eyes showed sudden enthusiasm. "That's it! That's the solution. We'll let Perry Mason deal with that double-crossing blackmailer."

"The only thing is, he won't go to Perry Mason," Mildred said. "If, as you suspect, he knows that I'm masquerading as Fern Driscoll, he's just going to set a trap and ——" She broke off at the sound of the door chimes.

"That may be Harrod now," Mildred said as she rose and started for the door.

Kitty motioned her back. "Wait a minute," she whispered.

Mildred paused.

"Look, if it's all right with you, I'll go to the door and tell him that I'm Fern Driscoll, ask him what he means by saying that I'm pregnant, and slap his face. Is that O.K. by you?"

"It's all right with me," Mildred said, "only I don't think he'll let you get away with it. I think he knows it was Fern Driscoll who was killed in the accident. And when you slap his face, he'll punch you in the jaw."

"Leave him to me," Kitty said, and strode into the little hallway.

Mildred heard the sound of the latch being thrown back on the door; then Kitty Baylor's voice saying, "I guess you don't know me. I'm ——"

She was interrupted by Carl Harrod's voice. "Don't tell me! I'll tell you! You're Miss Katherine Baylor. Let me introduce myself. I'm Carl Harrod, an investigator."

Kitty Baylor's voice showed the extent to which she was jarred by this information. "How—how do you know who I am?"

Harrod's laugh was assured. "Just remember that I'm an expert investigator. Let's say that I've been casing the joint. I might even have followed you from the exclusive Vista del Camino Hotel, knowing that your family always stays there and feeling certain that some member of the family would be showing up to try and patch things up."

"All right, Mr. Harrod," Kitty interrupted. "I've been looking for you. Now let me tell you a few things! In the first place, if you desire any further communication with the occupant of this apartment, you are to contact Mr. Perry Mason, the famous lawyer. If it's after office hours, call the Drake Detective Agency. In the second place, Mr. Carl Harrod, having delivered that message, let me give you a simple, forceful, personal message indicative of the respect in which I hold you."

There was the smacking sound of a hard slap, a profane exclamation in a masculine voice, and then the slamming of the door and the rasp of a turning key.

Katherine Baylor was back, her face flushed, her eyes shining.

"Harrod!" she said. "Where do I wash my hands?"

Mildred indicated the bathroom.

While Kitty Baylor washed her hands, Mildred reached her decision. "Look, Kitty," she said as Katherine emerged, "I would like to continue as Fern Driscoll. After all, if Fern Driscoll is dead, I don't see what difference (*Continued on Page 57*)

"Well, that's a fine way to talk about the National Federation of Women's Clubs!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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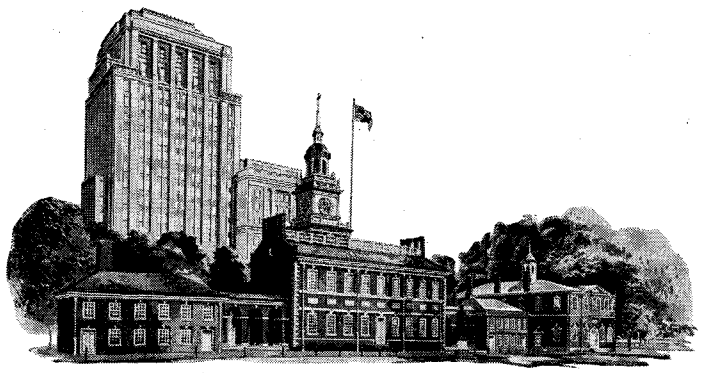

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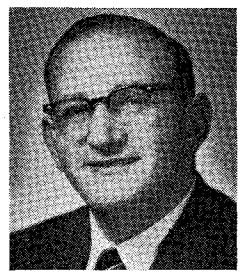

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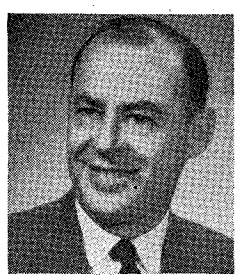

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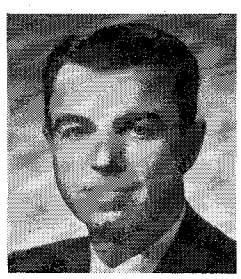

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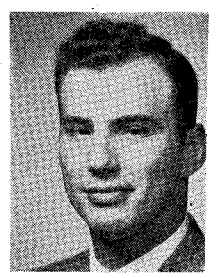

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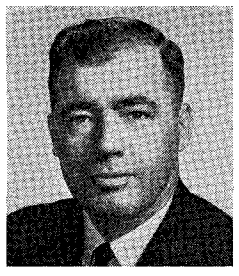

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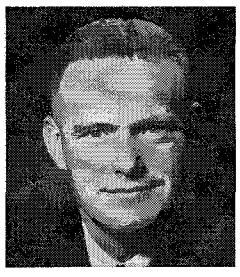

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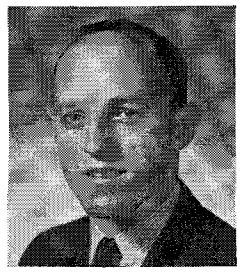

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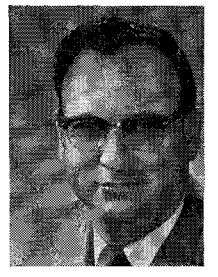

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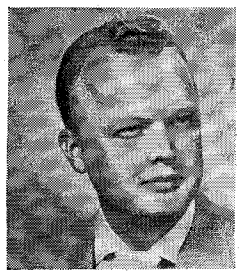

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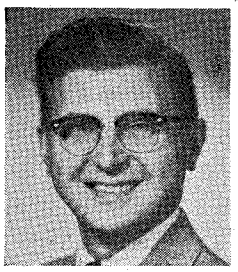

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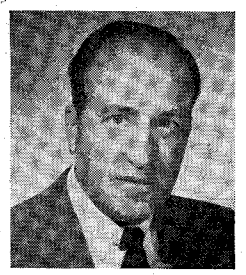

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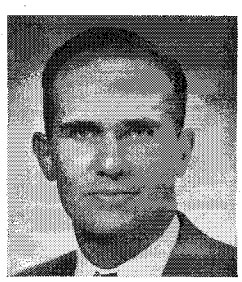

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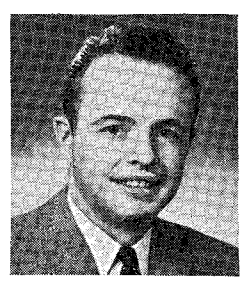

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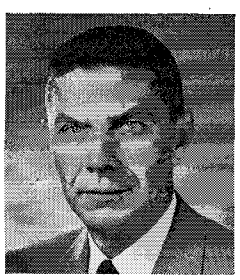

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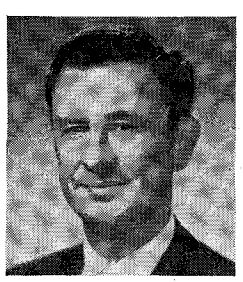

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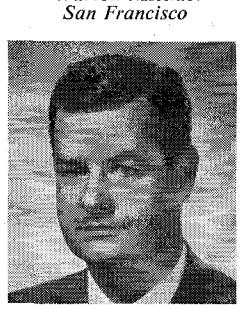

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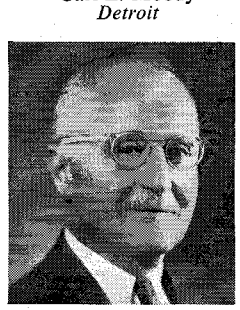

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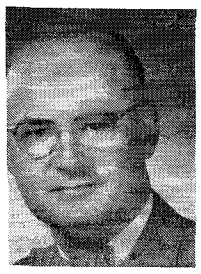

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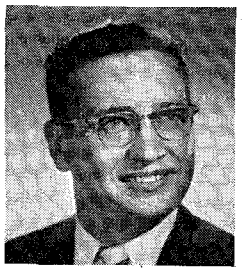

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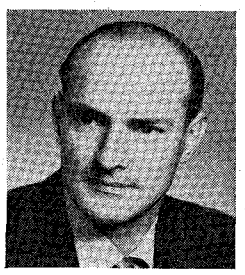

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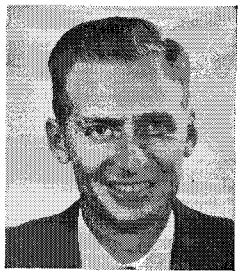

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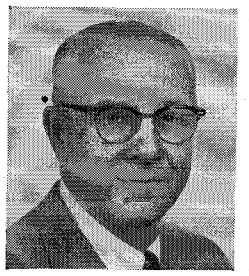

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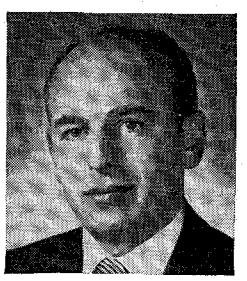

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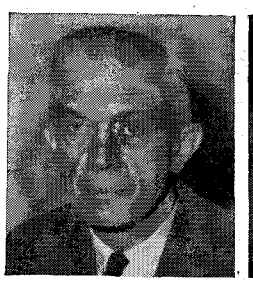

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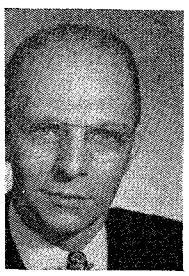

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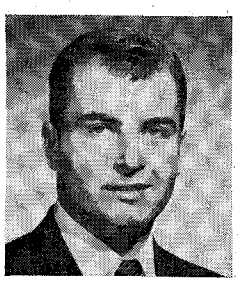

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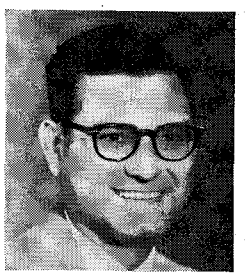

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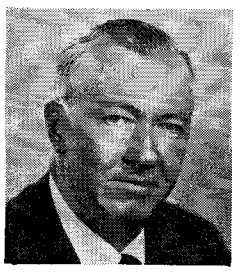

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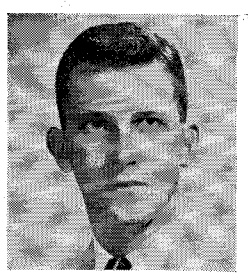

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Napa, Calif.

Arnold L. Panella
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W. Henry Pendell
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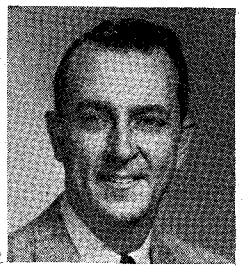
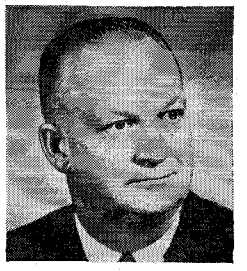


Jack E. Percival, Jr.
San Diego



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H. Stern, CLU
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H. Robert Stradley
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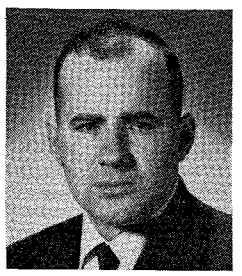

Joseph J. Swantack
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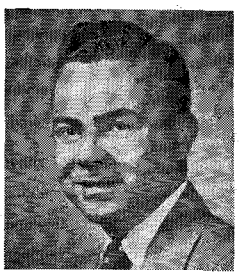

Jack E. Thornton
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James C. Toole
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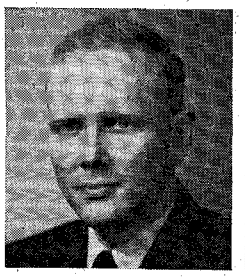

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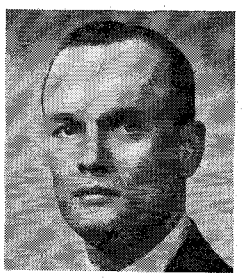

Richard J. Williams
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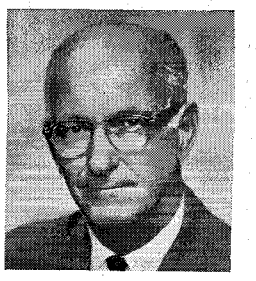

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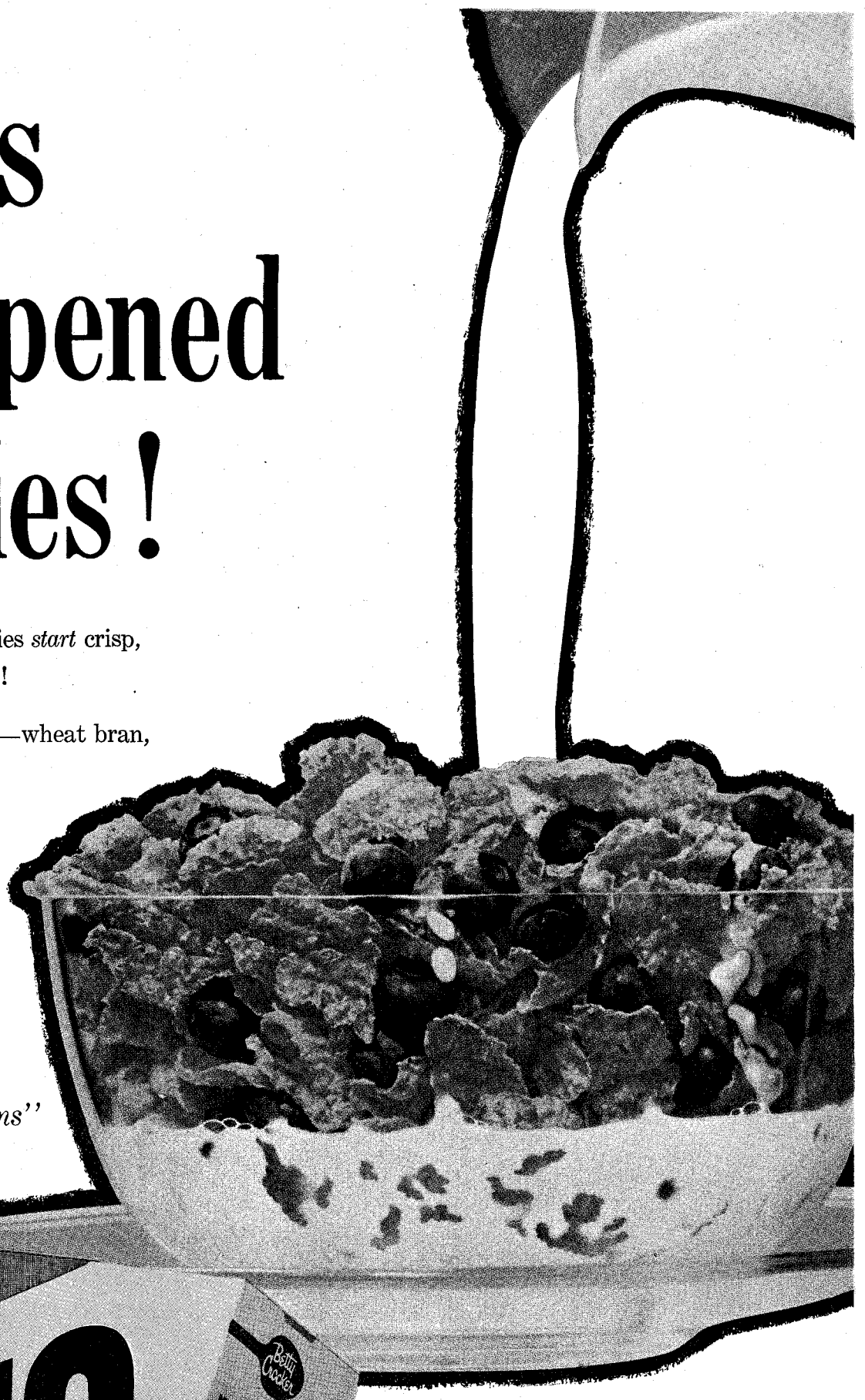

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(*Continued from Page 52*) it's going to make. Harrod may suspect that I'm not Fern, but as long as I'm using Fern Driscoll's name and her identity, he may be a little cautious. If it's all right by you, I'd like to keep on being Fern Driscoll, because I don't want to go back to being Mildred Crest. In that way we both profit. When it appears that there isn't going to be any illegitimate child, the magazine won't dare to go ahead with Harrod's story. How do you feel?"

Katherine thought things over. "When you opened Fern's purse you found four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, was there anything else? Anything that would help us?"

Mildred shook her head.

There was a silence during which Mildred was thinking furiously. She had no right to turn the letters in Fern's purse over to Katherine. Yet what was she to do with them? She must keep herself in the clear. Technically she knew she was obligated to turn all Fern's property over to the coroner or someone.

"All right," Kitty said suddenly. "If you want to keep on being Fern Driscoll, go right ahead, but I warn you there will be some difficult problems."

Mildred said wearily, "There are problems either way. I'm afraid of Harrod."

"He's a slimy blackmailer."

"I'm afraid of him just the same."

Kitty Baylor said abruptly, "I want you to promise me one thing, Mildred. If you should hear from any of the other members of the family, don't mention the fact that I've been here. I'm not supposed to know anything about this, but I do know that, if either my father or my brother gave Fern Driscoll money and told her to go away and have her baby—well, I want to know about it, that's all!"

Mildred remained thoughtful. "I wish you hadn't slapped Harrod."

"That trash!" Kitty said. "I'm going to show you how to deal with him."

"How?"

"You wait right here," Kitty said. "I'll be back in about fifteen minutes. I'll show you how you can handle him." She slipped on her coat and started for the door.

"How did you happen to come here?" Mildred asked.

With her hand on the knob, Kitty suddenly paused. "Now that's something I should tell you about," she said. "Fern Driscoll wrote a letter to one of the girls in the accounting department, a girl whom she knew quite well. She said that the bottom had dropped out of things as far as she was concerned, and that she was leaving, she didn't want anyone to know where she was, that she was going to hitchhike to Los Angeles, to get a job and begin all over again. That girl knew that Fern was in love with Forrie, that there had been some trouble. She sent Fern's letter on to me, telling me I could use my discretion and tell him where Fern was, if I thought that was the thing to do.

"Later on, Margaret—that's my younger sister—wrote me that the family was facing a scandal on account of Forrie's affair with Fern Driscoll, that dad was terribly worried, and that a man named Harrod was trying to blackmail him. So I hired a detective agency and told them that Fern Driscoll was a secretary, a very competent secretary, that she had recently arrived in Los Angeles, and asked them to find her. I guess it was an easy job. They charged me thirty-five dollars and gave me this address. I suppose you signed Fern's name to a utility or something, didn't you?"

"To the telephone," Mildred said.

Katherine laughed. "Well, I guess it was that simple. I could probably simply have called information and got your number."

"Where are your father and your brother now?" Mildred asked.

"In Lansing, as far as I know. You wait here, Mildred. I'm going out and get an ice pick for you."

"An ice pick!" Mildred exclaimed.

Kitty nodded. "It's the best weapon a woman can have. A sorority sister of mine tipped me off. Some police officer was the one who gave her the information. A man instinctively recoils from something long and needle-pointed. This sorority sister of mine was in a community where they were having trouble with an exhibitionist. The police officer suggested that women who had to be on the streets carry ice picks. You can put a champagne cork over the point and slip it into a purse. Believe me, if you're ever out alone on a dark street, an ice pick is worth its weight in gold! This girl was accosted by the exhibitionist and, when she took after him with the ice pick, he went all to pieces, started running, and the officers caught him."

"You can't get an ice pick this time of night, and even if you could, I wouldn't want it," Mildred said.

"Oh, but I can! There's an arcade novelty store down a couple of blocks that's open and —— You just try an ice pick on your friend, Harrod, and I can assure you you won't have any more trouble with him."

When Katherine Baylor had left, Mildred found herself in a panic. She feared Carl Harrod. She also realized now that Harrod must have penetrated her disguise and was playing with her as a cat plays with a mouse.

Why? From what little she knew of Harrod she felt there could be no question. He was jockeying for some position of selfish vantage. He wanted something, and the fact that Mildred didn't know what it was he wanted was disquieting.

When the door chimes sounded, Mildred's fear started her heart pounding. She went to stand by the door.

"Who is it?" she called in a thin, frightened voice.

"Kitty!" came from the other side of the door. "Open up . . . Fern!"

Mildred opened the door.

Katherine Baylor said, "I bring you weapons, my dear, the complete armory! Here you are! Three serviceable ice picks!"

"Three!" Mildred echoed.

"Three!" Katherine said, and laughed. "That's my bargain-hunting mind, I guess. They were priced at thirty-eight cents apiece, three for a dollar. I'm going to put one of them in my purse and carry it with me just in case that man Harrod does try to do something."

"I'm afraid of him," Mildred said.

"He probably would think nothing of beating up on a woman," Katherine said. "I can tell you one thing: he isn't going to lay a hand on me, not without getting an ice pick in his chest. Oh, don't look so horrified, Mildred. You don't have to use the things! It's simply the idea. A man can't stand to have something like that jabbed at him. According to the literature of the day, a hatpin was a wonderful weapon in the hands of a determined woman, and an ice pick is worth a dozen hatpins, according to my opinion.

"Now look, Mildred. I'm going to run on. I'm not going to say a thing to anybody about what you have told me. I want to find out certain things for myself. I want to find out if either dad or Forrie did give Fern Driscoll four thousand dollars and tell her to conveniently get lost. Something happened, and I want to know what it was. Even if she did kill herself, it was the result of hysteria and temporary insanity. All that was caused by what she'd had to go through. Don't tell anybody that I've been here, and I won't tell anybody. If anything happens and you need me, I'll be at the Vista del Camino tonight. They all know me at the hotel. You won't have any trouble reaching me. Now are you going to be all right?"

"I guess so."

"I'm going to leave these ice picks on this little table right here by the door. If Harrod should come back, don't be afraid of him. Don't let him think for a minute that he has you buffaloed. But don't let him into the apartment. He's a horrid, slimy, nasty blackmailer, and he's a coward! All blackmailers are cowards.

The Winter Heart

By Herbert Merrill

My heart, I grant the snow
is deep,
The bushes look like shaggy
sheep,
A yard of ice has crushed
the pond,
And blizzards lie in wait
beyond
The heavy gray horizon,
where
A nimbus hangs in freezing
air.
But I remind you, heart,
that spring,
Though now a
half-forgotten thing,
Is not a myth nor yet a lie,
And even winter must go
by.
So rouse up now and start
to beat,
The seeds are there
beneath my feet,
And once the sunlight
brims in flood
The whole earth will begin
to bud.

All right, I'm on my way. Thanks for putting your cards on the table, and here's luck!"

Katherine Baylor thrust out her hand and gripped Mildred's hand with firm, strong fingers.

"You think I shouldn't have run away, don't you?" Mildred asked.

"I don't know," Katherine said, after a moment's hesitation. "However, there's no use worrying about it. It's done now. And if you want to be Fern Driscoll, go ahead. But remember this: dad may be looking for you, and Forrie may be looking for you. I certainly hope Forrie does come to try and help you and—and to stand by the girl he —— Good-by, Mildred."

When Katherine had gone, Mildred felt somewhat guilty in that she hadn't told Katherine about the letters. She had confided in Katherine as to her own secrets, but somehow she still wanted to draw what little veil of privacy remained intact about the affairs of Fern Driscoll.

Katherine hadn't been gone more than five minutes when the telephone rang. The voice which came over the telephone was richly resonant with authority, "Miss Driscoll?"

Mildred hesitated a moment. "Yes?"

"I'm Harriman Baylor, Fern. Now what the devil's this story about the family having given you money to go ahead and disappear for a while? I ——"

"You should know," Mildred Crest said, suddenly filled with a desire to avenge Fern Driscoll's memory.

"Well, I don't know!" Baylor said impatiently. "And if my son has been putting his neck in that kind of noose, I want to find out about it. Now tell me, do you know a man by the name of Carl Harrod?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "He was here earlier this evening."

"I understand that Harrod is going to sell a story to some scandal magazine featuring this whole thing," Baylor went on, "and he says that you have some letters Forrester wrote you that are definitely incriminating, that you've made arrangements to turn those letters over to him. Is that true?"

"No."

"Do you have such letters?"

There was something in the authoritative timbre of the voice that put Mildred on the defensive.

"I have the letters," she said. "I haven't turned them over to anybody."

"All right," Baylor said. "I want to talk with you. It's been a job finding you. I don't know what you're trying to —— Well, anyway, I want to come and talk with you. I'll be seeing you."

The phone clicked. He hadn't asked for permission to call. He had merely said he was coming. Mildred sensed the man did everything like that. He was accustomed to taking the right of way. Mildred suddenly found herself in the position of having unleashed forces which she couldn't control.

Did Harriman Baylor know Fern Driscoll by sight? Would he know, as soon as he saw her, that she was an impostor? Knowing that she was an impostor, what would he do? Would he expose her? Did Katherine know that her father was in town? And what was Mildred going to do with those letters?

Now she saw Harrod's game. Harrod was going to play with her as a cat plays with a mouse. He was going to get her to make a statement of the accident and the removal of money from the purse. She would sign this statement as Fern Driscoll. Once she had done that, she would be pretty much within his power. And Harrod was really after those letters that had been in Fern Driscoll's purse.

Mildred had no intention of giving Harrod those letters. Neither, on the other hand, did she intend to turn them over to Harriman Baylor, the father of the man who had been responsible for the sequence of events which had caused Fern Driscoll to choose the oblivion of death rather than to continue with life.

Forrester Baylor had written beautiful love letters, but when the chips were down, he had withheld the protection only he could give. And so the object of his affections had gone to her death with Forrester Baylor's love letters figuratively clutched to her heart.

Suddenly Mildred Crest knew that she didn't want to face Harriman Baylor. In one way she knew too much, and in another way she didn't know enough. Mildred picked up the purse, dropped the little packet of letters in it, hastily switched out the lights in the apartment and hurried to the elevator. Finding the elevator was in use on the way up, she didn't wait, but took to the stairs in a surge of haste and went down to the street.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Thief in Camp (Continued from Page 23)

a fella, he was, but one time when a great big hunk of Injun jumped him ——"

Buff was just full of stories about Kit, and that evening Jimmy repeated them to his mother, while she sat listening with a growing look of concern on her face.

"—— an' then this big jigger of an Injun comes b'ilin' at Kit, fixin' to cut out his gizzard. But you know what ol' Kit done? He jest tripped the fella, jumped astraddle of his back, sunk his knife in clean up to Green River, then, whack, he's lifted hisself a piece of hair! An' another time ——"

"Jimmy!"

"Huh?"

"Where on earth did you hear such horrible stories? And where did you pick up such abominable English?"

"Why, me and Buff was jest talkin', and Buff ——"

"Mr. Shelley, you mean? Buff Shelley, the guide?"

"Yes'm."

His mother's lips tightened. "Is that all he has to do, fill young minds with fantastic, terrible stories?"

"But they're all true! Buff swears they're true! He's been all over the West and seen all kinds of things!"

"Indeed!"

"Sure! Buff knows more than anybody."

"About what?"

"Why, Injuns and trapping and trails and hunting—there's nothin' he don't know."

His mother frowned. "Jimmy, I'm afraid there are a lot of very important things Buff Shelley doesn't know. Things such as proper grammar, good manners and ——"

Mr. Frankfort strode into the circle of light shed by their fire before Jimmy could tell all the details of what trappers did, and Jimmy's mother looked relieved. Removing his hat, Mr. Frankfort smiled graciously at her.

"I don't want to alarm you, Mrs. Coleman, but I feel I should warn you. We're getting into dangerous Indian country. You'd better keep Jimmy close to the wagon."

"Thank you, Mr. Frankfort," his mother said. "I appreciate your thoughtfulness." She looked at Jimmy. "Tomorrow you must ride in the wagon, dear."

"But, mom ——"

"You heard what Mr. Frankfort said. There are dangerous Indians about."

"Shucks, they're just Crows. Buff says they're harmless as flies, if you handle them right."

Mr. Frankfort bowed. "I felt I should warn you, Mrs. Coleman. Good night."

When Mr. Frankfort had gone, Jimmy's mother gazed at him reproachfully. "Jimmy, that was very impolite."

"What'd I do?"

"You know very well what you did. You flatly contradicted Mr. Frankfort. You should be ashamed of yourself. After all, he has been very kind to us and is only doing his duty."

"But Buff says ——"

"You've been seeing a great deal too much of Buff Shelley," his mother cut in sharply. "Now remember, tomorrow you ride in the wagon."

The thing Jimmy suddenly remembered was that tomorrow when the train halted for its nooning, Buff had promised to take him on an antelope hunt. So he swallowed hard and said, "All day?"

"Well ——"

Well, next day was as peaceful as could be, with not an Indian in sight, so when the wagons stopped at noon, Jimmy's mother said she guessed it would be all right if he exercised Cherokee a little bit. So he hurriedly lugged his saddle out to the horse herd and saddled up, fearful that Buff would ride off without him. How Ben Frankfort happened to get wind of their expedition he never knew, but he'd no more than got the saddle cinched up than there was Ben at his elbow.

"Where you riding off to?" Ben asked suspiciously.

"Nowhere."

"Bet I know. Bet you're going hunting with Buff."

"Well, what if I am?"

"Your ma will tan you, she finds out."

"How's she going to find out?"

"Pa will tell her."

"How's he going to find out?"

"I'll tell him."

Heated remarks were exchanged, but before they could tangle, Buff rode up. "C'mon, boy, time's awastin'."

They rode off, got their antelope and were back with the wagon train in practically no time at all. But Mr. Frankfort was fit to be tied. Jimmy's mother had been worried sick, he claimed, and who did Buff think he was, anyway, taking a child out into dangerous country without the wagon captain's say-so?

Buff listened indifferently until Mr. Frankfort had run out of breath, then he said, "C'mon, Jimmy, we'll go make peace with yore ma."

Jimmy's mother stared accusingly at him as they rode up. "Jimmy, I thought I told you ——"

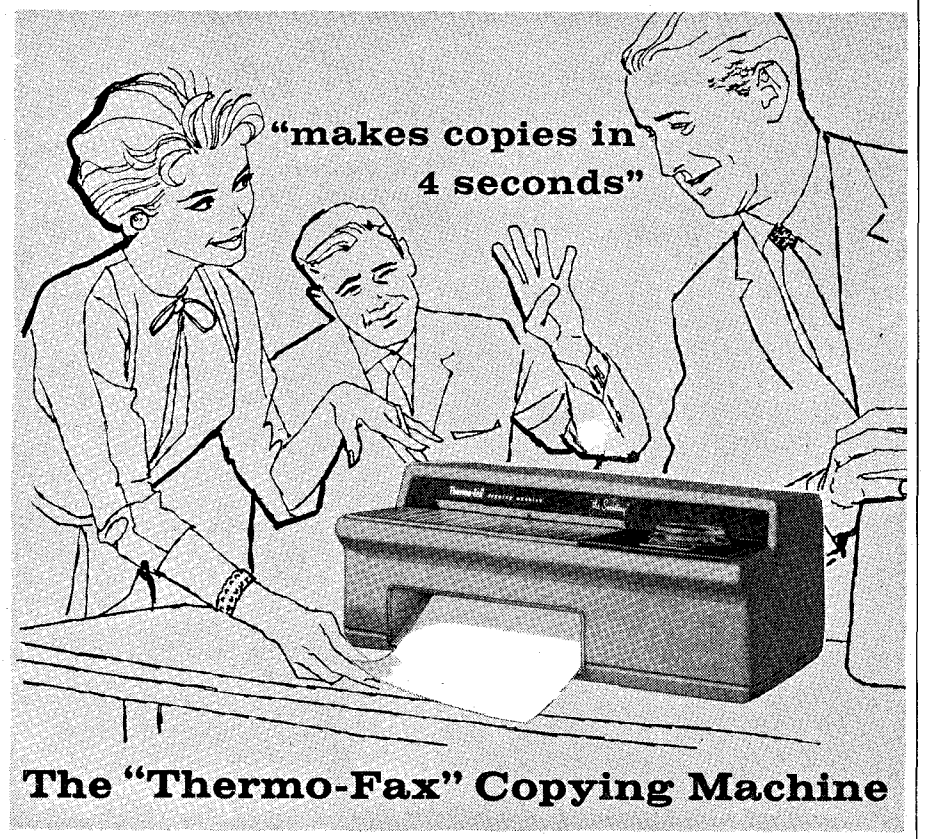
"Ma'am," Buff cut in, touching the rim of his slouch hat carelessly, "don't jaw at the boy. I took him huntin' with me 'cause I figgered he was due fer some fun. You want to lay on blame, lay it on me."

It wasn't often Jimmy's mother looked taken aback. But she sure looked that way now. "I'm quite capable of raising my son without any advice from you, Mr. Shelley. Furthermore ——"

"'Tain't advice I'm givin' you, ma'am. I'm jest atellin' you some facts of nature as I've observed 'em. This is a prime colt you got here. But you can't picket a yearlin' on a short rope an' expect him to build up his legs an' wind."

And with that Buff wheeled his horse around and rode off.

While his mother stood in stunned silence, Jimmy tied Cherokee to the tail gate of the wagon and then went to her, ready to take (Continued on Page 62)



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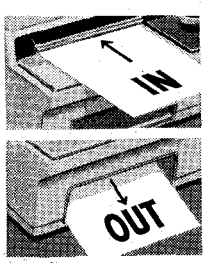

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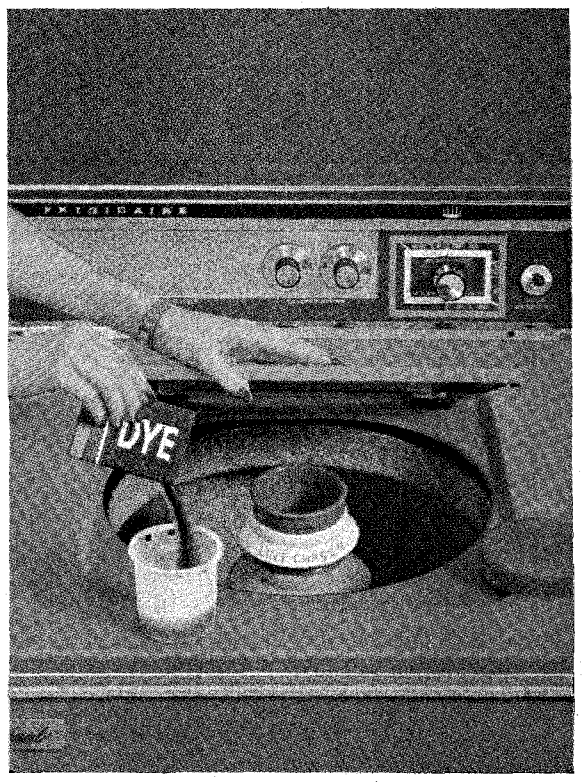

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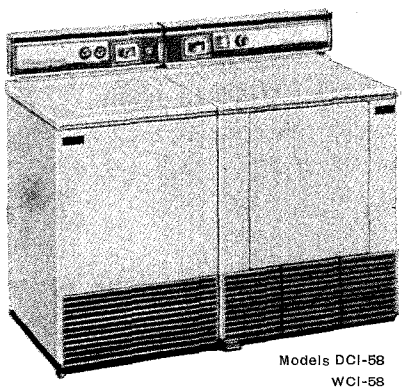

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(*Continued from Page 58*) his tongue lashing. But she was still staring after Buff Shelley. "What a rude man!"

"I don't think so," Jimmy said humbly. "I think he's the nicest man I know."

"You call him nice after hearing how he spoke to me?"

Jimmy scuffed the dirt with a toe. "Well, he takes me hunting and he talks to me and answers questions, just like dad used to do. And when he saw you were mad at me, he tried to get you mad at him instead—just like dad always did."

The funniest look came over his mother's face. All of a sudden she put an arm around him and pulled him close. "Oh, Jimmy, I'm sorry! You do need a father so!" She gazed into his eyes. "Would it hurt you terribly, dear, if I were to marry again?"

"Guess that's according to who you picked."

"I'd make sure you approved, of course," she said, trying to make a joke of it. "So if you have anyone you'd like to recommend ——"

He stared off in the direction Buff had just ridden. "Well, since you asked me ——"

On Saturday afternoon they camped in a fine valley where there was plenty of grass, wood and a clear-water stream. It was decided that they would lie over here for the Sabbath. Buff brought in enough fresh meat for a real feast that evening, and as soon as supper was over out came the fiddles, and couples began dancing around a big bonfire.

Jimmy was standing watching the fun when he heard Ben Frankfort whisper at his elbow, "Psst, c'mere a minute."

Jimmy followed him off into the shadows. Ben looked around to make sure nobody could overhear; then he muttered, "How'd you like to go hunting with me tomorrow?"

"Just you and me, you mean?"

"And Cherokee."

"What would we do for a gun?"

Ben led him to his father's wagon, rummaged in it and brought out a brand-new Henry rifle. "Guess we can kill any old antelope in the world with this, can't we?"

"Did your pa say you could use it?"

"He'll be too busy bossing things to notice it's gone."

It was a sneaky thing to do, but the way Jimmy reasoned, it was Ben who was being sneaky, not he. And it was a compliment, in a way, Ben's asking him to go along, though the main reason he'd done it, Jimmy guessed, was that he didn't know the first thing about hunting antelope, so just naturally he had to come to somebody that could show him how it was done.

"Well?" Ben demanded. "You wanta go?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. "Why not?"

It being Sunday and a day of rest, everybody slept later than usual the next morning, and the sun was an hour high before the breakfast fires began to crackle. Jimmy had done battle in dreams with his conscience all night long, his conscience losing every round, and it was still getting the whey beat out of it now as he sat waiting for the breakfast call. Suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs, and Mr. Tracy, who had been riding guard over the horse and cattle herd outside the enclosure, galloped up, shouting excitedly, "Indians! Indians!"

The camp panicked. Women were screaming at children, men were running every which way, but Mr. Frankfort knew exactly what to do.

Standing in the center of the camp, he roared, "Women and children inside the wagons! . . . Lige, Sam, Ned, take your men and guard the sides you've been assigned to! Step lively, men! It's our lives we're fighting for!"

There was a frenzied scramble for positions. Suddenly Jimmy heard Buff's sharp voice ring out, "Hold it, men! They's no call to spook!"

The Indians were in sight now, some fifty of them, streaming down a grassy slope to the northwest.

Mr. Frankfort seized Buff's arm. "Are you crazy? Can't you see they're attacking us?"

"I kin see real good," Buff said imperturbably. "They're Crows, an' friendly. Ain't a bit of harm in 'em."

"How do you know?"

"See that Injun leadin' the pack? He's an old sidekick of mine. Slept in his lodge many's the time."

As the Indians came galloping down the slope, their leader was reining his horse this way and that, twisting his body about and waving his arms around in an odd fashion. Buff was doing queer things with his hands and arms, too, Jimmy noticed, and he suddenly remembered what Buff had told him about the way the Indians had of making sign talk with one another as far off as they could see or be seen. Buff grinned at Mr. Frankfort.

"Jest tell yore boys to hold their fire. I'll go out an' palaver with the jiggers."

While Mr. Frankfort and the other men watched suspiciously, Buff walked out and greeted the Indians as calmly as you please, paying no mind to the way they came charging at him. Seeing he wouldn't scare, they pulled up and milled their horses around him, while he and their head man shook hands. Presently the Indian slid off his horse and Buff led him into the enclosure, where Mr. Frankfort was waiting.

"This here is Wolf Runner," Buff said. "Seen our dust yesterday, he says, and decided to ride down fer a look."

"He's a Crow, you say? I've heard the Crows are born thieves and murderers."

"Man's apt to hear most anything, he listens to the wrong people."

"Well, if his intentions are friendly he's welcome. But tell him I won't have his people in camp. Tell him to make them keep their distance or I'll be obliged to ——"

Right about then, Mr. Frankfort looked around. The Crows had got off their horses and were swarming into the enclosure from every direction. They were friendly, all right, grinning at everybody, lifting up wagon covers to peer inside, stooping to see what was in pots and pans simmering over the fires, fingering knives and axes and anything lying around loose with monkey-like curiosity. Mr. Frankfort frantically tried to put a stop to it.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed, rushing over to a grinning buck who had lifted a steaming coffeepot off a fire. "Put that back!" he cried, wresting an ax out of the hand of another brave who was testing its edge. "Leave that rifle alone!" he shouted, snatching his new Henry away from still a third Indian who was hefting it admiringly. Tossing the gun back into the wagon, he turned to Buff. "Clear them out of here before they steal us blind!"

Buff made sign talk with Wolf Runner, who issued a guttural order. Spoons, knives and a miscellaneous collection of small items magically reappeared from their hiding places upon the persons of the Indians and were returned to their owners.

"They don't mean no harm," Buff said. "Give 'em some breakfast an' they'll be on their way."

"You mean we've got to feed this whole mob?"

"A hungry Indian's apt to turn mean. Feed him an' he'll ride away happy. It's a cheap way to buy friendship."

The Indians were fed, and when breakfast was over, the band of Crows rode on its merry way, except for Wolf Runner, whom Buff had persuaded to travel with the wagon train for a few days.

"He's a top dog in the Crow tribe," Buff explained to Mr. Frankfort. "Long as he's with us the Crows won't give us no trouble."

"They had better not," Mr. Frankfort said, tight-lipped.

Now that the excitement had simmered down, the men went to work at their repairing chores and the women settled down to baking and washing. Ben swiped the rifle and a handful of cartridges out of his pa's wagon, Jimmy saddled Cherokee and the two boys made for the river. The willows growing along the south shore soon hid them from camp. What they would do, Ben said, was go a mile or so downstream, cross the river, then make their hunt in the hilly country on the far side.

Ben was afoot, carrying the rifle, while Jimmy rode Cherokee. Finding a place where it looked as if the river could be forded without too much trouble, they paused. Ben didn't like the thought of getting his feet wet.

"Cherokee will carry double, won't he?"

"Don't know," Jimmy said dubiously. "But we can try him."

"You hold the rifle. Now gimme a stirrup."

Taking the rifle, Jimmy lifted his left foot out of the stirrup and talked soothingly to Cherokee while Ben climbed aboard. "I'll take the rifle now," Ben said. "Make him go easy."

Jimmy passed the rifle back and urged Cherokee into the water. The current was stronger than it looked. Not liking the feel of the slick rocks underfoot, Cherokee stopped in midstream.

"Make him go!" Ben commanded.

"Keep your shirt on. He'll go when he's ready to."

"Well, if you won't make him go, I will!" Ben said, and booted Cherokee good with both heels.

Next thing Jimmy knew, Cherokee was pitching, then falling. Ice-cold water closed over Jimmy. He came up spluttering, caught Ben—who was wrong side up—by the collar and made for the bank. Mighty disgusted with it all, Cherokee plunged up out of the river. Dumping Ben to the ground, Jimmy went over and calmed the pony down. Ben spit out a mouthful of water and glared at Cherokee.

"Fool horse! Why didn't you tell me he wouldn't carry double?"

"He was doing all right till you kicked him."

"Lucky he didn't drown us both!" Ben complained. Suddenly he remembered something. "Where's the rifle?"

"I dunno. I gave it back to you."

"That's right, you did. Guess it's ——" He stared down at the ground. "It's gone!"

Well, they looked for it. First they looked along the bank, and then they took off their clothes and waded out into the river and felt around among the rocks with their bare feet. Just a few yards downstream from where they had tried to cross was a deep hole that the current had washed out as it swirled against a steep gravel bluff. The water was way over their heads and the current was so swift that, though they dived time after time, it was impossible to examine the bottom with any thoroughness.

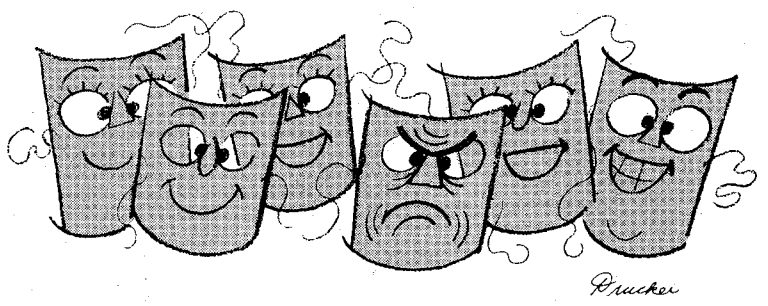
They kept trying till they were both near drowned. Finally they sat down on the bank, spent and gasping.

Jimmy shot Ben a look. "Must be in that hole. Isn't that what you figure?"

"Yeah. But we'll never find it. It's gone for good."

"What'll you tell your pa?"

Ben looked scared. "I dunno. But I'll think of something." He started pulling on his wet clothes. "First thing I got to do is slip back to (*Continued on Page 66*)



The Perfect Squelch

The big neighborhood social club was an unusually pleasant and congenial group except for one grouchy member, an older husband who was "agin" almost everything. When the young woman who headed the dance committee announced plans for a Valentine Day masquerade ball, the grouch objected strenuously. He growled that costumes were a lot of "bother and nonsense." He even implied that the dance chairman wanted to wear a mask because she lacked good looks. There was a pained pause.

"Besides," the grouch blurted, "how does anyone know what to wear to a crazy dance like that?"

"That should be easy for you," the chairman's husband put in. "Just get a couple of claws and come as a crab."

Paul F. Stone

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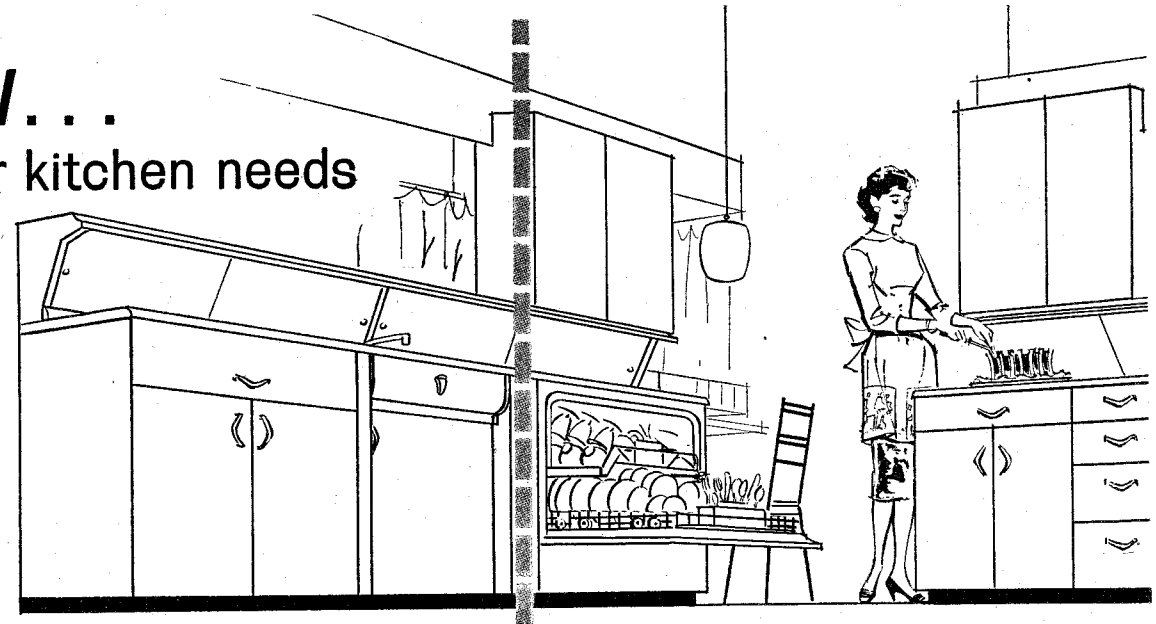

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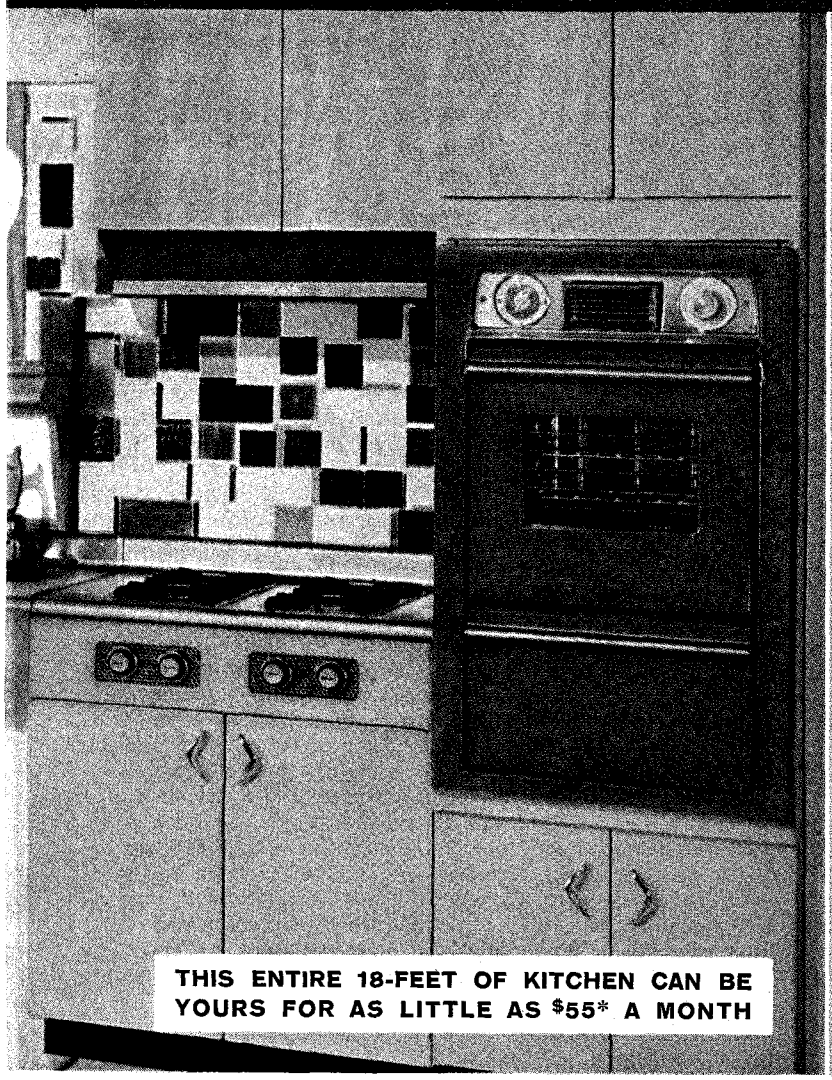

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(*Continued from Page 62*) the wagon and get into some dry clothes. Pa finds out I fell in the river, he'll skin the hide off me."

"If he'll skin you for falling into the river, what'll he do to you for losing his new rifle?"

Ben's lower lip quivered. "He didn't see me take it, did he?"

"Well, you got to tell him, don't you? 'Cause he's bound to find out it's gone."

Ben looked mighty sick. "You won't tell him, will you, Jimmy?"

"Me tell him? Why should I?"

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

Jimmy made the sign and said the words.

When they got back to the wagon train, Jimmy unsaddled Cherokee and changed into dry clothes. Then he wandered around the camp, keeping as far as possible from the Frankfort wagon, where he figured an explosion was due most any time now. Inevitably he ended up squatting beside Buff, who was sitting in the shade of a wagon exchanging grunts and hand talk with Wolf Runner. Buff grinned at him.

"Wolf Runner here had himself a nap a few minutes ago an' dreamed a queer dream. Said he dreamed he seen a couple of white young'uns playin' in the river like they was beaver. Only they was so anxious to git at their game they plumb forgot to take off their clothes, so they ——"

"Aw, he didn't really dream that. You saw Ben and me come back to camp with our clothes all wet."

"So I did. What happened?"

Jimmy had promised Ben he wouldn't tell Mr. Frankfort, but he hadn't said a word about not telling Buff. So he told Buff, though first he made Buff promise he wouldn't tell Mr. Frankfort. Buff scowled and shook his head.

"That's a bad thing, boy, stealin' a gun an' goin' huntin' on yore lonesome. You an' Ben shouldn't of done it."

"I know that now," Jimmy said contritely. "But what's Mr. Frankfort going to do to Ben when he finds out the rifle's gone?"

"The world'll bring you trouble enough, without you go borrowin' somebody else's. Ben made his bed, now he kin lie in it. Jest you let this be a lesson to you."

Right then, Jimmy saw Mr. Frankfort climb out of his wagon, call sharply to Ben and talk to him for a spell. There wasn't much doubt what they were talking about because Mr. Frankfort kept gesturing at the wagon and Ben kept shaking his head violently. Jimmy saw Mr. Frankfort stride to the front of the wagon and pick up the bullwhip lying on the seat. He felt kind of sick.

But instead of walking back to the rear of the wagon and going to work on Ben, Mr. Frankfort called out something to a man working nearby, turned and walked across camp toward the spot where Jimmy, Buff and Wolf Runner were sitting. Buff grunted something to Wolf Runner and they both got to their feet.

"I'll mince no words, Shelley!" Mr. Frankfort snapped. "A brand-new Henry rifle belonging to me has been stolen! Tell your thieving Crow friend I want it back—and quick!"

All work in camp ceased. As the crowd gathered around Mr. Frankfort, all eyes were on the tall, silent Crow and the stony-faced white man who stood beside him.

Jimmy shot a look at Ben, who had followed his father and was now standing staring glassy-eyed at Wolf Runner. *It's him or me,* Ben must be thinking, *and he's nothing but an Indian.*

Buff said quietly, "You're barkin' up the wrong tree, Frankfort. Wolf Runner didn't steal yore rifle."

"Then some of his people did."

"You're wrong there too."

"I'm not asking your opinion. I'm telling you. You vouched for him. But the rifle is gone. Now I want you to tell him that I'm going to have him tied up and guarded until the gun is returned to me. He knows where his people have gone and who stole it. He can tell you and you can ride after them." Mr. Frankfort paused, letting the coils of the whip drop free of his hand until the popper trailed in the dust. "Give him my message."

"No."

Mr. Frankfort beckoned to the men standing behind him. "Joe, Frank, Lige, Ned, seize this Indian and tie him up. Maybe a touch of the whip will make him admit the truth—even to his soft-hearted friend."

The four men moved forward uneasily, then stopped as Buff said, "You lay hands on Wolf Runner, you'll buy yoreself a bigger hunk of trouble than you kin eat. He didn't steal yore blame rifle, Frankfort, an' neither did his bucks. Put that whip away 'fore you make a fool of yoreself."

"Shelley, you're fired!"

"All right. But when I ride out of this camp Wolf Runner is ridin' with me. Any man tries to lay a hand on him is goin' to have big trouble with me."

Jimmy's mother had joined the crowd and was standing with an arm around him, looking on with a puzzled light in her eyes. He felt weak clean down to his toes. He knew that all he would have to do would be point a finger and say one word and Ben would blubber out the whole story. Or Buff could do it. But they had both promised.

"Men," Mr. Frankfort said, "I gave you an order. Carry it out."

Shaking his head, one of the men muttered, "It's your gun and your quarrel, Frankfort. Reckon we'll let you kill your own snakes."

Mr. Frankfort went livid. "That's just what I will do!" he exclaimed, and raised the whip.

Jimmy heard his mother gasp. He saw Buff grab the upraised arm and twist the whip out of Mr. Frankfort's hand. Stumbling backward, Mr. Frankfort fell to the ground. For a moment he lay there; then, cursing Buff with words Jimmy had never known existed, he leaped to his feet and charged Buff.

There came a sharp, pistol-like crack as Buff's right fist landed; then Mr. Frankfort sagged to the ground. Rubbing his knuckles and looking sorrowful, Buff turned to Jimmy's mother and said apologetically, "Shore hated to do that, ma'am, but it didn't seem fitten language fer a lady er young boys to listen to."

Then he went over to Ben Frankfort, put an arm around his shoulders and said kindly, "No need to blubber, son. C'mon, we'll go down to the river an' you kin show me whar you lost it. Wolf Runner here is one half beaver an' t'other half fish. He'll find the fool thing fer you."

While they were gone, Jimmy went back to the wagon with his mother and told her the whole story. He expected to get a good scolding but, when he was done, she didn't have a word to say. She just stood gazing off into the distance with a funny kind of look in her eye, and when Ben, Wolf Runner and Buff came back to camp a while later with the rifle, she still had that look. Buff walked over, took off his hat and stood sheepishly before her.

"Mrs. Coleman," he said finally, "I s'pose Jimmy's already told you, but ——"

"Yes, he's told me."

"Wal, I know it must seem queer to you, him not sayin' anything when he knowed the truth, an' me not sayin' anything, but the way of it was ——"

"We'd promised," Jimmy blurted out.

Buff nodded solemnly. "That's right, ma'am. We'd promised. Kind of gave our word of honor as gentlemen, so to speak. Now I ain't meanin' to give you no advice on how to raise a young 'un, 'cause it's plain to see he's gettin' fine raisin' jest the way things stand. But I—wal, I wanted you to know how things are with us men. An' if there's any blame to be laid ——"

Jimmy's mother shook her head. There was a glow in her eyes, a gentle kind of glow that Jimmy couldn't remember having seen there since his father had died.

"You men!" she scolded, as if she didn't mean to scold at all. "You foolish men!"

Something told Jimmy that when they got to Oregon they wouldn't be living with his uncle very long. Which was fine with him.

After-Dinner Speaker

Over the coffee cups he tells
Dull story after story,
While gradually the
banquet room
Becomes a dormitory.

Luke Neely

On My Own (Continued from Page 21)

American Association for the United Nations, where I am a volunteer in charge of organization work, my secretary is Miss Patricia Baillergeon, who accompanies me when I travel for that organization. On my lecture tours and other journeys, Miss Corr often goes along because I must find time to do my column and also a monthly page for a magazine. I dictate my column, which Miss Corr takes down on the typewriter. Then I correct it and she puts it in final shape for the messenger who comes each day before two o'clock.

I usually try to arrive at my office at the A.A.U.N. by ten o'clock. In the early 1950's, when I was a member of the United States delegation to the United Nations, I often had to be present for a meeting as early as nine o'clock, but that proved so difficult that for a while I gave up my apartment and moved into a hotel in order to give myself sufficient free time. At the A.A.U.N. office there is always some routine work in connection with organizing new chapters—we had thirty when I took the job, but now we have about 200—and sometimes there is a meeting which I must attend in the afternoon.

I try to get back to the apartment for luncheon, if possible, and then in the afternoon I usually have errands to run, or friends to see, or perhaps a meeting of the board of some organization in which I am active. But, if not, I start work on the mail. I receive an average of about 100 letters a day from relatives, friends and—mostly—from strangers. Virtually all of them are answered, but obviously that is a task that requires good organization. Miss Corr or Mrs. Upright opens all except my personal letters, and they are able to draft answers to most of them because they are familiar with what I would say.

I have been forced to make certain rules in regard to these letters, many of which are requests of one kind or another. For example, there are always a number of requests for autographs. I can provide that merely by answering the letter. But others ask for a photograph, which I never send. Still others want some kind of contribution. "My church is having a fair. Would you send some little gift we can sell?" or "Would you please send me an autographed copy of your book for our club to auction?" or "I am trying to collect clothes for a needy family of ten whose house burned down. Can you help?" To all of these I point out that I receive so many requests of this nature that I would have to hire a large staff just to wrap and mail packages if I responded. So I send nothing.

Then there are other letters, asking for advice. Perhaps a woman writes that her husband is in jail and wants me to recommend a lawyer. Or I am asked for advice in regard to handling disobedient children or for the name of a good physician. Of course, I could never give such advice or make such recommendations, but we always try to point out to such correspondents the various reputable organizations to which they can go for assistance or guidance.

By the time my secretaries have drafted answers to these letters there are probably only a dozen or fifteen left for me to read and answer. I go through them at odd times, whenever I have the opportunity, and scribble a note indicating the proper reply. Then, usually in the evenings, when all the letters have been typed, I read all the answers and sign them all. Many times, especially if I have guests or go out during the evening, I am still signing at one o'clock in the morning. I don't have to stamp the letters that are going to towns or cities in the United States because all wives of former Presidents have the franking privilege, but I must pay for stamps for the large number of letters that I send abroad.

Of course, I do not spend all of my time in New York City. I cannot even guess at the number of miles I travel a year, but during the winter I am on the road at least one week and perhaps two weeks of every month, including fairly regular trips abroad. Many of my trips to deliver lectures or to work for the A.A.U.N. are quick ones, because whenever I have to speak at a luncheon or a dinner I try to arrange it so I can go by plane, arriving just in time to keep my engagement, and then return the same evening or at least early the next morning.

I do not grow weary of travel and I do not tire easily—not so easily as some younger people I know. Sometimes, it is true, my feet hurt. That is mainly a result, the doctors tell me, of a slight change in the bones in my instep that (*Continued on Page 68*)

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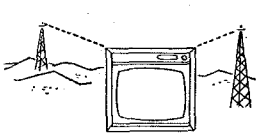

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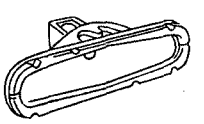

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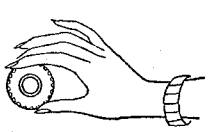

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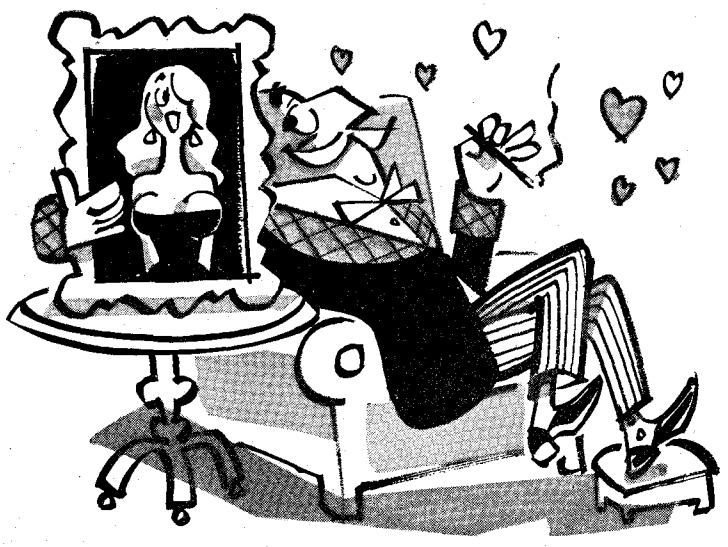

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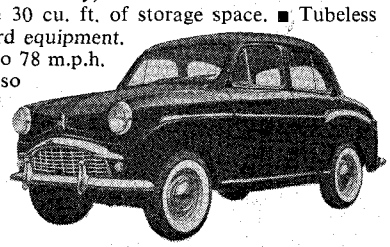

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was caused by years of standing at receptions in the White House. When I have to rest I blame it on my "White House feet." I generally find pleasure in travel because it gives me an opportunity to catch up on my reading. In fact, I do most of my reading for pleasure on airplanes because at home there seldom seems to be time to pick up the many books that interest me. Incidentally, if I have a complaint about the kind of life I lead, that is it—I simply cannot find time to read as much as I wish.

Anyone who travels a lot knows what it means to encounter unexpectedly someone you have met years before and be unable to remember his name. But I doubt that anyone hears as often as I do the question: "Don't you remember me, Mrs. Roosevelt?" A typical incident occurred one evening after I had spoken in a Western city. A man came up to me with the inevitable question as to whether I remembered him.

"Oh, dear," I exclaimed, "I know I've seen you somewhere, but I really can't recall."

Whereupon he pulled a tattered newspaper clipping from his pocket and flourished it before my eyes. It included a photograph of myself and this gentleman—when he was a marine in a hospital in New Zealand in 1943! I was happy to tell him that I clearly remembered my visit to the hospital. Another time I heard the same question from a man who attended one of my lectures—I give about 100 lectures a year—except that he said, "Don't you remember that time in New Guinea?"

"Why, I've never been in New Guinea," I replied.

"Yeah, that's right," he said. "It wasn't New Guinea. But I was in the Army in New Guinea and I came back to a rest camp in Northern Australia and I sat at your table one night at dinner. I'm a miner from West Virginia and I remember what you said about the coal-mine strike going on then in West Virginia."

I did remember then. I had been warned by my sons, when I toured the Pacific area during the war, to get away from the brass and talk to the soldiers. So each morning I went alone to breakfast in the mess tent, standing in line and then sitting alone at a table. Always, after a short time, one or two soldiers would move over to my table to talk, and then more and more would gather around. It was a wonderful experience, and I remembered the West Virginian because he had been the first to come to my table to discuss the coal strike and to talk about whether strikes were justifiable in wartime.

Still another such incident took place in a taxicab in New York recently. When the cab stopped for a red light, the driver turned around and wondered if I remembered him. I didn't because I must confess that a great many young men in uniform look very much alike or at least you remember them as looking alike.

"Well, I'm the guy who cooked lunch for you at Bora-Bora," he said. No wonder he felt I should have remembered him! Bora-Bora is a remote island outpost in the Pacific, and so isolated that if you once see a person there you should remember him forever. I certainly remembered going around the island in a jeep and eating with a small group of soldiers who were stationed there to watch for enemy submarines, which were seldom sighted. It was a dull and lonely assignment and a visit by anyone was an event to be remembered, especially if you cooked luncheon for your guest. It isn't always easy for me to remember them, but I'm always glad when they speak to me. Having many people in my life, going many places and doing many things has helped me to adjust to a new way of living since 1945.

I think, too, that the process of change has been made easier by the fact that I still have a cottage at Hyde Park, where the big house had always been "home" to my husband and our children. As I have said, I had been accustomed to handling many family affairs ever since Franklin's illness, because he had to rely on others to keep his own life going the way he wished and to fulfill his daily needs. He had to have a good man to help him get ready for the day and for bed at night. This man was always on call. It was a tremendous business to plan a trip for him to visit the boys at school or college, so, except for very important occasions, I did the traveling. Because he never traveled alone, even to the office, he never carried any money. So the rest of us had to be sure we had money to pay for whatever was needed when he was away from the house. Thus the necessities of life had thrown me largely on my own resources. Whether we were in the White House or in Hyde Park, the household had to be run, although frequently it was not run to everybody's satisfaction. In a large family, there are always different likes and dislikes and different points of view on how to do things.

At Hyde Park my task was somewhat complicated. This was my mother-in-

"Not everyone my age can touch his toes without bending his knees!"

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law's home. She lived there and ran it. She had rigid ideas about how things should be done. When we came at first we were her guests—although I can't say that my husband ever felt or behaved like a guest. Anyone who has ever run a large household may imagine the conflicts that sometimes arose between people accustomed to different conditions. I was the mediator who somehow had to see that things ran smoothly. It was not always easy. In certain ways, my husband was very much like his mother. Both of them could be completely obstinate, and I often found it advisable not to leave them too long alone if there was any controversial subject that might come up. Fifteen minutes was just about as long as it was safe for them to be uninterruptedly together. Yet nothing seemed to disturb the deep, underlying affection they had for each other.

There was another aspect of life at Hyde Park which was difficult. My mother-in-law and her husband had lived somewhat after the fashion of an English county family, knowing their neighbors in the other big houses along the Hudson River, knowing also the people in the village and the people on the farms. This was a graceful way of life, but it was becoming outdated because every year it became more difficult to get and train servants and otherwise to maintain a big estate. The greater difficulty as far as I was concerned, however, arose from the fact that when my husband decided to take an active part in politics his mother was not prepared for this change.

I shall never forget the first dinner when Alfred E. Smith, then the governor of New York, sat beside my mother-in-law. He might be a man of ability and statesmanship, but to her he was a "species" that she had never come across before—proud of his background on the lower East Side of New York City, proud of having worked in the Fulton Fish Market, but certainly lacking the cultivated voice and the manners that she was accustomed to. The evening passed without incident, but I was well aware that my mother-in-law did not entirely approve of the gentleman on her right.

She approved even less another day when Huey Long, then governor of Louisiana, was Franklin's guest at luncheon. He sat on Franklin's right and there was a long table of guests separating him from my mother-in-law. Our daughter, Anna, was about halfway down the table and I sat across from her. Suddenly, we heard my mother-in-law ask in what we knew was purposely a very loud whisper, "Who is that awful man next to my son?"

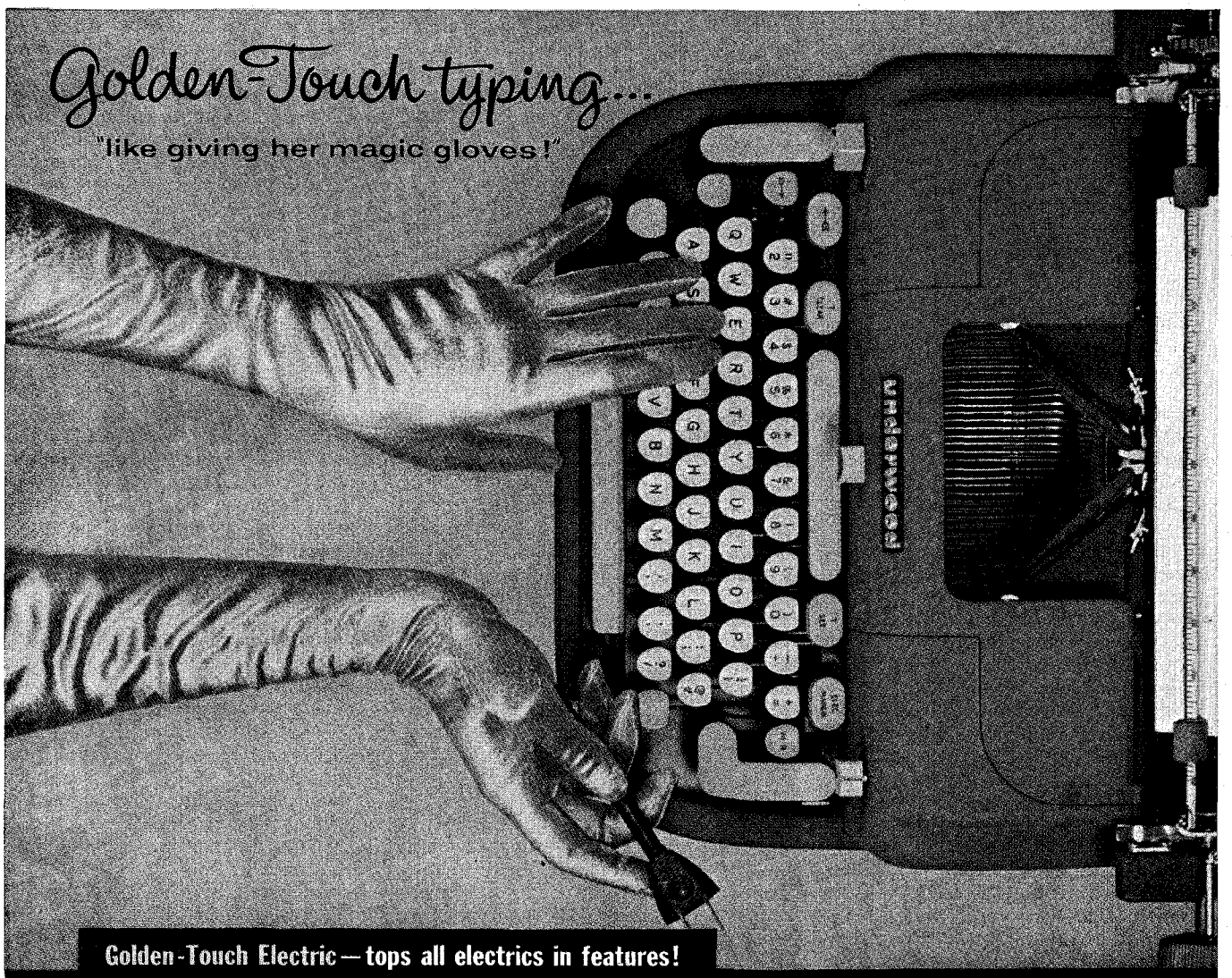
Socially, Governor Long may have seemed "awful" to her, but politically he was then an important figure to Franklin. Anna and I burst into loud conversation simultaneously, hoping that the governor had not caught the remark. Luckily, he seemed not to notice it, but incidents of this kind were not always easy to cover up.

Looking back now, I think I had long been preparing for the personal adjustments that came with my husband's death. I had always been a pretty good organizer and I could make decisions. On the long trip from Warm Springs, Georgia, before my husband's funeral in the White House, I had made certain decisions. I wanted to leave the White House as soon as possible. I did not want to live in the big house at Hyde Park.

These things I decided as the train wheels jolted on during the night. But what would the children feel? They loved the Hyde Park house. Their grandmother had made them feel that it was their permanent home. How would it seem to have it swept out of their lives? For myself, I knew I would live in the cottage I had made out of my furniture factory on Val-Kill Creek, two miles back from the big house at Hyde Park. The land was my husband's, but he had given a life interest in a small acreage to me and my friends, Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman, when we started a factory to make reproductions of early-American furniture. After that experiment ended, I bought out their interest and did over the cottage without benefit of architect, but with the help of a practical engineer, Henry Osthagen. My office was there, as was the apartment of my secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson. There was a small apartment for a couple who work for me, two living rooms, a dining room, seven bedrooms, a dormitory for young guests and a large porch. The cottage has no architectural beauty, but it suits my needs and we had built a swimming pool and an outdoor fireplace and there was plenty of room for picnics. It was mine and I felt freer there than in the big house.

My son, Elliott, then a brigadier general in the Army Air Force flying reconnaissance missions over Germany, was the only boy to get home for the funeral. Franklin, Jr., was commanding a destroyer escort in the Pacific war zone, and John was on an aircraft carrier in the same area.

James, then assistant chief of staff and intelligence officer of Amphibious Group 13 in Philippine waters, arrived home the day my husband was buried in the rose garden at Hyde Park and joined us on the train returning to Washington. It was not until the next day that James discovered in a safe some



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papers addressed to him by his father, including a letter of directions about arrangements for his funeral.

We had not done exactly what he wanted. I fear I had followed my own inclinations, bolstering them by some casual remarks I had heard my husband make which were not his real judgment. I felt guilty and sad, but the funeral was over. And except for the fact that he would have had his coffin go to the Capitol in Washington, where he would lie in state, all the details were as he wished. I had a horror of lying in state and thought he agreed with me about it.

In his will, my husband had left the place at Hyde Park to me and to our children through our lives, if we desired to live there. At our deaths a certain acreage, including the house, would go to the Government. But he also left a private letter to me saying he did not think we could afford to run the place and advising me to urge the children to give the big house to the Government at once. He wrote that his experience with the homes of other Presidents had made it clear that visitors would make private life difficult. Characteristically, he remarked that he would hate to think of us taking refuge in the attic or the cellar in search of privacy.

I was very glad when the children decided to join with me in turning the big place over to the Government as soon as it could be arranged. I also soon found that I had better liquidate the farm at Hyde Park, since it was being run with doubtful efficiency. While I had my own daughter and three daughters-in-law and two sons with me, I arranged for division of jewelry and furs, including all that which had been designated for me from his mother's estate. Under the will, I had the first choice, but I decided I would take very little. I wanted a few things for sentiment—the Turner water colors my husband had given me—and other things that we had used a long time. There were some things I would need in my new way of life and that belonged to me. But, somehow, possessions seemed of little importance, and they grew less important with the years. My feeling that it is a mistake to hoard possessions was confirmed when I discovered under the eaves of the Hyde Park attic some bolts of Chinese silk. They probably had belonged to Mrs. Paul Forbes, my mother-in-law's sister, and had been literally "put under the plank," as she called it. But when I found them hidden away under the eaves they had been hopelessly ruined.

Miss Malvina Thompson had been with me for years, and the fact that she stayed with me after my husband's death made it seem at first as though he were on one of his trips and we were living the kind of life we would have lived in any case.

That first summer of 1945 I did much physical work, clearing cupboards in the big house, unpacking boxes and barrels that had come from Washington. My philosophy has been that if you have work to do and do it to the best of your ability, you will not have so much time to think about yourself. I had a great deal to do, and I would have felt the lack of secretarial help if President Truman had not realized the burden and lent us Miss Dorothy Dow. She helped Miss Thompson all through the summer, reading all the letters which came at the time of my husband's death and answering as many as we could. Nine cases of these letters are now in the library at Hyde Park. Some of them actually give the life histories of the people who wrote them and document the value of some of the New Deal projects which saved so many people from utter despair in the early days of my husband's presidency.

President Truman also sent to Hyde Park a chauffeur and automobile to help us through the first month. Having a White House automobile helped us solve the difficult problem of gasoline rationing in those days and I was grateful for the President's thoughtfulness. After the chauffeur left, on May seventeenth, I began for the first time to discover the shortage of gasoline and of automobiles in wartime. I had no car except the little one fitted with hand controls which my husband used to drive around the place. It was an open car and all right for summer. But when winter came we still had nothing else, except a small work truck, and Miss Thompson and I must have been an odd sight on the many occasions when we wrapped ourselves in all the rugs we could find to keep from freezing as we drove between Hyde Park and New York City.

In this period I quickly adjusted to a small household which seemed so easy to manage after all the big establishments I had had to run. I never missed the services of a personal maid, though I often missed Mabel Webster as a person. She had been with me for several years at the White House, where one needed to be well looked after.

My financial transactions at this time and through the next few years were rather nightmarish, for I was not a trained businesswoman. Mostly I focused on cutting down expenses and earning enough money to meet my regular bills. Franklin had been too busy in recent years to settle his mother's estate, which meant that now both estates had to be settled, and that took a long time. In 1933, when we went into the White House, I had stopped sharing many of the expenses I had previously carried jointly with my husband. This had left me free to use most of my small inherited income—about $8000 a year—for clothes, which had become an important item. Then whatever I earned by writing could be used for personal interests and charities.

But from the day of my husband's death it was clear that I would have to meet all the daily expenses of the apartment in New York and, for a short time, of the big place at Hyde Park, which had a considerable payroll. Luckily, my husband had left me two life-insurance policies. I used their proceeds while awaiting settlement of the estate of around $1,000,000. Then I had to make another decision. I could live on what my husband had left me and stop working. Or I could continue to work and pay approximately all I inherited to the Government in taxes, since in any event I would be in a high tax bracket. Of course, I decided to go on working. In my new position, however, I could no longer give my earnings to people or organizations in which I was interested, because of the tax laws. I had to establish a charity fund into which I put all earnings from lectures, which amounts to about 20 to 30 per cent of my income. The laws permit me to give that much to tax-exempt charities, educational institutions, hospitals and churches.

I live on what I earn by writing, appearing on radio or television and reading manuscripts at $100 a month for the Junior Literary Guild. Actually, these earnings total somewhat more than I spend in living expenses, and it is a good thing they do, because all the income from my inheritances and more besides is required to pay my annual tax bills.

The first year after my husband's death was such a busy one that I had little time to feel alone. Many persons—Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Ambassador and Madame Andrei Gromyko, General and Mrs. Eisenhower—came to call at Hyde Park. And, particularly in summer, my children and grandchildren, nieces, great-nephews and others were there. Among other activities, as summer turned to autumn, I had a great deal of Christmas shopping to do. In addition to five children, I now have nineteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, and it has long been my custom to shop for Christmas presents throughout the entire year. Wherever I may be in January or June or November, I am always picking up some small gift that I think may please a member of the family or a friend the following December twenty-fifth. These packages I stow away in "the Christmas closet" for safekeeping, and it is likely to become pretty crowded by December, although occasionally I cannot resist opening it ahead of time to give one of the children a present that is particularly appropriate.

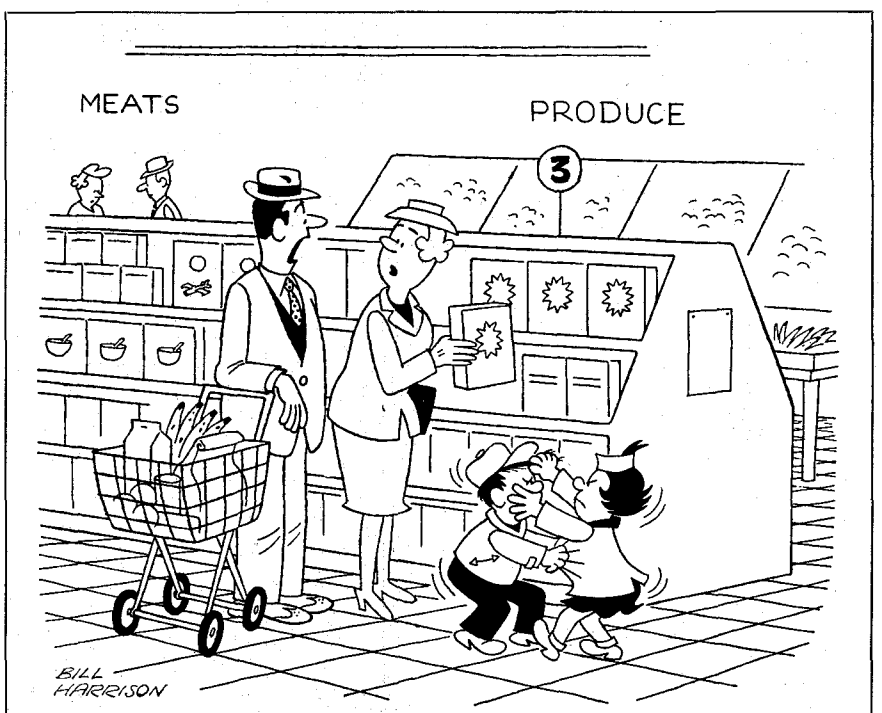
Since 1935 I have kept a Christmas Book, a journal in which I list what I gave relatives and friends on each Christmas over the years. The book is now about two inches thick and, counting friends and people who have worked for us in the past, it contains more than 200 names. But, of course, many of these gifts are mere tokens—usually maple sugar or honey in recent years—to persons who have done thoughtful things for me—Madame Pandit, Prime Minister Nehru, the Trumans, Princess Margaret, Bernard Baruch, Marshal Tito and his wife.

Christmas that first year probably would have been a difficult time had not my son, Elliott, and his wife decided to live in the Top Cottage, which Franklin had built on a hill about three miles from the big house at Hyde Park. Elliott was going to try to farm—he soon discovered this was impractical at Hyde Park unless you worked the land yourself—but it was his companionship and that of his wife and children that made the first Christmas a natural, happy family reunion. Without Elliott it would have been a very sad time and I shall always be grateful to him and to his wife for the help they gave me that autumn and winter.

The real point at which outer readjustments seemed to culminate was on April 12, 1946, when we turned the big house over to the United States Government at a ceremony attended by President Truman. In a speech at that time, I told how Franklin had pictured the estate, under Federal auspices, as a place to which the people of our own country and even of the world might come to draw from it rest and peace and strength as he had done. I said I had no regrets in turning it over to the Government for safekeeping. For one thing, my children and grandchildren might now learn about their illustrious ancestor in a way that would have been impossible had they lived on in the old house. Then, too, it was better to pass on the house and its contents just as it had been left by my husband, so that it might not take on any of the personality of those who might have made it their home after his death. "His spirit," I added, "will always live in this house, in the library and in the rose garden where he wished his grave to be."

Readjustments in one's inner life have to go on forever, I think, but my main decisions probably were accepted by the end of the first year. The only one who never really readjusted was Fala, my husband's little dog. Once in 1945 when General Eisenhower came to lay a wreath on Franklin's grave, the gates of the regular driveway were opened and his automobile approached the house, accompanied by the wailing sirens of a police escort. Fala was with me that day and when he heard the sirens his legs straightened out, his ears pricked up and I knew that he expected to see his master coming down the drive.

Later, when we were living in the cottage, he always lay near the dining-room door, where he could watch both entrances just as he had done so often when his master was there. Franklin was in the habit of suddenly deciding to go somewhere, and Fala had to watch both entrances to be ready to spring up and join the party on short notice. Fala accepted me after my husband's death, but I was just someone to put up with until the master should return. Many dogs eventually forget. I felt that Fala never really forgot. Whenever he heard the sirens he became alert and he felt again that he was an important being, just as he had felt when he was traveling with my husband. Fala is buried now in the rose garden at Hyde Park, and I hope he is no longer troubled with the need for any readjustments.



"Isn't there a cereal that will sap their energy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—This is the first of five articles. The second will appear next week.

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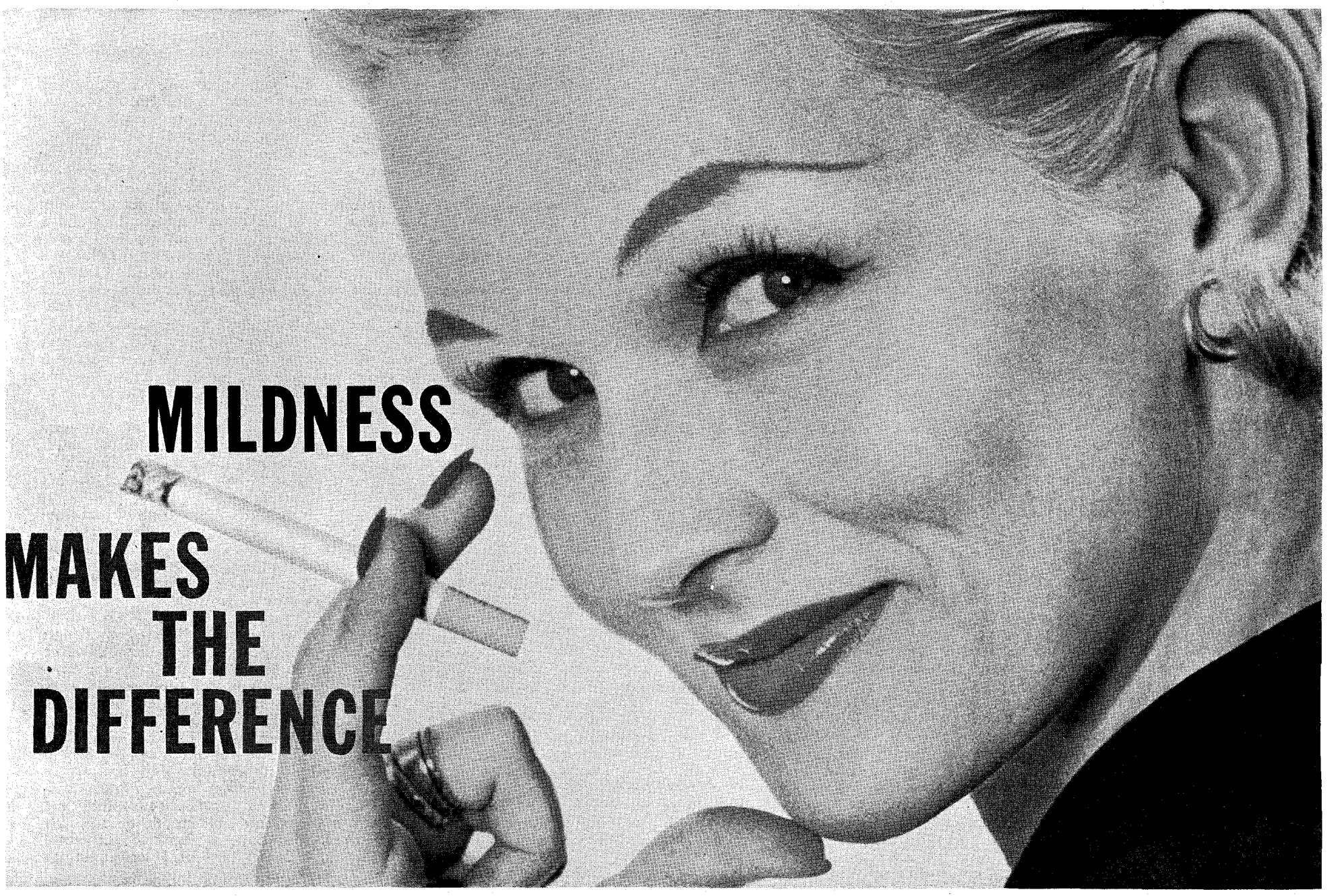
Know something Tareyton taught me?



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Little Joe's Revenge (Continued from Page 31)

cowboy boots hooked to the chair rungs. He was probably brooding about the crop, although you never could tell from his dead-pan expression what, if anything, was going through his mind. Pete was a broken-down old cowpoke. He was firmly of the opinion that farming was a crazy way of making a living, and wheat farming the craziest of all.

"Do we gotta have all that racket?" Joe growled irritably.

The kids did not hear him and, on second thought, Joe was glad of it. Kids gotta have fun, he reminded himself. A man should not take it out on his kids, just because he is in a bitter mood.

Babe went on singing, and Little Joe kept sawing away on the cigar-box fiddle. He had made the contraption from instructions given in the Have Fun Making Things book which he had acquired several months before in exchange for cereal box tops. During the intervening months, he had devoted his spare time to painstaking construction of the gadgets described in the book, the cigar-box violin being the latest. He seemed to feel that having accepted the book he was honor bound to make everything described in it.

That was typical of his earnest, thoroughgoing nature, a trait which he had inherited from his pop, along with his black hair and sober black eyes. In fact, by watching the kid, Big Joe often got a picture, much more vivid and revealing than any photograph could have been, of what he himself had looked and acted like when he was young. At such times he would mutter, "I guess I was a dumb-actin' kid." Or sometimes, "By golly, I must've been not a bad-lookin' little guy." Similarly, beholding Babe's lively blue eyes and fair hair and quick-breaking smile, Joe often got a fresh appreciation of how pretty Babe's mom had been.

At the moment, however, his chief reaction as he beheld the rapt expression on Little Joe's face was one of irritation. There were times when the Have Fun Making Things book was a doggone nuisance. Many of the gadgets it told about required materials not ordinarily to be had. And Little Joe being the persistent kid he was, his pop was given no peace until the necessary items were obtained.

The jumping frog, for instance, had a wishbone as an essential part of its mechanism. So Joe had had to kill an old rooster for dinner, just so Little Joe could have the wishbone. For the magpie trap, a corset steel was required, but Joe had balked at the idea of prospecting about among the women of his acquaintance who were likely to be wearers of corsets. Little Joe had eventually obtained a corset steel himself from Mrs. Parsons, a neighbor's wife. For the cigar-box violin, Joe had had to buy an "*A*" string from the drugstore in town, and then the whole family had scoured the neighborhood for a used violin bow before tranquillity was restored to the household.

One thing Joe had to admit—and, indeed, at ordinary times was inclined to brag about—Little Joe was adept at following the instructions. The things he made always seemed to work. The jumping frog did jump spectacularly. The magpie trap worked perfectly, although the only thing that had so far got caught in it was Uncle Pete's bare foot as he shuffled in from the stable one night after a last nip at the bottle of moonshine that he kept there. The cigar-box violin worked, too, though only Babe and Little Joe would call its screeching music.

Then there had been the vanishing ink. It looked like ordinary ink when you wrote with it. Then in a few hours it faded out. It had seemed a useless sort of product to Big Joe, but the kids got a kick out of using it. Little Joe had put the stuff in an old ink bottle and thoughtlessly placed it on the shelf in the cupboard where the regular ink was always kept.

One day Big Joe wrote a check for his bill at the Star Store, in Sanford. Several hours later, when he got to town, the ink had faded and the girl bookkeeper looked at him as though he was crazy when he handed her a check that had no writing on it at all.

"Must be somethin' wrong with my head," Joe told her. "I could've swore I wrote out that check before I left home."

A week or so after that he spent all one evening, after the kids were in bed, concocting a letter to the appropriate authorities protesting against a recent increase in his grazing-lease rental. Composition was never easy for Joe, but he thought he had stated his case very well. In fact, he left the letter unsealed on the table so that, before mailing it, he could have the satisfaction of rereading it and saying, "I guess that's tellin' 'em!" But the next morning he was astounded to find that not a word of his laboriously composed letter showed on the paper.

"Golly, kids!" he said hoarsely. "I gotta see a doctor. There's somethin' the matter with me."

Babe was instantly concerned, but Little Joe paid no attention at all. "Who's been usin' my vanishin' ink?" he demanded indignantly, stabbing a finger at the bottle, which was still on the table.

Big Joe was so relieved to find that he was not really going queer in the head that he did not scold the boy very much. He made him write "Vanishing Ink" on the label of the bottle—and took care that it was not written with vanishing ink.

Remembering the incidents now, Joe started to chuckle. But then he checked himself as he turned back to the window and the dismal scene framed by it. "Oh-oh!" he growled bitterly. Snowflakes were mingling with the lances of driving rain. Even as he watched, the white flakes increased in numbers.

"Snow!" cried Babe jubilantly. She and Little Joe ran to the window. They always got excited about the season's first snowfall. Pretty soon, the snow got so thick that Joe could hardly see the stable. It might turn out to be merely a brief flurry, of course, but at this time of year you never could be sure. It might keep right on snowing, burying his swathed wheat crop and keeping it buried until spring.

"I guess I better drive down an' talk to Bill Housman," he said heavily. Maybe Housman would renew the lien note he held against Joe's cattle. It was the Housman note that was worrying Joe most. He owed the bank four hundred dollars that he had borrowed for harvest expenses, but the bank would wait until Joe's wheat was sold. Would Housman wait? That was the question.

Joe had figured that it was a smart idea to borrow from Housman, with his cattle as security, so as to pay cash for his new combine. By doing so, he was able to get a better price on the combine. And three months' interest on $7000 was a lot less than finance-company charges would have been. He ha counted on paying off Housman and the bank when he sold his wheat. Then he would have been sitting pretty, with everything clear of debt.

The way the weather had turned out, however, he might have been wiser to deal with the finance company. The worst that could have happened then would have been losing the combine if he missed his payments. Whereas if Bill Housman was so minded, he could take Joe's steers just at the time of year when beef prices were low because range cattle were being dumped on the market by people who lacked winter feed.

Uncle Pete spoke up for the first time. He suffered from asthma and it made his voice harsh and squeaky, like the cigar-box violin. "It won't do no good to talk to Housman," he predicted.

Pete had warned against getting involved with Housman. "Let him git your name on a paper, he'll figger out some way of diddlin' you," Pete had said. But the prospect of making a money-saving deal had blinded Joe to the risk.

Joe took his hat and his slicker from the nail on the back of the kitchen door. "Housman don't need the money," he said, trying to draw comfort and confidence from the fact.

Bill Housman was rich. He owned the Circle H Ranch, which was one of the biggest cattle outfits in the whole district. He owned oil stocks and city property and Lord knew what all besides. However, it did not necessarily follow that he would renew Joe's note when he saw a chance of making a big profit on Joe's steers.

Pete said he would go along to Housman's. Joe wished he would stay at home. Pete and Bill Housman never got along. Pete claimed that Housman was a crook, and Housman said Pete was a crook. In lots of ways, both of them were right.

"Can we come, too, pop?" Babe and Little Joe cried in unison.

Big Joe nodded. The ride would relieve the monotony of a dull day for them, and Mrs. Housman would be glad to see them. She was a nice woman, Mrs. Housman was. She had just about everything in the world a woman could want except kids of her own. So she always made a fuss over Babe and Little Joe.

They all scurried out to the pickup and piled into the cab. Babe sat on Uncle Pete's lap. She was a little thing, little and fair and lovely. Melting snowflakes glistened on her cheeks and eyelashes. Her blue dress showed through her plastic raincape. She looked like an extra-pretty doll, wrapped in cellophane, in a toyshop window. She made a relieving brightness in an otherwise gloomy day. In fact, she and Little Joe had been the only brightness in Joe's life since their mom died.

The snow was so thick by this time that Joe had to drive with caution. The windshield wipers worked constantly, with a monotonous screeching sound.

"How much weight would a critter put on, Pete, between now an' the end o' the year on good feed?" Joe asked presently.

"On full feed," Pete answered, "he'd average two pounds a day. Some people say even more."

"Golly!" Joe muttered. To the accompaniment of the squeaking windshield wipers, he made some glum calculations. A steer might bring fifty dollars more at the end of the year than it would at present, what with its increased weight and the higher price that would then prevail. If it took, say, forty steers now to retire the Housman note, that could mean a loss to Joe of two thousand dollars, leaving out of consideration the labor and feed, seeing that he and Pete would supply the labor and that Joe had the feed on hand.

"Housman can figger pretty good himself," Pete said dryly, as though he had read Joe's thoughts.

Naturally, Housman would see that by taking over Joe's steers and fattening them for sale later he could make a tidy profit. It would be many times the interest that Housman would collect if he simply renewed Joe's note for a similar period. Joe's only hope was that Housman would not want to take advantage of a neighbor's misfortune. It would be legal and all that, but it would surely bother his conscience—or Joe hoped that it would.

"Pop," Little Joe said, "do you know where I can get a tin biscuit box?"

"What in the world would you want one for?" Big Joe asked testily, although he might have known.

"I gotta make a magic lantern next," Little Joe explained. "So I need a tin biscuit box."

"Here we go again!" growled his father morosely.

By and by the kids started singing Sunshine in My Soul again. The squeaking windshield wipers supplied a discordant accompaniment that was almost as hard on the ears as the sound of the cigar-box fiddle. Joe wished they would sing something else. There was mighty little sunshine in his soul at the moment.

All that stood between him and a crippling loss was Bill Housman's conscience. And he knew Housman too well to count very much on that. Housman was never a man to waste sympathy over other people's tough luck. For that matter, he could be brazenly dishonest if he stood to profit by it. And in the present case he would not have to be dishonest. He had a lien on Joe's steers and would have a legal right to take them in lieu of cash.

"I was plumb crazy to take a chance on borrowin' from him," Joe thought.

"You sing, too, pop!" Babe urged.

"Shucks, baby," he answered, "I ain't in a singin' mood."

Nevertheless, just to please Babe, he joined in the singing. He sang "There is sunshine in my soul today," although he could not put much spirit into it.

"Sure is a nice cheerful song," Uncle Pete cackled derisively.

Bill Housman went in for showy things: big flashy cars and fancy clothes. But the Circle H ranch house, reflecting Mrs. Housman's quieter tastes, was not showy or pretentious. It stood on an eminence that gave a fine view of the river valley, but there was nothing to be seen except driving snow when Joe stopped his old pickup at the veranda steps.

Mrs. Housman appeared in the doorway. She was a handsome blond woman, kind of on the plump side, but motherly looking. Babe and Little Joe scampered up the steps and Mrs. Housman hustled them inside.

"Bill's in his office," she told Joe and Pete as they peeled off their slickers. "Go right on in. I'll put the coffee on."

Housman's office was off the living room. Bill was sitting at the desk when they entered. Besides the desk, the room contained a filing cabinet, a small safe, and a battered but comfortable couch. Three fine antelope heads hung on one wall.

"Well, howdy!" Housman boomed at them. "Set down!"

He was a big and burly sandy-haired man, a jovial- (*Continued on Page 74*)

Feminine Figuring

When I employ statistics
I jumble and confuse them.
Beware! There's never safety
In numbers when I use them.

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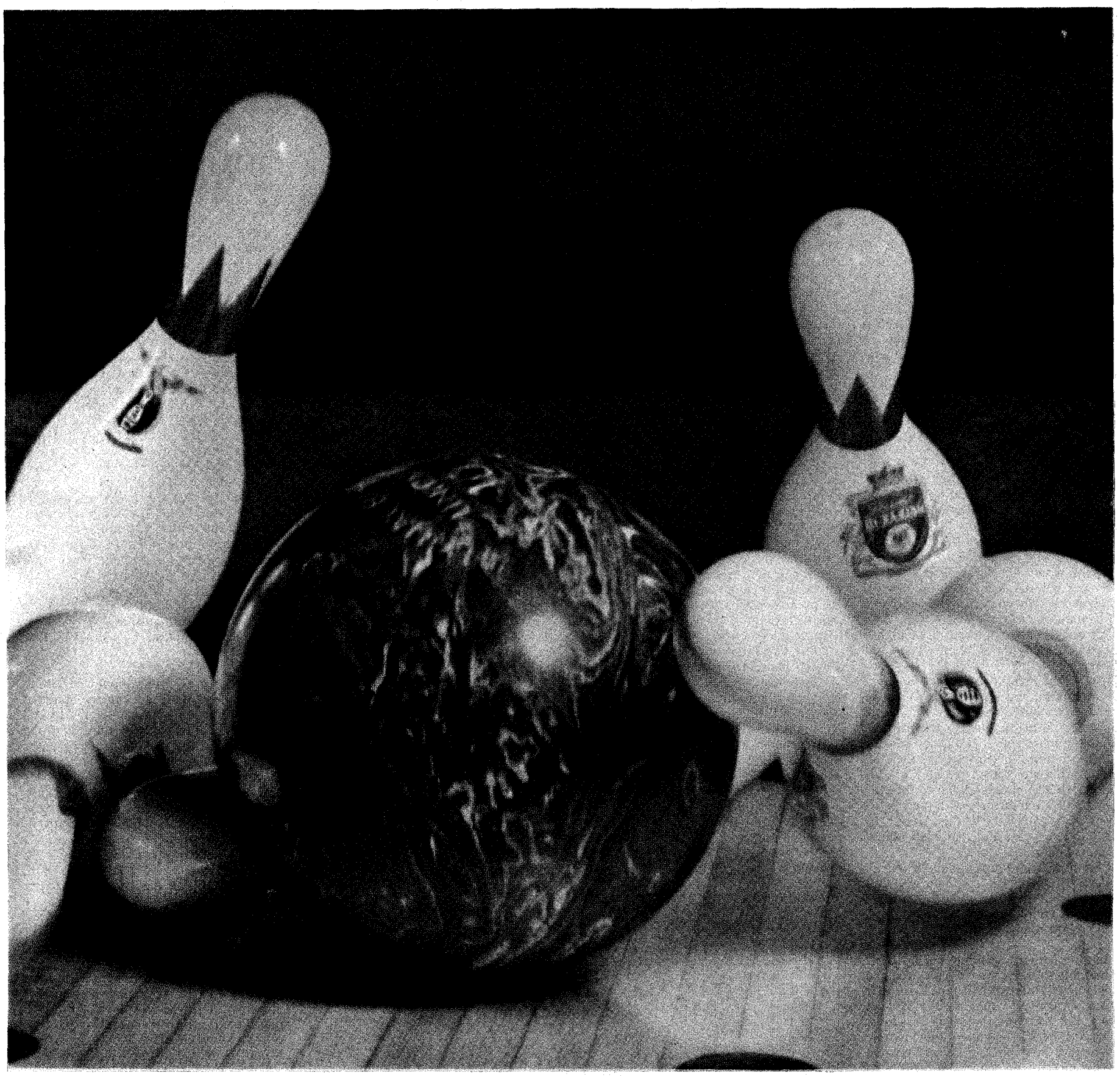

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(*Continued from Page 72*) acting fellow most of the time, with a hearty voice and a laugh that exploded like claps of thunder. But his eyes did not match up with his jolly appearance and manner. They were a mite too small, and set a mite too close together in the florid and heavy-jowled face.

Joe and Pete sat side by side on the couch. Joe studied Housman's face, wondering what sort of mood he was in. Joe himself was fidgety. It griped him to have to ask for a personal favor, although he was always openhanded about helping other people.

They talked for a time about the weather and how it might easily be the start of a long, tough winter, with most of the crop still lying outdoors, exposed to the elements. Housman had no worries in that respect. He raised stock feed only—oats for green feed, and barley, which ripened earlier than wheat and was now safely harvested. Perhaps by design, certainly without much tact in view of Joe's present situation, Housman recalled the time, a few years earlier, when everybody's wheat had lain out under the snow all winter. The year without a harvest, they called it. Everybody had a crop to thresh in the spring before starting in on the seeding. The recollection of it now did not add to Joe's peace of mind.

"I came to see you about that note of mine, Bill," he forced himself to say finally. "I been wonderin' if you'd extend the time on it until the weather clears, so I can git my wheat threshed."

Housman's laugh boomed out suddenly, loud and jolly as ever. Joe could not see anything to laugh about, but he knew at once what Housman's answer was going to be. The flinty look in Housman's eyes told him that the note would have to be paid when due, or else.

"You wouldn't really expect me to extend the time, Joe," Housman said. "Why, your crop could easy be layin' out all winter."

"It could," Joe admitted, "but if that happens, I'll pay the note off when I sell my steers."

"But that would cost me money," Housman objected. He went on to reason it out in a friendly way, as though no sane person could blame him for his attitude. "I didn't loan you that money just to collect a piddlin' bit of interest, Joe," he said. "I like to speculate, and in this country there's always a chance that the winter will catch farmers with their pants down. I gambled that this would be that kind of year. You gambled that it wouldn't. You lost, Joe.

"So now I can take your steers an' make a nice profit on 'em. You wouldn't surely expect me to hand you that extra profit, Joe. Why, that would be the same as askin' me to give you a hunk of money outright."

Putting it that way hit Joe in his most vulnerable spot. He would have accepted a neighborly offer of assistance, an offer which Housman could well afford to make. But Joe would not beg. As Housman said, he had gambled and lost. He felt angry, but the anger was directed against himself for being so foolish as to borrow from Housman in the first place.

"O.K.," he said gruffly, "I'll sell the steers at the market an' pay off the note."

"That would be kind of childish," Housman argued patronizingly. "I'll use the money you pay me an' buy other feeder steers. So I'll make the same profit, whether they're your steers or not."

But with Joe, that was the point. Let Housman make his money on somebody else's steers.

Housman probably expected Joe to make a scene. He was obviously glad when Mrs. Housman came in with a tray of coffee and fresh-baked buns. It effectively cut off any angry remarks Joe might have been disposed to make. Mrs. Housman passed around the refreshments, talking pleasantly about the unpleasant weather. Joe tried to answer her civilly, despite his inward ferment.

"The children and I are having a party in the kitchen," she said.

"Bring 'em in here," Housman boomed heartily. "Come in here, kids!" he called.

He got up and carried extra chairs in. Sociability oozed from him. He joked with Babe and Little Joe, like the big-hearted, friendly guy the kids thought he was.

Little Joe had a tin biscuit box which he deposited carefully on the floor beside his chair. "Mis' Housman gave it to me, for my magic lantern," he said.

At Mrs. Housman's urging, he and Babe began telling Bill about the Have Fun Making Things book and about the magic lantern which was the next project. Mrs. Housman beamed at them. She said that Joe was lucky to be exposed to their youthful enthusiasms. "It keeps a person young," she said.

"Oh, sure!" Joe agreed. It was kind of wearing sometimes, though, he thought. Under cover of all the chatter he presently got a chance to ask Housman when the note came due. He could not remember the exact date.

"Seems to me it's the third of next month," Housman answered. "I'll check to make sure." He swung open the door of the safe, squatting in front of it. His stout buttocks stretched his fancy gabardine pants until Joe expected the seams to burst at any minute.

Housman took out an envelope and drew the note form from it. A puzzled look appeared on his face. He looked inside the envelope, then back at the note again. Curious about the way Housman was acting, Pete got up from the couch. He pretended to be examining the antelope heads more closely, but he was able to sneak a look over Housman's shoulder.

"Just like I thought," Housman said after a minute. "The due date is the third of November."

"There ain't nothin' on that paper that says so," Pete said. "There's no writin' on it a-tall."

Housman's florid face grew redder than usual. "I mean, I remember the date," he said. "I got the wrong envelope, seems like."

He began rummaging about among the books and papers in the safe. He pawed through a stack of canceled checks. He peered into envelopes and ruffled through the pages of a ledger. Every now and then he would throw a glance over his shoulder as if to see if Pete was still watching. Once Pete looked across at Joe and let one eyelid droop in a slow wink. Joe wondered what Pete was winking about.

"I got it here some place," Housman muttered, his movements growing more and more feverish.

Then at last Joe began to suspect what had happened. He recalled how and when the note had been drawn up. Housman had dropped in at Joe's place, bringing a blank note form with him. But when he started to write he found that his fountain pen was dry. So Joe had got the bottle of ink from the cupboard and Housman dipped his fountain pen in it, wrote out the note, and had Joe sign it. It came to Joe now—as, apparently, it had already dawned upon Pete—that he might have taken the bottle of vanishing ink from the cupboard. It was just about the time, Joe recalled, when he was having worries about what he took to be his growing absent-mindedness.

If the note had been written with vanishing ink it would still have looked O.K. when Housman got home, half an hour later. Housman probably put it away in the safe and had not looked at it since. And Housman was no doubt thinking that there was something wrong with his head, just as Joe had done a few months back in a similar situation.

Housman glanced over his shoulder once more and caught sight of the broad grin on Pete's face. "What are you laughin' about?" he asked irritably.

"Somethin' I'm goin' to be laughin' about all the rest of my life," Pete cackled.

"Say!" Housman exclaimed, rising abruptly from his crouch. "There's somethin' smells mighty sour here."

"Ain't it the truth!" Pete said. "What's sour is that you got nothin' to show that Joe owes you a cent." If Pete had planned it himself, he could not have been more delighted at the spot Housman was in.

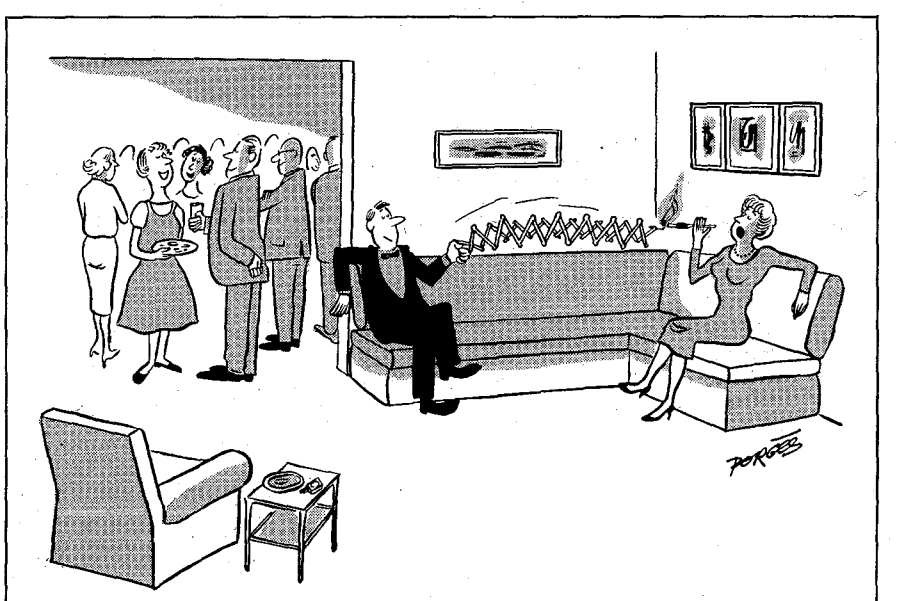
Housman turned his blazing eyes on Joe. "I dunno how you done it," he snarled, "but somehow you got that note outta my safe. That's robbery, mister! I'm goin' to call the police."

"Now, Bill!" Mrs. Housman protested, in a shocked voice.

"Go ahead an' call the cops!" Pete jeered. "How you goin' to prove anything?"

Mrs. Housman began hustling Babe and Little Joe out of the room. They kept looking back nervously at the three men.

"I wouldn't have thought you'd do a thing like this, Joe," Housman said. "But you won't get away with it. I'll ——"



"I understand you are an efficiency expert?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I didn't rob your safe," Joe interrupted. "I wouldn't know how to open the safe."

"What happened to the note then?"

"I ain't goin' to tell you what I think happened," Joe answered. He was afraid that if he did so, Housman might find some way of bringing back the faded writing on the note. "I didn't set out to trick you, Bill," he went on. "But, the way it's turned out, it sure gits me out of a tough spot."

"It'll get you in jail, that's where it'll get you!" Housman said hotly.

"I ain't much worried about that," Joe said. "You got no note. You got no witnesses to prove there ever was a note."

"Looks to me like the easiest seven thousand dollars Joe ever made," Pete chuckled.

Joe paid no attention to Pete. If you came right down to it, Pete had no more conscience than Housman had.

"I still owe you seven thousand dollars, Bill," Joe said. "I don't figger on beatin' you out of it." Pete gave a loud snort of disgust, but Joe went right on: "The only difference now is that I'm sittin' in the driver's seat instead of you. To protect yourself, you gotta give me a new note. Make it due three months from now, at the same rate of interest. But date it back to cover the whole time I have the money borrowed. Three months from now, I'll have the steers sold, even if the crop's still layin' outdoors."

"Fair enough," Housman said, making the best of the situation and, in truth, tremendously relieved.

"I ain't finished," Joe said. "There's still a chance that I'll git my wheat threshed. If I do, so I can pay off the note in the next few weeks, you'll git the principal an' interest only. But if you have to wait three months, I'll split the profit on the steers with you. Just the profit, that is, after I deduct the value of the feed an' the labor. I figger that's only fair."

"I'm sure glad I got an honest man to deal with," Housman said.

"Joe ain't honest, he's crazy!" Pete snorted.

He was so disgusted about Joe letting Housman off the hook that he stamped out of the room and out of the house. Presently they heard the loud slam of the cab door on the pickup. Housman was already writing out the new note, using the form from which the previous words and figures had faded, although of course he had no inkling of that. He held out the pen and Joe signed the new note after a careful scrutiny of it. Housman was a man you had to watch all the time.

"Just for curiosity," Housman said, "how in the heck did you get that first note outta my safe?"

"Some day maybe I'll tell you what happened," Joe answered. He left Housman sitting at the desk, still looking baffled.

Joe was able to assure Mrs. Housman that he and Bill had settled their quarrel amicably. Then he and the kids hurried out to the pickup. The snow was tapering off, Joe noticed. The wind had swung round to the west, and patches of clear sky were showing here and there.

"A coupla weeks of good dryin' weather, we could still git the wheat threshed," Joe said hopefully as he drove homeward.

Little Joe was holding the biscuit tin on his lap. "Now I just need some lenses," he said. "Will you buy me some lenses, pop, for the magic lantern?"

"Boy," Big Joe answered, "I'll buy you a whole bushel of lenses."

There was sunshine in his soul once more. Pete, of course, still looked disgusted. But Pete never did have much sunshine in his soul. THE END

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The Unsuspected (Continued from Page 26)

had once anticipated. His problem was the continuance of his pleasures on funds supplemental to the meager pension which would shortly be his sole means of support.

Mr. Piper had often considered using money out of his cash trays to make quick little profits on the stock market, with no harm done as long as he returned the bank's money before it was missed. If he made enough quick profits, he would accumulate some capital which, in turn, could be speculated into further capital until there was enough to spread out over the years, over and above his pension, to make the difference between survival and a life worth living. The thought of bank examiners had always deterred Mr. Piper.

Murder, as a safer solution, occurred to Mr. Piper after George Manetti became a depositor and began making his deposits and withdrawals at Mr. Piper's station. Manetti's mistake was in taking a liking to Mr. Piper and talking too much. This was because the calculating meanness of Mr. Piper's inner being did not show through his affable exterior, and because during business hours Manetti could not afford to like anyone, and the less he said the better. It would have shaken what little trust Manetti had in mankind to have known that Mr. Piper came to view him with cold objectivity as no more than the means for Mr. Piper's old-age comfort.

Manetti was carried on the bank's books as a green-goods broker. Mr. Piper became quickly aware of the pattern of Manetti's withdrawals and deposits. The withdrawals were usually just before bank-closing time Friday afternoons, when Manetti would present a check to cash for five, ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The deposits were usually Monday mornings, and averaged more than the withdrawals.

"You gave me all new bills Friday," Manetti said one Monday morning. "They kept sticking together and I was tossing more than I wanted in the pot. Always give me used fifties."

Mr. Piper looked across the counter at the burly, olive-hued young man. "You are a gambler?" he inquired.

Manetti's bland features became animated in a genial grin. "Only technically, Mr. Piper. Gamblers are guys who think money talks. Poker players listen to the cards. I'm a poker player. I make a living playing poker with gamblers."

It had been the protective instinct of kind for kind that had made Mr. Piper glance sideways to see if the next teller had heard. Apparently he had not. He said, "If you want to keep your account in this bank, Mr. Manetti, you'd best not discuss your—uh—profession quite so loudly."

Manetti was in Mr. Piper's hands from that moment. Manetti's grin spread. "Yeah. I forgot. Thanks, Mr. Piper. You're a right guy. I picked this place to bank because nobody would figure I would. I like privacy when I put and take."

Manetti, unfortunately for Manetti, continued to think of Mr. Piper as a right guy—and to talk. Successful, he needed to brag a little. "One of my secrets, Mr. Piper, is training. Most of these guys I do business with drink. I don't. From here I always go to my place and get some sleep before I meet them. By the time they can't tell treys from aces I'm still alive in there and sandbagging them."

The thought of killing Manetti was born of and fed by envy. Mr. Piper watched Manetti's account grow. Here was a young man who was easily and steadily building a small fortune, while he, Mr. Piper, after more than thirty years of exemplary service, protecting more money than Manetti would ever dream of, would soon be retired on a pittance pension. He would be expected to retire gracefully and gratefully after the customary office banquet at which they would present him with the customary engraved watch with the customary jocular remark that it would measure out all the good time he had to loaf in while his old friends would still be watching the clock in the bank.

Mr. Piper began to wonder how long Manetti's luck would hold out. How long would it be before someone who had been sandbagged once too often decided to break it off and do a little sandbagging of his own on a dark street? Gone would be Manetti, and his money with him—doing Manetti not one bit of good. Not anywhere near what it could do for Mr. Piper.

Once born, it was a thought that would not die. Nor did Mr. Piper want it to. Rather, he nourished it as he sat in his chair, evenings, sipping Scotch and soda. With ten or fifteen thousand dollars he could, on retirement, become a silent partner in some promising little business that needed a shot in the arm. It would return him the income he would need to supplement his pension. That was all Mr. Piper asked—the means to continue his pleasant way of living. Mr. Piper knew a thing or two about contracts. He would see to it that the contract under which he bought into the promising little business would provide a way to freeze out the other owner if it began really to prosper—or if a quick sale of assets should be indicated.

To get the money in the first place, of course, he would have to get rid of Manetti. A prime consideration was whether or not he could safely do this. Could he, for instance, gain access to Manetti in his apartment while he was resting before a game?

Mr. Piper found himself casing the joint. He stood across the street from the apartment house in which Manetti lived. It was a middle-class building. There was no doorman. The people who went in either used a key or pressed a buzzer button in the foyer. Between five-thirty and six-thirty scarcely anyone went in or out. The white-collar folk who lived there were reading their newspapers, watching TV or eating dinner.

Mr. Piper crossed the street and entered the foyer. George Manetti was listed as occupying a second-floor apartment. A man emerged, opening the foyer door, as Mr. Piper stood there. He hurried out into the street, not looking at Mr. Piper. The tenants in that building took little or no notice of one another. They preferred to remain invisible to one another. Entrance and exit could be safely made.

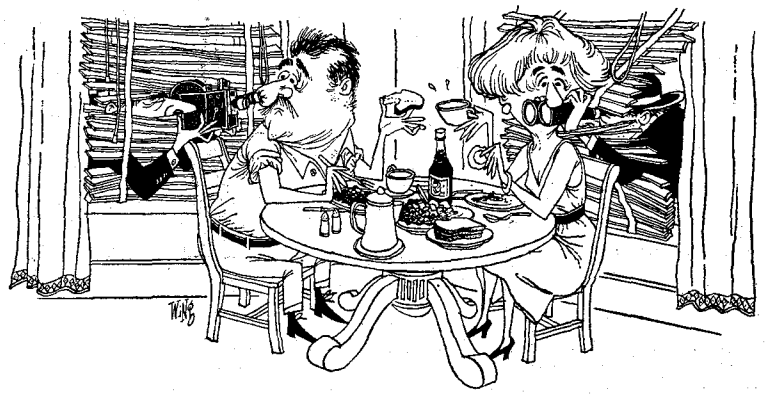
The script developed as Mr. Piper sat in his rooms and sipped his good Scotch. Certain things were in his favor. Highly important, Manetti trusted him. Manetti would believe any plausible excuse Mr. Piper might make to come up and see him. Mr. Piper would know when to strike. It would be after Manetti had made one of his larger withdrawals. Mr. Piper possessed a small pistol which could never be traced to him by ballistics experts. He had bought it several years ago in another state while on a vacation. Fired while thrust hard against Manetti, it would make very little noise. Later it could be dropped from a ferryboat into the middle of the river. There would be any number of far more logical suspects in the gambling fraternity than a respectable senior teller with over thirty years of impeccable service in the New Amsterdam Trust Company. A reflection against Mr. Piper would be a reflection against the New Amsterdam Trust Company. The police would think several times before they risked the wrath of that mighty institution over the demise of a small-time gambler. Because Manetti was far from really big time, there would be no stir if the police simply wrote the case off—as they very likely would, Mr. Piper decided, if they did not quickly find a shady character who could not clear himself.

The other side of the coin appeared to offer few risks. There was a minimum chance of being seen entering or leaving or, if seen, of being later identified. A killer not associated with the bank would not bother to remove any checkbooks or statements connecting Manetti with the bank. Therefore Mr. Piper had better leave any such records to be found. It meant the police would quickly find out that Mr. Piper knew about the cash Manetti had withdrawn but which was missing when Manetti was found. But, after all, how could he help knowing as he had known about Manetti's many previous withdrawals? It would be best to play this straight. The bank would learn about Manetti's death anyway, check the account, and report the withdrawal to the police. It could tend to point to a bank employee trying to cover his trail if no evidence of Manetti's association with the bank was found on the scene. It would tend to indicate innocence if such normal evidence was found. Nor could Mr. Piper afford the risks of a manufactured alibi. If questioned he would simply claim to have been at home reading a book. Without strain he stood an innocent man against whom nothing could be proved. The weakness or two in his position would actually turn into strengths.

That was the important thing—to be able to weather any routine questioning without strain. To be able to answer truthfully to everything except for one simple lie—that he had been at home.

Then there was the matter of what to do with the money. Mr. Piper pondered this carefully. A safe-deposit box in a suburban bank seemed the best bet. It should be rented in advance, of course. He could open a small savings account under an assumed name and, under those cordial conditions, rent a box without being questioned or thought about. He would have to remember only to go there and pay the annual box rental before a bill was mailed to a nonexistent person. He would not touch the money until after retirement.

That left only the problem of what to do with the money until he could get it to the safe-deposit box. If the big event took place on a Friday evening he would be unable to get the money to its hiding place until Monday morning. But it would be highly important that he be at his station promptly Monday morning as he had been for years. Any deviation could be (*Continued on Page 79*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

George's boss suspected that George's backache, which often kept him home and presumably in bed for weeks at a time, was a pretense to collect sick benefits. So he retained the Sharpeye Detective Agency to watch George twenty-four hours a day during one of his absences. Sharpeye operatives surrounded George's house with binoculars and movie cameras. Soon they began peering through the windows. George and his wife, unnerved, got a lawyer and sued the agency for damages.

"They went too far when they peeped through our windows," George protested in court. "That makes Peeping Toms of them. As it is against the law, the agency should pay us for the damage done to our nerves."

"We were only trying to do a job," the agency replied. "Detectives can't detect without peeping. We were engaged in a legitimate effort to uncover a suspected fraud by George. If that makes a nervous wreck of him, it isn't our fault."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to George?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

George won. The court held that the detective agency was technically guilty of a criminal offense when it peeked in his windows, and therefore should pay for the damage done by its illegal tactics.

Based upon a 1956 Louisiana decision.

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"We're not the richest people in town... but we're the proudest!"

"We're the kind of family that gets a big bang out of living . . . and I guess the thing that gives me *my* biggest lift is providing the best there is for Peg and the kids. Take our beautiful new Plymouth, for example.

"You should have seen their eyes shine when I drove it home! If I'd been a millionaire I couldn't have given them more pleasure! Cars just don't come any more beautiful or comfortable than Plymouth, no matter what you pay. It's hard to believe we got it in the low-price 3!"

Silver Dart Styling A long, low sweep of beauty!
Torsion-Aire Ride Luxurious comfort on any road!
Golden Commando V-8* *New, advanced engine design!*
Directional Stabilizer Fins For safer travel on the nation's highways!
Push-Button TorqueFlite* World's smoothest . . . easiest driving!

*optional at low extra cost

Star of the Forward Look **Plymouth** *...ahead for keeps!*

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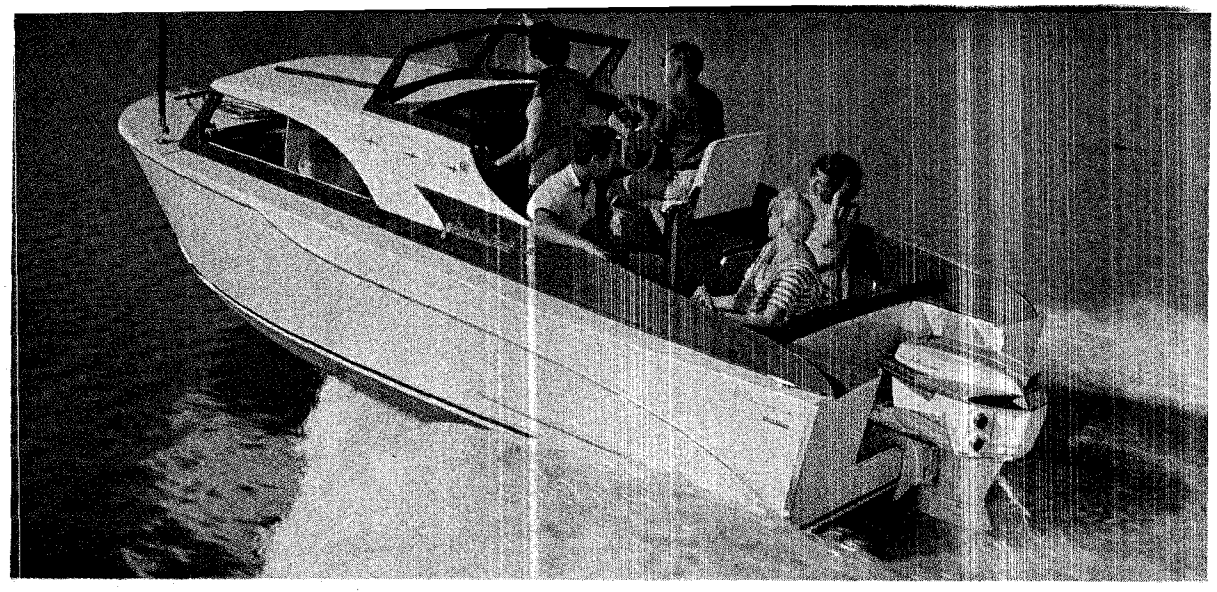
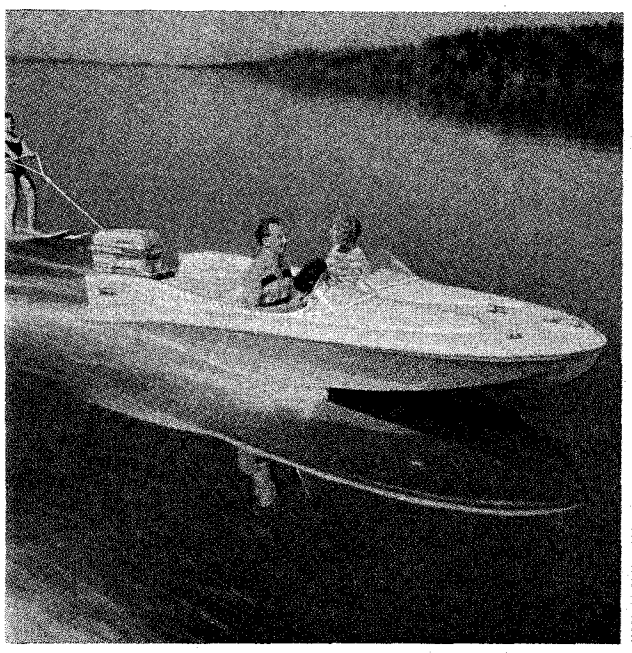
Which size Sea-Horse would your family like?

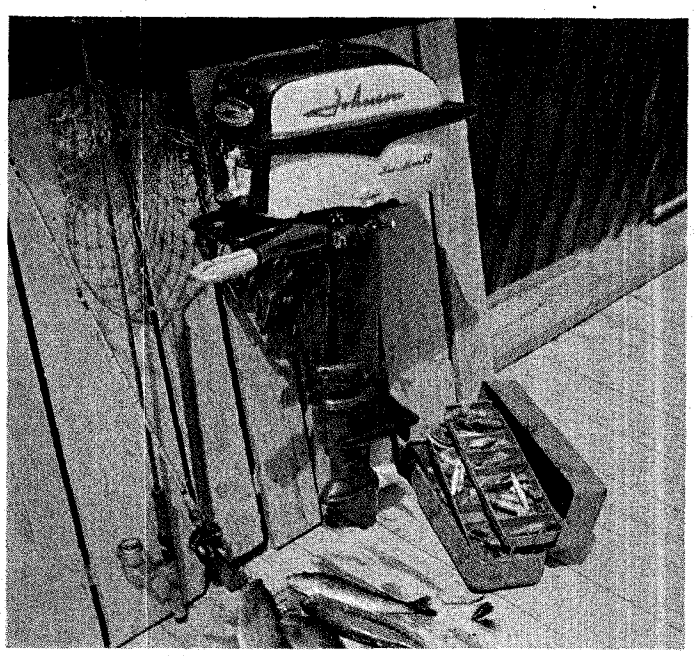
TAKE YOUR CHOICE! FROM SPUNKY 3 TO NEW V-50, EVERY '58 JOHNSON IS A MODEL OF DEPENDABILITY!



New! World's first outboard V-engine—the superb Super Sea-Horse V-50. Inspired by the finest automotive engine design. 4 cylinders. 70.7 cu. in. displacement. Full 50 hp. Single twin-barrel carburetor. Powerhead floats on rubber and lower unit is sound-sealed for new super quietness. Car-type key switch 12-volt electric starting—$840. Manual starting $740.

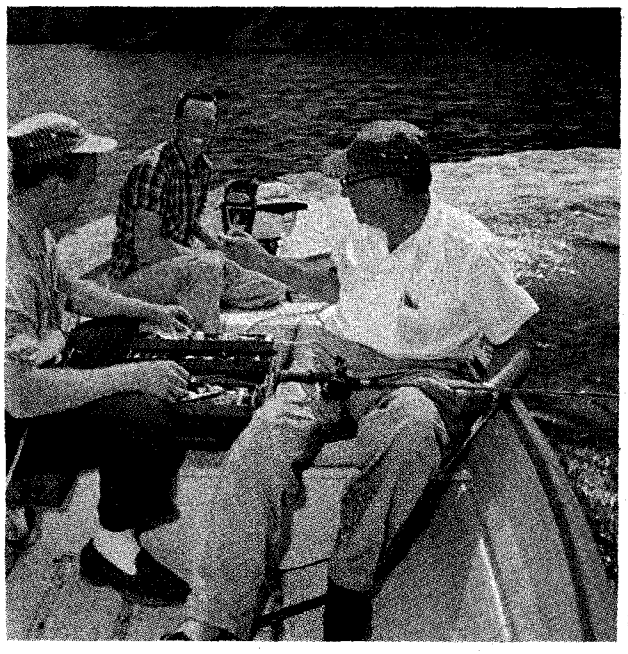


New Super Sea-Horse 35—speed for skiing, big power for cruisers. V-50 super-quiet features and cooling system. Electric starting—$625. (Standard 35: $585 with electric starting or $495 manual).

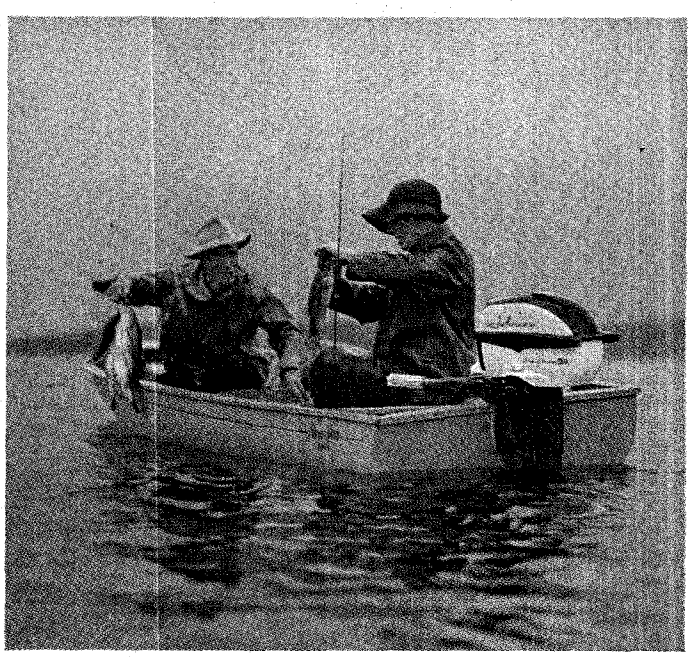


New Sea-Horse 18—pep for skiing, power to push a houseboat, or perfect for pairing on a cruiser. Always quiet and dependable however you use it. Electric starting—$475. Manual—$395.

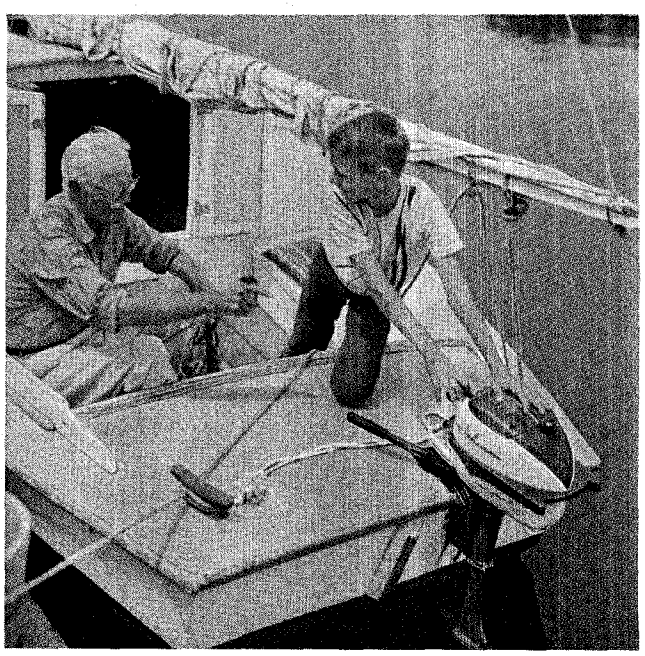
New Sea-Horse 10—dependable performer on all kinds of open boats and light runabouts. This versatile motor is fast, rugged and quiet as ever, but now 7 lb. lighter and lower in price—$310.



New Sea-Horse 7½—power to spare for the average rowboat or light utility craft. Easy portability for fishing and general family use. Quiet and smooth-running as only a Sea-Horse can be—$270.



New Sea-Horse 5½—pioneer of quiet outboards, used by more fishermen than any other. Big motor features include full gearshift, twist-grip throttle and slip-clutch prop protection—$230.

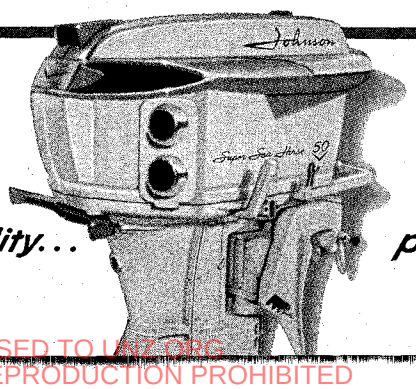


New Sea-Horse 3—thirty-three pounds of portable power for small boats, dinghies and auxiliary use. Angle-Matic drive takes you safely through weeds and over shallows—wherever a boat will float—$160.

Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)

Be our guest—see THE BOB HOPE SHOW, NBC-TV, Thurs. night, Feb. 6

FREE! 1958 SEA-HORSE CATALOG
Write: Johnson Motors, 317 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. (Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada, mfd. by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.)



Johnson

First in dependability... *pioneers of the "V"age engine*

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(*Continued from Page 76*) suspect when related to other factors. He would have to wait to get to his suburban bank. In fact, there was the possibility he might have to wait several days. If that was the way the ball happened to bounce, it would also be dangerous to hide a packet of bills unguarded in his apartment. Mr. Piper chuckled and had another drink when he thought of the solution to this final problem. Placed with the other bills in his cash trays at the bank the money would become utterly invisible. Immediately that it was safe he would get it off to the waiting safe-deposit box.

Mr. Piper was fascinated by his plan; the script of the play he had written for himself. The action was simple, the lines few and easy. Manetti had become less than human. He was no more than a stage prop necessary for Mr. Piper's star role. It was too bad, Mr. Piper thought, that there would be no audience to applaud.

Two weeks later Manetti made his largest withdrawal. The check he pushed across the counter toward Mr. Piper was for twenty-five thousand. Mr. Piper stared at the check.

George Manetti laughed. "That still leaves a couple hundred in the account, Mr. Piper. Make it the usual fifties in a package."

"I—I'll have to get some from the vault, Mr. Manetti."

Manetti grinned. "Rub it for luck, Mr. Piper. One of those Wall Street typhoons is sitting in tonight. A real big shot. I'll double my lettuce before I quit and let the gamblers fight it out."

Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't double it, Mr. Piper thought in the vault. If he did, maybe fifty thousand would be enough to get Manetti followed home. Manetti could be dead or broke—or both—before morning. But before either happened, Manetti would be at home with ten thousand more in cash than Mr. Piper had planned to go into action for.

Mr. Piper knew that if his play was to go on stage at all, this was curtain time.

At precisely six o'clock that evening Mr. Piper's cotton-gloved finger pressed the buzzer button to Manetti's apartment.

Presently Manetti's voice spoke sleepily from the foyer speaker. "Yeah? Whossit?"

"Piper. You know, Piper at the bank. I hate to bother you, but I've got to see you for a moment."

"Huh? Piper? Bank? Oh, yeah! Hey, what's up?"

"I think I overpaid you this afternoon. Can I please come up and verify? I mean, I'm short in my cash tally and the examiners are just about due. They could be in first thing Monday morning."

"Oh. Sure, Mr. Piper. Come on up. I'll push the door button."

Mr. Piper removed the cotton gloves as he walked along the corridor from the self-operated elevator. TV sounds came from the doors he passed—shots, shouts and loud voices. The Western programs were on the air. It was an assist Mr. Piper had not counted on.

Manetti was waiting at the door to his apartment. He was in pajama trousers and a tee shirt. For a moment Mr. Piper knew dismay. Would a tiny bullet destroy that powerful body? Quickly enough, that is, so there would be no final struggle?

"Come on in, Mr. Piper!" Manetti said cordially and loudly.

"Please, Mr. Manetti!" Mr. Piper pleaded, moving quickly into the apartment. "Not so loud! I mean, you know how it is with the bank. I shouldn't be here at all."

"Huh? Oh, yeah." Manetti laughed as he closed the door. "You got this Mrs. Grumpy watching all the time. You know Mr. Piper, you got a dog's life."

Mr. Piper smiled. "It has its advantages, Mr. Manetti. A dog is allowed one bite."

Manetti placed a powerful arm around Mr. Piper's soft shoulders. "Well, don't waste that bite on me, Mr. Piper." he said genially. "I didn't mean anything. Now, what's this about you being short?"

"Well, I must have put one too many thousand-dollar packets in the package I gave you. I counted it out very quickly. I mean, that's what I'm short in my cash tally."

"Well, now, that's easy, Mr. Piper. We'll just count the packets and see."

No one saw Mr. Piper leave. He left Manetti dead with two bullets through his upper spine. There had been hardly any sound; only a grunt of surprise when Mr. Piper had pressed the little pistol hard into Manetti's back, then two muffled reports that blended in with the TV sounds. Mr. Piper had put on the cotton gloves and left no fingerprints.

Back in his apartment Mr. Piper put the pistol and the brown-paper package of money in his dresser drawer. He didn't bother to count the money. He knew it was all there. He needed a drink. A stiff one. He poured it and collapsed in his favorite chair. It had been something of an ordeal. His nerves needed steadying. He needed for the while not to think. He needed to drink himself quietly into oblivion—to forget the horribly quiet way Manetti had sagged to the floor.

Mr. Piper awakened the next morning sprawled across his bed, still fully dressed. His head ached horribly and he had no recollection of when he had come to bed. He remained perfectly still, combating a raw, inner emptiness and a nightmarish apprehension of having passed some sort of a point of no return. Then memory flooded back.

For a while longer Mr. Piper remained motionless on the bed, intuitively shrinking from facing both physical distress and an assessment of his situation at the same time. Finally, having rerun the film of memory several times, Mr. Piper stumbled to his feet. He went to his dresser. The money and the pistol were there in the drawer. The ball had indeed bounced.

A shower. He needed a shower—and a shave. He needed food. He needed a drink. Mr. Piper shuddered. No, not a drink! He needed to clear his head. Until he could do that he needed once more not to think.

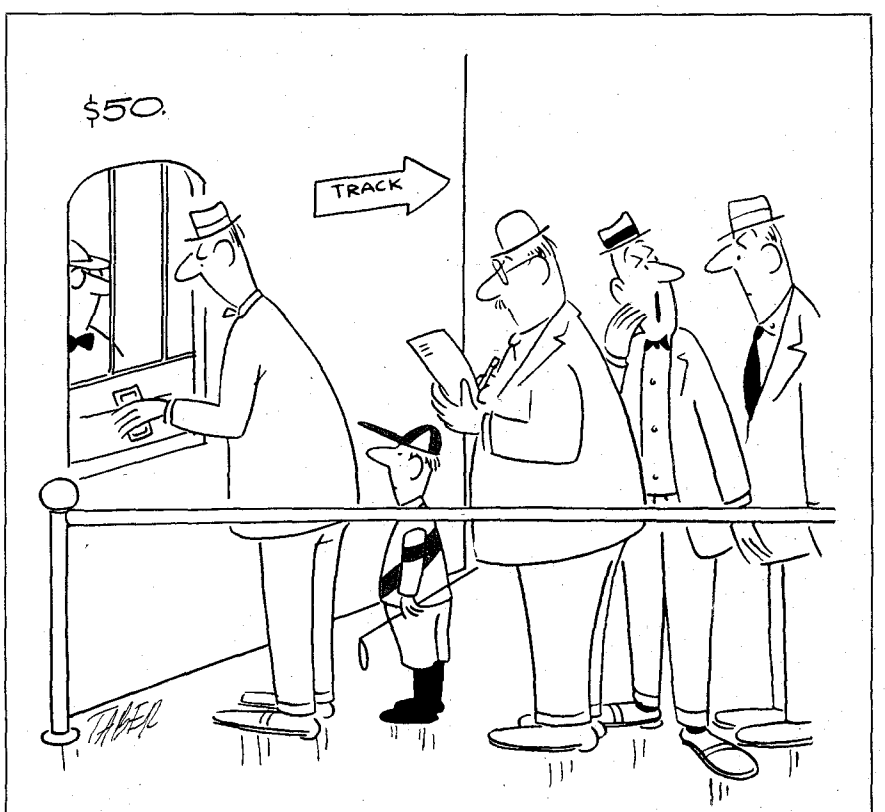
Restored once more to a state of convalescence, Mr. Piper sat down in his favorite chair and endeavored to estimate his situation calmly. Nowhere could he recall anything going in the least amiss. Manetti had died quite easily when he had turned his back to Mr. Piper; so easily that Mr. Piper knew he would soon be able to put the scene quite out of mind. He had only to take a ferryboat ride to New Jersey and drop the pistol in a paper bag off the stern into the middle of the river. Monday morning he would put the money in his cash tray. He was in! In with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar nest egg to keep life beautiful!

Mr. Piper got up and made himself a Bloody Mary. He drank a silent toast to the success of his plan and the manner in which he had carried it out.

Manetti's death was reported in the Sunday paper. It was only a short item on an inner page. George Manetti, a known card player, had been found shot in his apartment the previous evening. A cocker spaniel, being taken out for a walk, had sniffed and fussed at the door to Manetti's apartment. The spaniel's owner had called the superintendent, who had opened the apartment. The police said there was evidence of murder for robbery.

Mr. Piper read the item carefully. So they had found a checkbook showing Friday's withdrawal and, of course, not the money. Mr. Piper shrugged. This he had anticipated. All it meant was that the police would come to the bank to verify the withdrawal. He, Mr. Piper, had nothing to hide. That was the beauty of it all. He could tell the truth, almost the whole truth, and scarcely anything but the truth.

Mr. Piper turned to the sporting section of the paper. The thing to do was to get back into his normal routine. There was a double-header that afternoon. A very good double-header too. And that evening, he mused, perhaps Fern would be free. Mr. Piper chuckled. He was indeed a man of many parts.



"It looks like a sure thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No one at the bank, it seemed, had noted the item about Manetti in the Sunday paper. Mr. Piper had not the slightest difficulty in caching the money with the rest that was in his cash trays Monday morning.

Detective Sergeant Henderson arrived as the doors opened for the day's business. A few minutes later Mr. Piper was summoned to the branch manager's office. The manager, Mr. Farnsworth, was young, Ivy League, and hoping for an early vice-presidency. In college he had been known as Duke—a title bestowed in recognition of suave competence. He did not rise from behind his desk when Mr. Piper entered. He had the slightly dazed look of a sea captain whose first command had just stove in her bow on a submerged derelict. He waved to a burly man seated in the chair beside his desk.

"Piper, this is Sergeant Henderson. Police. It—it seems that one of our depositors has been murdered!"

Sergeant Henderson did not rise. He acknowledged Mr. Piper with a nod. If there was a crucial moment, Mr. Piper thought, this would be it. He could tell nothing from Henderson's expressionless features. He felt the palms of his hands become slightly moist. He forced himself to return the policeman's steady gaze for a moment, then turned to Mr. Farnsworth. The truth, he reminded himself, only one small lie, and he was safe.

"Yes, sir. I read it in the paper yesterday. The name stood out because Manetti always came to my station. I was just about to come in and tell you about it when you sent for me."

"What we found," Sergeant Henderson said, "was a checkbook of this bank. The last stub showed a check to cash for twenty-five thousand. The money wasn't in the apartment."

Mr. Piper nodded. "Yes, sir. He cashed a check for that amount Friday afternoon. I gave it to him in fifties. There is only a hundred or so left in the account."

"Do you have the serial numbers?"

"No, sir. I mean, Mr. Manetti made frequent deposits and withdrawals. Besides, he preferred used bills. We put those up in packets of five hundred and a thousand dollars, but we don't note serial numbers ordinarily."

Sergeant Henderson sighed. "Well, at least we can establish that he left here Friday afternoon with twenty-five thousand on him." He looked at Mr. Piper "And right now you're the only one we know who knew he had it."

This was it! Mr. Piper stiffened with a show of indignation. "Well! I could hardly be expected not to know, could I? I also know of several other depositors who left the bank with considerable amounts in cash!"

Sergeant Henderson raised a large, placating hand. "O.K., O.K. Don't get sore. A cop has to collect facts. For instance, where were you Friday night, say, between five P.M. and ten?"

"In my apartment, reading a book!" Mr. Piper snapped.

"Now, just a minute!" Farnsworth cut in. "Piper here has been with this bank for more than thirty years! He has an impeccable record! He'll retire on a good pension. Of course he knew this man had that money. And why shouldn't he be home reading a book? And if you are, by the slightest chance, suggesting Piper might have done this, would he have left that checkbook there to lead you here? Besides, you said Manetti was a gambler. You have a world of more likely suspects!"

Mr. Piper exulted inwardly that Mr. Farnsworth should point out all these things to Henderson.

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Sergeant Henderson grinned. "Don't get excited, Mr. Farnsworth. Nobody over at Manetti's place saw anything, nobody heard anything, and nobody left any fingerprints that hadn't ought to be there. Ballistics probably won't be able to trace the weapon. On the face of it, Mr. Piper could have done it as easy as anyone else. Only he didn't. Nobody that's been a bank teller over thirty years has got it left in him to leave himself so wide open. We'll just go about it the usual way—pass the word around and wait until somebody begins flashing fifty-dollar bills." Henderson stood up. He nodded to Mr. Piper. "Well, thanks for the information—and I didn't mean to get you shook up."

"Don't mention it!" Mr. Piper said. "After this I'll be sure to have a witness ready to testify that I'm behaving myself."

"That's when I'll be looking twice at you, Mr. Piper."

Mr. Farnsworth said, "Uh—would it be possible not to publicize the bank in this? I'm sure there will be some way we can show our appreciation."

"There wouldn't be any way you could do that, Mr. Farnsworth," Henderson replied coolly. "If we could keep the bank's name out of it we would. But when we catch the guy, we'll have to establish that Manetti had the money—and that brings you people into it. So long."

And that was that, Mr. Piper thought jubilantly. The police would putter around among Manetti's associates until they got tired of it and wrote the case off as not important enough to waste any more money or effort on.

Mr. Piper turned to find Mr. Farnsworth glaring at him across his wide desk. "This is bad, Piper," he said. "Very bad. It is going to be bad for us to have accepted an account from such a fellow."

Mr. Piper couldn't have cared less. He said, "But it was a good account, Mr. Farnsworth."

"Not that good, Piper! Not that good at all! And suppose that detective reports that I tried to bribe him?"

"He won't," Mr. Piper said reassuringly. Mr. Piper was inwardly amused. Mr. Farnsworth was more perturbed over the superficialities than he, Mr. Piper, was concerned over the deed itself. He went on, "They may never catch anyone. In that case if we just keep quiet no one need know anything about it."

"Don't be an ass, Piper! You know perfectly well I've got to report this downtown—and then try to explain why we accepted this account!" Mr. Farnsworth groaned. "This will fix my chances but good!"

"Oh, come, Mr. Farnsworth! I'm sure you're making a mountain out of a molehill."

Mr. Farnsworth glowered. "You think so? You think they select vice presidents from among branch managers whose depositors get murdered? Even the way we carried him will make it worse—greengoods broker!"

Mr. Piper felt it was time to soothe Mr. Farnsworth and get back to a normal routine. "But you could hardly be expected to know what kind of green goods, Mr. Farnsworth. They'll understand."

"They'll understand nothing!" Mr. Farnsworth rasped. "They'll understand only that I didn't know who I was doing business with!" Mr. Farnsworth's eyes narrowed. "You said he always came to your station. Do you mean to tell me that there was nothing about this account to give you an inkling about Manetti? To support the suspicion you should have had when he preferred used fifties?"

Mr. Piper thought rapidly. The branch manager could check records and learn the pattern of Manetti's withdrawals and deposits. In his present frame of mind he would leap to the conclusion that only an utter fool would not have identified Manetti as an unusual type of depositor, one whose account should at least have been brought to the attention of the branch manager. For over thirty years Mr. Piper had a record of astuteness and meticulous regard for the bank's interests.

"Piper! I asked you a question! I want an answer!"

Mr. Piper assumed a slightly hurt expression. "Perhaps I did have intimations, Mr. Farnsworth. Perhaps Manetti did say things now and then that may have made me slightly suspicious. But it was a good and growing account on the books. It was helping the branch standing. That was good for you, Mr. Farnsworth. Naturally you would have had to close it out if you had personally suspected anything. If I did wrong in keeping my suspicions to myself I did so with the best of intentions."

Mr. Farnsworth was not impressed. He snapped, "You know what the road to hell is paved with, don't you?"

Mr. Piper was becoming annoyed. There wasn't a thing this whippersnapper could do to him. It was time he was told. "I think, Mr. Farnsworth," he said quietly, "that you are exceeding good taste and your authority. I have had over thirty years service with the New Amsterdam Trust Company. You just stated it was an impeccable record. I have never been reprimanded. If a reprimand is called for in this case I will be ready to accept it from those who have known me much longer than you have."

Let young Farnsworth chew on that! Mr. Piper thought.

Young Farnsworth regarded Mr. Piper with fury in his eyes. "What it boils down to," he said, "is that you did not report an account about which you were suspicious. Now you're standing on your record and claiming the right to one mistake, eh?" Mr. Farnsworth leaned across his desk and waggled a long finger at Mr. Piper. "Well, I've got news for you! I've got absolutely nothing to lose and perhaps a great deal to gain by taking decisive action, now that I've found out about the Manetti account! You, Piper, are fired!"

"You can't make it stick!" Mr. Piper retorted, not fully understanding yet what being fired could mean to him. "My record ——"

"Blast your record!" Mr. Farnsworth raged. "Maybe you didn't blast Manetti, but you've certainly blasted me! Can't make it stick, eh? Well, we'll see!" He reached for the telephone on his desk. He glared coldly at Mr. Piper as he said, "Give me Martinson. . . . Hello? Martinson? As of this minute you are head teller. Go tally out Piper's cash!"

... ...

Wind in the West

By S. Omar Barker

The wind at dawn was a
lonely bird,
Tonight a phantom
mustang herd,
Black manes tossing wild
and high,
Dusting the stars of a
desert sky.

Tomorrow the wind will
be—who knows?—
A great gray wolf? Or a
clown who goes
Teasing the somnolent
afternoon
With the ribald whirl of
his rigadoon?

The First Affair (Continued from Page 35)

example, this F-Minor Sonata. Ask yourself, 'Are my hands making only loudness when my soul should be making a storm? Will I fool anybody with quick fingers if my brain is elsewhere? Does tenderness come from soft notes and a slow tempo, or from the heart?"

"Yes, pa-pa."

"And on the way back, remind yourself that tomorrow night, on that platform, there will be no hands at all. Only you—you and a piano, not separate, but together—one. And not alone. Beethoven will be there, too; and Mozart, and Schubert, and Schumann. And all the rest is an audience. It has been waiting for you a year—ever since we stepped off the boat. Your first American audience, hungry, thirsty. The most demanding audience in the world, but the most grateful. For music, not tooth paste."

"Yes, pa-pa," Mady said. Then she went into her room, shut the door and stood very still.

It was not the first time she had thought of running away. She had thought of it hundreds of little times and nine big times. The nine big times happened before each of her nine big recitals. Always, a few days before the recital—even that first one, in Zurich, when she was five years old—she had been all but possessed by a wildly desperate impulse to open the door, walk out and disappear. The little times happened in between. Maybe on a day when she was unusually tired after practicing the regular nine hours. Or a day when pa-pa was in bad humor, and she would be reminded bitterly that he was never satisfied with her playing.

As I say, it was not the first time. In fact, she had had it in mind all week, ever since the heat wave began and she had read the advertisement about Beachtown in the Travel and Resorts section of last Sunday's paper. And now she did it. She pulled the small canvas bag down from the high closet shelf and packed it quickly, having long known that she would take almost nothing with her and would make her plans as she went along and be magnificently unsystematic and free for the rest of her life. She checked the money in her purse—a few dollars in change. From underneath a stack of tattered music sheets on the closet floor she took an envelope containing fifty dollars in bills, her lifetime savings.

Then she remembered the ad. She found it in the drawer of her table. Under a lovely picture of a beach with handsome girls and men romping in the surf, it said:

WHY SWELTER IN TOWN? BE 15 GUARANTEED DEGREES COOLER—ONLY 2 HOURS AWAY! COME AND MEET FRIENDLY PEOPLE IN THE FRIENDLY OCEAN AT FRIENDLY OCEAN MOTEL IN BEACHTOWN, LONG ISLAND!

She stuffed the ad into her purse. Bag in hand, she slipped out of the apartment and kept going until nine-thirty, when the train stopped at Beachtown.

She arrived at the Friendly Ocean Motel, where it was blessedly cool, just as the ad had promised. She tipped the taxi driver a dollar, registered as "Mary Schmidt, New York"; then tipped the puzzled motel manager two dollars, saying, "You need not accompany me, please. The bag is light, thank you." She stayed in her room just long enough to take the money from her purse, and a handkerchief, and button them into a pocket of her jumper dress. Then, in no time at all, she was on the long, wide, empty beach, cardigan over her shoulders, shoes and socks in her hand, scudding bare-legged into and out of surf foaming white under a three-quarter moon, the sea wind beating against her scant clothes, utterly alone with the beauty and terror of her freedom, going on and on until she heard the dance music from afar, above the dunes.

And now she was behind the high hedge, spellbound, watching the couples beyond the two big open windows—the boys in their rented white coats, the girls filmy in pastel colors—memorizing every move of the solemn-faced dancers, every tune and harmony of the rock-and-roll numbers and the slow fox trots and waltzes, every chance remark caught by the night air; preserving in her mind forever the last hour of the Senior Ball of Beachtown High.

Too soon the orchestra was playing Good Night, Sweetheart. It was not a good orchestra, very little talent in any of the four pieces, but Mady, who ordinarily would have shuddered at mediocrity, was loving it all, and there were tears in her eyes when it was over. Sad and insatiable, she watched the two streams of girls and boys—one coming out the back door set between the windows, the other down the sloping alley from the front. They were no longer deadpan, as in the dance ritual, but laughing and humming and calling to one another. Car doors slammed, motors coughed and snorted, headlights blazed, backed and disappeared.

With a flick, the arcs over the deserted parking lot blinked out, and with another flick the two great windows went dark, and now Mady, feeling the cold in her bare feet, put on her socks and shoes, but there was nowhere she wanted to go. So, next thing she knew, she was trying the knob of the back door. It was open, and there she was in the school gym, its character barely visible in the windowed moonlight. The grand piano was so near that she almost fell over it.

She paused at the piano, a hand resting on the keys, while she looked around in the silver-and-black darkness at the balcony that lined the three other walls, at the streamers, the painted panels, the Chinese lanterns. She sat down, hungry to relive every tune and harmony and rhythm she had heard, to play the evening over again for herself. She skimmed the keys. The piano was in tune, and she liked its tone, even with the top down. Then she worked into the keyboard softly with her stiff, cold fingers, doing all sorts of movements from one end of the piano to the other so that her wrists would become flexible and her finger tips alive, and she wasn't aware (*Continued on Page 83*)

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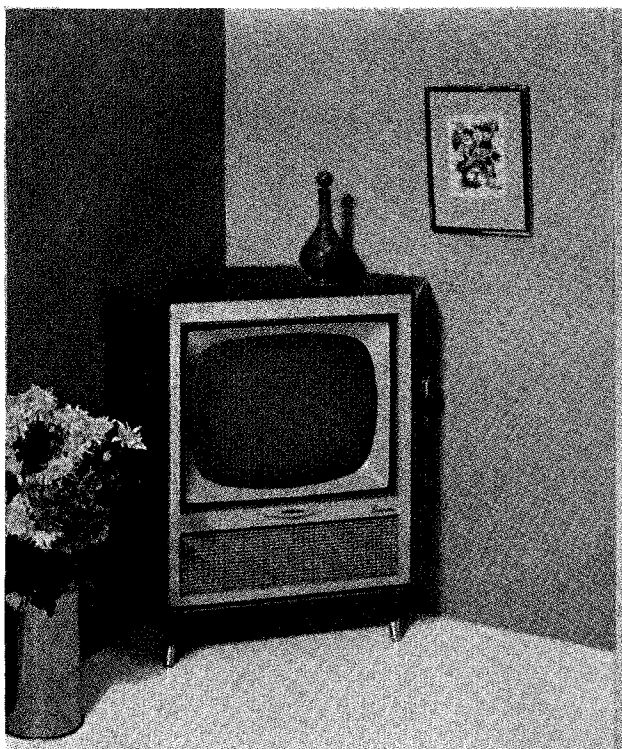
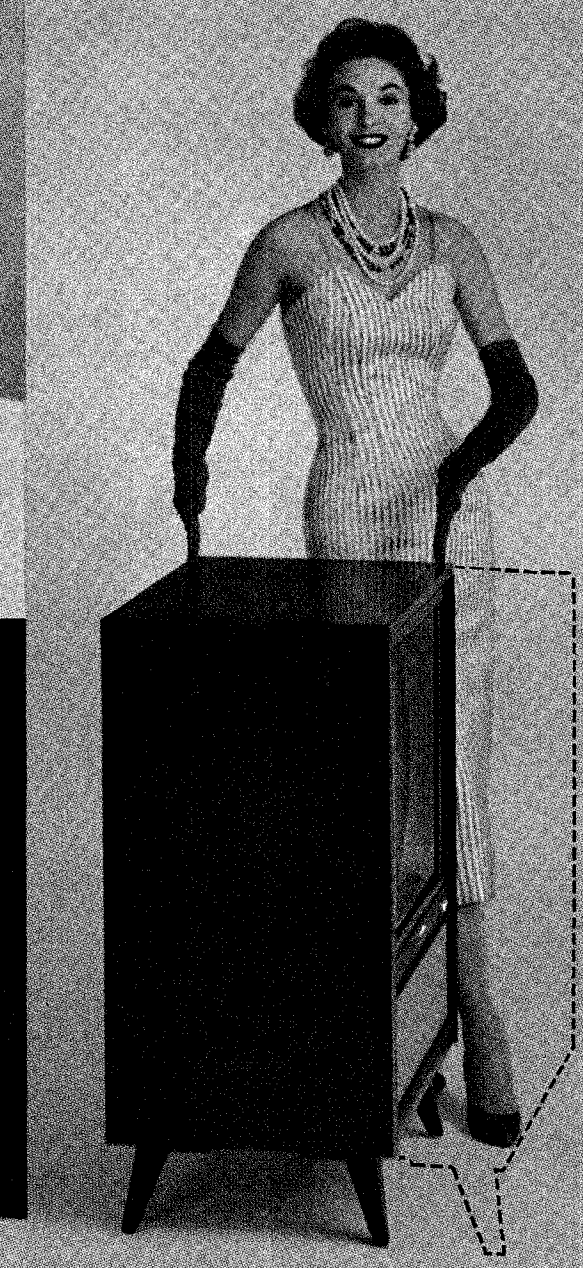


"Custom-Corner" TV. Malvern. Gives room-wide viewing, 262 square inch viewable picture. In walnut grained finish with blond face (21T847) $289.95.



Trim table TV. Holme Deluxe. Bigger picture in a smaller cabinet, 262 square inch viewable picture. In ebony finish (21D828) $219.95.

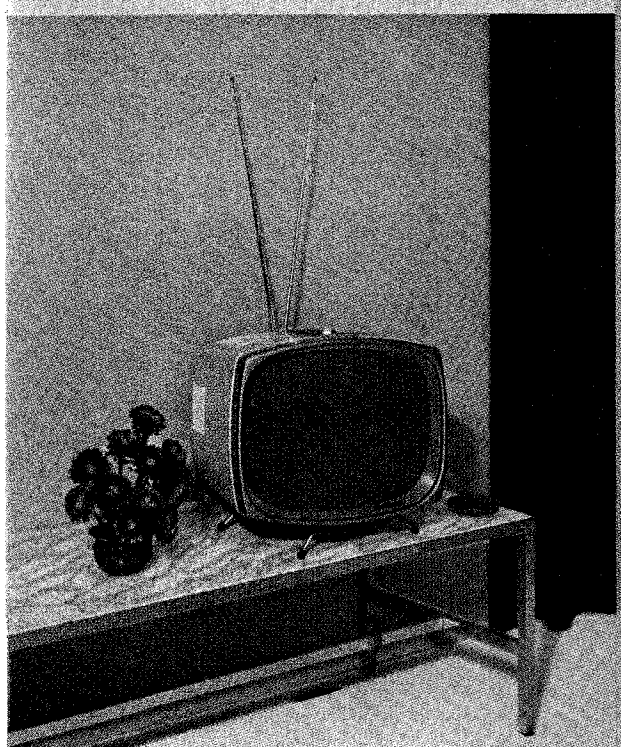
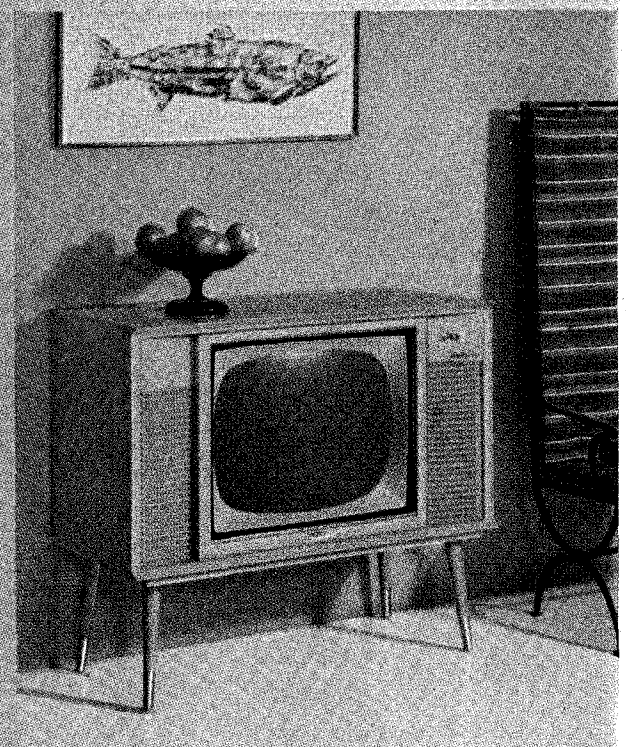


Table TV that swivels. Blaine Deluxe. Touch-turn convenience, 156 square inch viewable picture. In limed oak grained finish (17D818) $189.95.

Fits close to wall—saves up to 9½ inches.

Longport. Dramatically slender, clean-lined console, 262 square inch viewable picture. In mahogany grained finish (21T842) $299.95.



Lean, clean lowboy. Fairhaven Deluxe. Luxurious modern cabinetry, 262 square inch viewable picture. In limed oak grained finish (21D856) $349.50.

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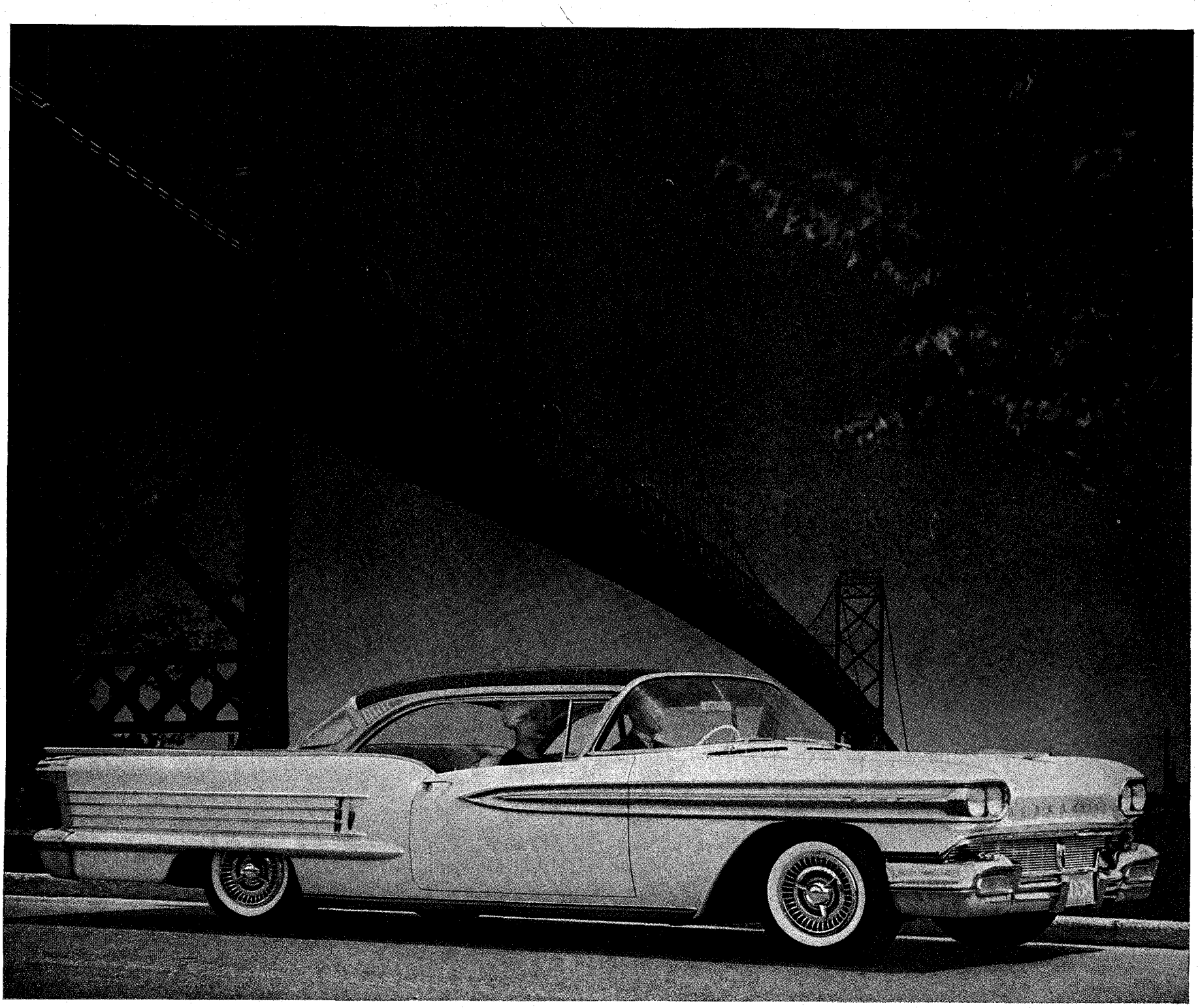

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FORWARD FROM FIFTY . . . INTO THE ROCKET AGE

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(*Continued from Page 80*) of the boy coming in through the back door until his white jacket loomed up beside her.

"Don't stop," he said quickly, before she could get frightened. "Gosh, you certainly can tickle those ivories." He moved over to the curve in the piano, and she could see him better, a tall boy with a large, open, guileless face. "What you playing?"

"Oh, I am only warming my fingers. Just going up and down."

"Sounds real tricky, no kidding."

She saw that it was a compliment and smiled at him and said, "Thank you," looking with open interest at the first boy in her new life.

He said, "I dropped in to search for an earring. I have a flash and all." He showed the flashlight in his hand. "It belongs to my girl friend. I mean the earring. She lost it while dancing or something. Maybe sitting down. She had two, but she lost one. I mean I don't want you to think I'm a night prowler or one of those unbalanced maniacs you read about."

"Oh, I don't!" Mady assured him. "And *I* am not also."

The boy stared at her, then smiled. "That's a pretty humorous remark," he said. Then gaining assurance, he said, "I take it for granted you're here for the weekend or something along that line."

"Yes, you are right."

"I'll make a guess that you came with at least one parent or maybe a married sister."

"Oh, you are a good guesser!" Mady said with real gratitude. "And we are not long in America. My sister's husband, he is a steamship captain, and I travel with them because I am an orphan. So tonight, when my sister and husband were in the motel asleep, I took a walk and listened outside to your dance. I liked so much the music, and I have a good memory, so I came in and ——"

"Can you play I'm Gonna Sit Right Down? It goes like this."

He started humming, and she interrupted after the first phrase, "Oh, yes!"

"Let's hear it."

"But the earring of your girl friend—she must be waiting."

"Not her," the boy said, rolling the flashlight along the floor until it hit the wall. "She's asleep in bed by now. All she wants to know is I'm here looking for it. I mean, you're sitting in a car saying good night after an affair like the Senior Ball, what's an hour more or less? Nobody's going to sneak over and steal that earring. I mean, it's no rajah's priceless gem, believe me. But that's the type she is. She's shallow, on my word of honor."

"Oh," Mady said, fascinated. "You had a quarrel?"

"Want to know the truth? It was mutual. I mean it's beyond earrings. Our relationship is at the boring stage."

"Relationship—what is that?"

"Say, how old are you, anyway?"

"Sixteen."

"Well, you ought to know. I mean you're either going steady or it's nothing. Well, if you're going steady, pretty soon it becomes a relationship. I mean you get acquainted, and then there's nothing to talk about, is what I mean. I'm probably pretty shallow myself. Seventeen years and nothing to show for it except a lousy high-school diploma—if I get it."

"What is your name?"

"Vernon. What's yours?"

"Mary."

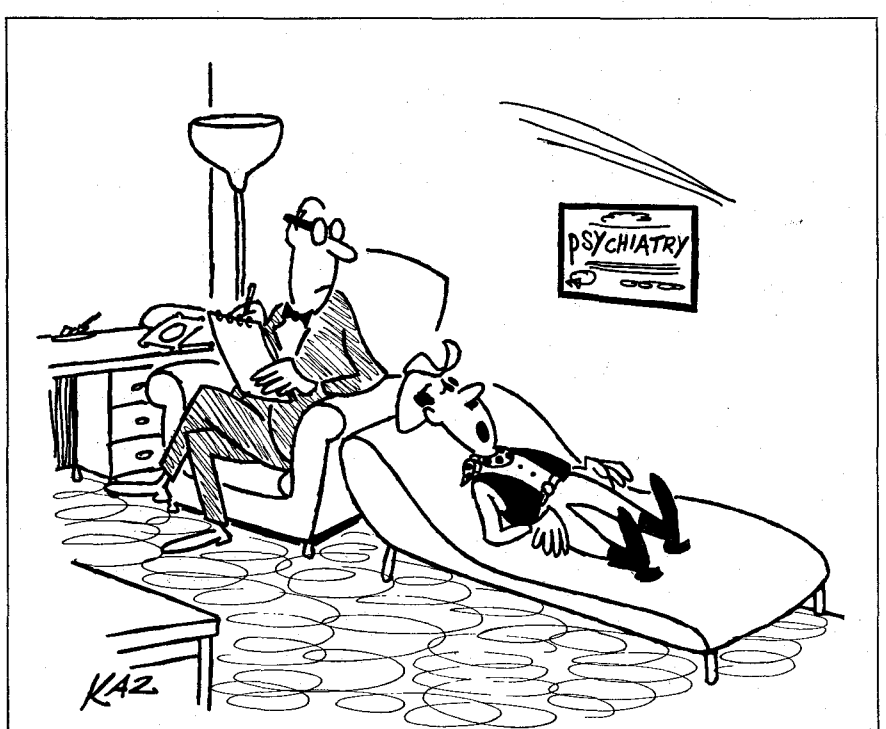
"You going to play, Mary?"

"Oh, yes! Yes—Vernon!"

She gave him a quick smile; then bent over the piano, hands poised lovingly. Her cardigan slipped from her shoulders to the floor, and he came around, picked it up, and sat beside her on the bench. He watched as her long fingers stroked the keys, feeling their way into the piece, first the drumming bass chords for rhythm, then a brilliantly accurate evocation of the melody, and then the jolting rambunctious totality that she made of I'm Gonna Sit Right Down. Without looking, she felt his swaying, entranced response, and she gave back tenfold, making new forays on the tune, possessing and repossessing it, tantalizing its rhythms without betraying the beat; and again she didn't hear the door open, nor did she know that the boy Vernon had gone until he slid back on the bench and, out of the shadows, dancing, came two white coats and two fluffy dresses.

Her hands faltered, but did not stop, and the two couples, now dancing beside the piano, didn't miss a step as Vernon named their names, Jane and Audrey and Bill and Stan.

He said in a very respectful manner, "They were passing by and they heard the music. So I told them about you and the captain of the steamship and all. I mean, they wanted to dance, and I said I didn't think you'd mind."



"I'm from Texas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mind? She answered by rocking and rolling them into another remembered tune, and now, following them with her eyes, she outdid herself, converting every shading of seen pattern into its musical counterpart—each sway and swerve and pivot and tilt, and the Spanish-gypsy-like elegance of the crackling, snapping pauses.

When she finished, the filmy dresses and the white coats rushed to her and gave tribute. How lucky they were, the girls babbled; they had been in Stan's car, enjoying a view of the sea, and they were just on their way to the jukebox café for another hour of dancing, but this had it over any jukebox. Honestly, said the girls; no kidding. And the boys muttered fervent agreement, saying it was the coolest and the most, and that *they'd* say. And the girls asked eagerly if she would play some more.

"Oh, yes!" Mady said. "I will play all night, if you want."

The boys said how's for a slow fox trot, and Mady, about to bend again over the piano, glanced at Vernon, who had not moved or uttered a word. His face was in the shadow, and she twisted her head to see his expression.

She said softly, "And you, Vernon—did you like the music, yes?"

He turned slowly and looked at her. He tried twice to talk and failed. Then he said, "I ——" Then he said, "Uh-huh." Then he looked away.

Mady's heart skipped a beat. A boy was in love with her!

Her hands fell on the keyboard, breaking into gaily romantic clusters of chords, and she wove drolleries into the slow fox trot, for she was simmering with laughter at the beautifully ridiculous idea that somebody loved her. The idea enraptured her, so that the smitten boy himself was forgotten, a blur at her side, while she sailed on into a waltz, laced it with languishing naughtiness and then mocked it with dissonant outbursts, as a young girl on a hayride, embraced, might break into an arpeggio of giggles from sheer intolerable bliss. Then, with more rock-and-roll, more of every number she had heard that evening, throwing in a few other numbers that came to her from the nowhere, perhaps from a radio in some unknown neighbor's apartment, she kept soaring on the wings of her uproariously comic idea, playing without pause.

She was only dimly aware of other things going on. The night watchman, for instance, who appeared suddenly in the far front door, brandishing a flashlight, and as suddenly disappeared, immobilized by Stan, who probably bribed him. And the five more couples. They had reveled in the jukebox place until it closed, and on their way home they, like the first two couples, had been halted by the unwonted sounds emerging from the dark high-school building. Somebody—not the love-anchored Vernon this time—must have explained, and welcomed them to join the party, for there they were, making it seven white coats and seven filmy dresses on the floor.

And now it was over, for Mady came in orderly memory to the last tune she had heard, Good Night, Sweetheart. Without knowing the title or the words, she knew its meaning, and she played it first lyrically, with the sadness of farewell, and then, because of the laughter in her, she whipped into it again, manhandling it with a thumping, stamping beat, shredding it with scurrilous harmonies, finishing high, wild and handsome.

They swarmed upon her. Vernon muttered introductions. They told her, no kidding, that it was out of this world, and gosh, a (*Continued on Page 85*)

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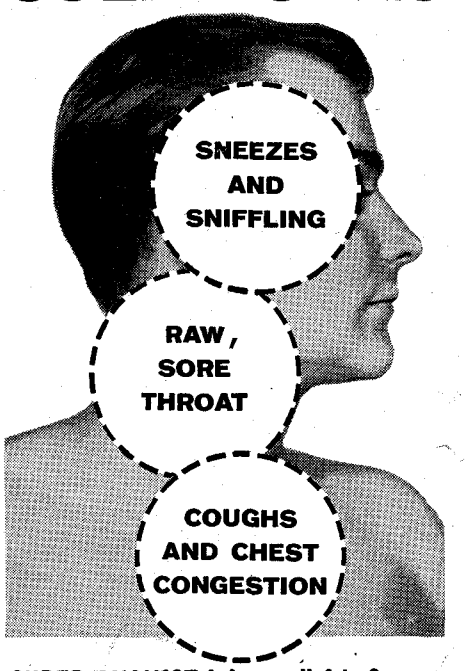

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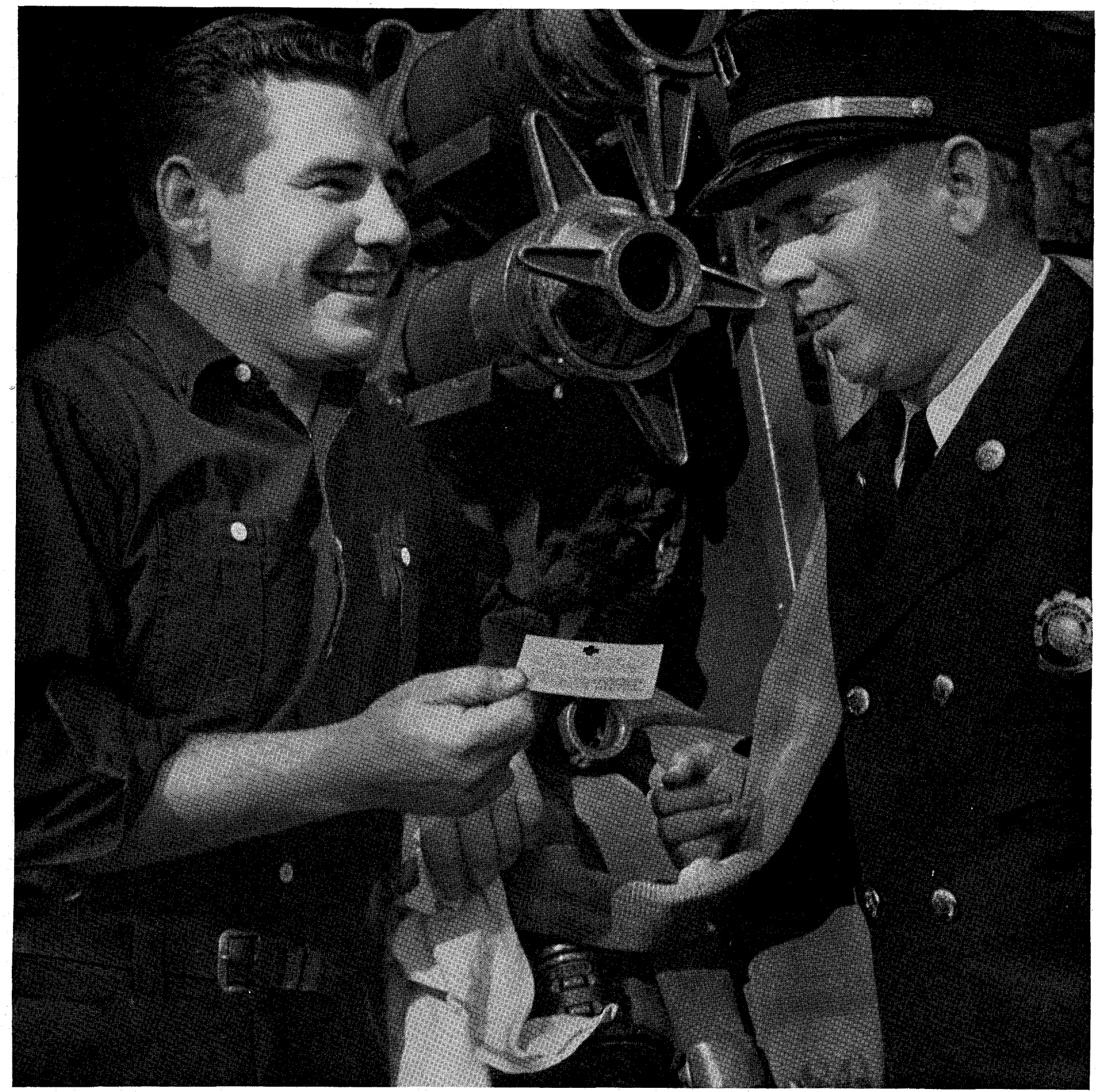

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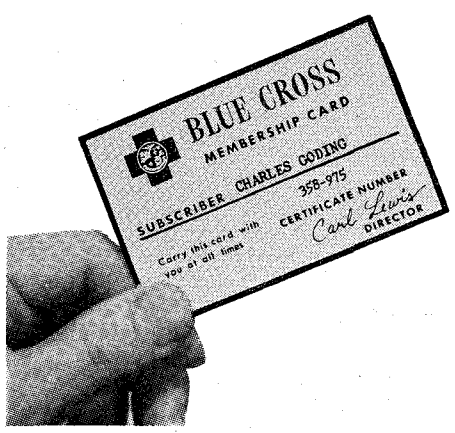

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(*Continued from Page 83*) girl asked her, where did she learn to play like that? And a boy said not to be corny, that that stuff is born in you. And another girl said she bet that any one of the big resorts would be glad to give Mary a job playing dinner dances, and another boy, asking the girl how dumb could she get, offered to bet that Mary already had made records with some big-name band. And then they were asking where she was staying and for how long, and what was her last name, and could she play classical as smooth as she played pop, but before Mady could think of an answer, somebody else said gee, would they look at the length of those hands, and it zigzagged like that until a girl cried, "What do you know—it's after three!"

Mady watched with moist eyes as the last white coat and the last filmy dress disappeared and the door swung shut after them. Then she turned to Vernon, and there, on a piano bench alongside a piano, occurred her first kiss. The moon, lower now, beamed in horizontally; she could see Vernon's face; his tightly closed eyes gave him a reverent expression which revived the hilarity in her. Not daring to laugh, she broke gently from his embrace.

"Those noisy cars," she said, jumping up. "Let us see them as they go, one by one. And then, if you like, I play some more—only for you, yes?"

She darted to the window just in time to wave at the first car as it swung out. Then Vernon came up and, without a word, drew her from the window into the shadows. This time she, too, shut her eyes. The preposterousness was gone, leaving only the wonder. This, not the other, was her first kiss. It was Chopin, Schubert, Schumann.

When finally she stirred out of his arms, there were no sounds from the parking lot, and Mady, looking, cried, "All gone! Only one empty car is left." She turned to Vernon, who had joined her and was staring broodingly at the ivory-and-chrome convertible with its top down, which stood gleamingly alone in the parking lot. "It is yours, yes?"

Vernon said, "It's brand new. Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes. It is so chic!"

"There's only a hundred and fifty miles on it. It was just delivered this afternoon. I mean it's my graduation present." He took her in his arms and said, still broodingly, "Look—all kidding aside—do you really like the car?"

"How could anybody not like it?"

"O.K. Because I've got an idea. Quite an idea."

"Yes, Vernon?"

"First I want to ask you ——" He paused, overcome by the earnestly listening face, and he kissed her a few more times, long enough for the declining moon to fall beyond and below the window, changing the silver light in the gym to gray and the gray shadows to black.

"Now," he said, after the kiss, "regarding this idea that crossed my mind."

"Yes, dear Vernon?"

"Well, first I want to know —— Look, let's be adult about this. I mean kissing is one thing, and liking a person is a different department, if we have to be frank. So what I want to know—and strictly on the level, *entre nous*—I mean don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, because I'm rugged. What I want to know is: Do you honestly like me as much as I like you? That's all. It's that simple."

"Well, it is not—that is not a simple question, Vernon. You ——"

"Skip it. I'm serious. I want a yes or a no."

"Why—yes. Of course! Oh, yes, I do!"

"Fine. O.K. Now you've already stated that you like the car. Correct?"

"Correct!"

"So far, so good. I take it for granted that you know about the first thousand miles, of course. I mean a new car isn't broken in until that old speedometer says one thousand. That's true in Europe, Africa, anywhere anybody comes from. Right?"

"Er—right!"

"And there's nothing sweeter than that first thousand miles, handling a beautiful thing like that—I mean everything has to be done just so. You can imagine it all, can't you?"

"Yes, yes!"

"O.K. Now we come to the idea which occurred to me. The way I get it, girls in the old country marry pretty young. I mean I take that for granted. So I was thinking, suppose you and I keep on getting acquainted along the same line as now. After all, if two persons have a lot in common, it doesn't take forever, should it?"

"N-no."

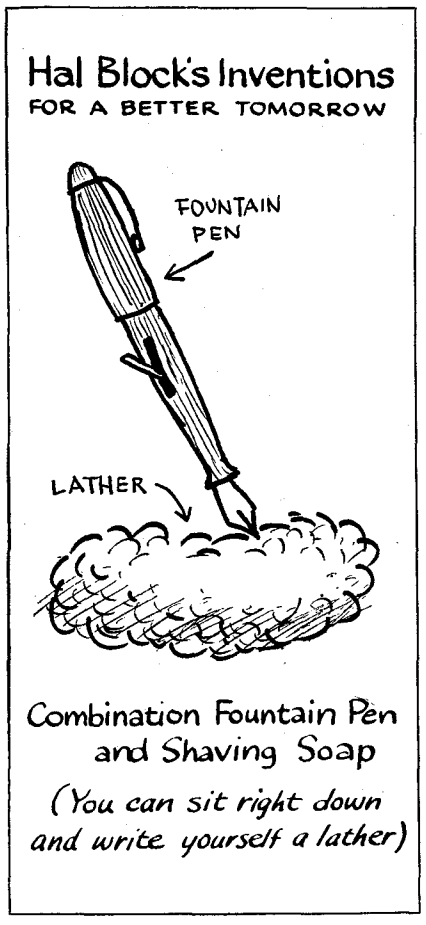
"O.K. Comes the dawn, as they say. We have breakfast overlooking the beach at Gurney Inn; then we drop around at the motel, I meet your sister and her husband, and we talk things over. I mean I'm not just a flash-in-the-pan, fly-by-night proposition. My father is pretty highly regarded in the building-and-contracting business, and—as for my family's angle, that's in the bag. I mean, dad is a college graduate himself, and my mother was a nurse; they're real modern in their psychology. I mean, anything I want, they're favorably inclined. So—it occurred to me it would be mighty neat, you and I in the car, putting on that eight hundred and fifty miles in the shape and form of a honeymoon. Do you follow my trend?"

"I—I think so."

"I'm just mentioning it as a thought that crossed my mind, that's all."

Mady's eyes, brilliant with excitement, were studying him, measuring him. She said, "It is a very interesting thought."

"Don't take it seriously unless you feel like it."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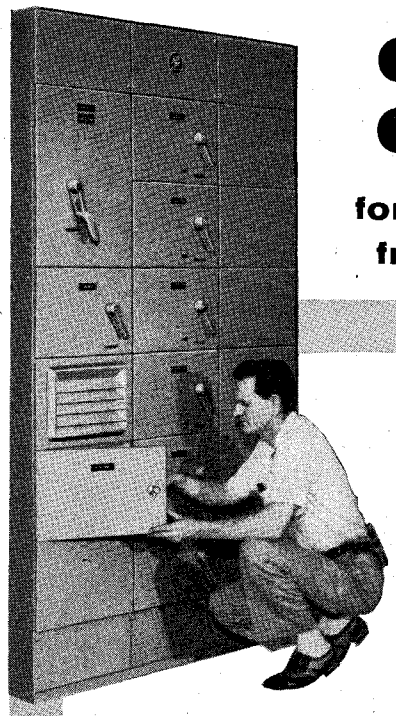

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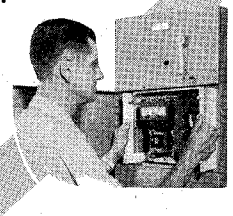

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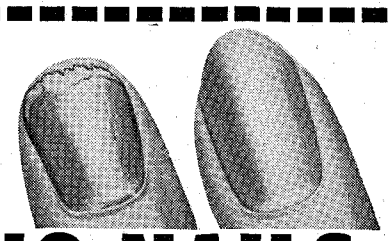

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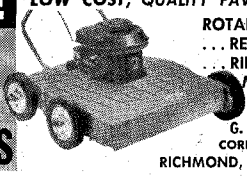

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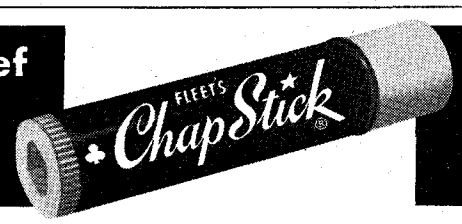

for all members of the family

"Oh, I feel like it," she said, with intensity.

"You do?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You mean—now don't confirm this unless you're sure—but if you're saying something along the line that you love me ——"

"Oh, yes. I love you, Vernon. I am feeling much more than love for you."

"You are?"

"I feel ——" He put his arms around her. "I feel so much. If I could only ——" She rested her head against his chest, eyes closed. "If I could only play it for you!"

"Oh, you don't have to," Vernon said, drawing her close.

She looked up. "Do you know the first movement of Beethoven's Appassionata?"

"Can't say that I do."

"That is how I feel! And the second movement—it is even more how I feel!" She was out of his arms. "I think maybe —— Yes, I shall play it. Would you like?"

"Well —— Aren't you tired?"

"Tired? Me? Tonight?"

The moon had set, but the early dawn of June, rising on the front side of the school, was reflected from the sky, and Mady could distinguish the two ends of the keyboard, which was enough. Vernon, sitting on the window sill, scarcely heard the Beethoven piece. The gaiety and depth, the nobility, spontaneousness and sheer musical excitement of the Appassionata made background music while he gazed out at his convertible and dreamed ineffable dreams.

But before Mady had completed the opening statement of the first movement, there were others to listen. They came on tiptoe through the front doors high at the far end of the balcony—the night watchman, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Schiffen, followed by the motel manager, and two Beachtown policemen, and several New York reporters and a photographer. They stopped on the balcony, and when Mr. Schiffen had listened a minute or two, he made violent gestures commanding everybody to sit and to be absolutely still. The gestures were unnecessary, for everybody had been still and remained very still until, after the third movement's surging tumult, came the final abrupt flourish of the end. Then they couldn't help themselves. Their hand-clapping sputtered from the balcony, and Mady, startled, looked around just in time to see her father clambering over the rail.

He was coming toward her, arms outstretched, crying, "Bravo!"

She rose from the piano bench, trembling. "Bravo!" he cried again, and she realized that it was indeed her father and that he truly was saying "Bravo!" to her, about herself. He kept coming, and a third time, louder, he shouted, "Bra-vo!" Mady sobbed and ran to meet him.

As she flung herself into his arms, the photographer, who had raced for position, caught it with a blue-white streak of strobe. The next minute Mady was embracing her mother, and the photographer shot that too. Then the lights went on in the gym, and pictures were being taken of everybody; and the reporters were asking the dazed Vernon all sorts of questions; and the motel manager, proudly swinging Mady's canvas bag in his hand, told again and again how he had had a hunch and notified the police, but on the other hand, shucks, it was all in a day's work.

After a while it was over, and everybody was hustling up the balcony stairs toward the front entrance—that is, everybody but Vernon. Mady, exhausted now, clinging to her mother and father, was still answering questions when they reached the sidewalk in the dawn. They took a last picture of Mady in the front seat of the hired car, Mr. Schiffen at the wheel and Mrs. Schiffen smiling from the back seat. Then one of them said, "How would you like to stay here?"

"Here?"

"And be a high-school girl, go to dances, have dates like other boys and girls?"

"You mean live here all the time, with those ——" She was about to say, "those *children?*" but she stopped herself out of politeness. And then she suddenly sat up.

"Vernon!" she cried.

"I think he went out the back way," the reporter said.

She flung open the door of the car, and nobody followed her as she raced to the sloping side alley and back down toward the parking place. The empty convertible was still there, long and low, reflecting the pink sky in its ivory surfaces. She rushed to the open back door and into the gym. The lights had been turned off again, and for a moment she saw no one in the luminous gray expanse. Then, moving toward her on the floor in the balcony's shadow, came the small pale circle of a flashlight.

"Vernon?"

The circle stopped and went dark, and she could see the white coat behind it. It was Vernon.

He mumbled, "I came back to look for that earring."

"Oh." Mady moved a step toward him. "I will help you!"

"Skip it. I'll buy her another pair." Suddenly he was going past her to the rear door, saying over his shoulder, "So long."

She caught up with him and walked beside him in silence to the convertible. She stood by as he got into it and started the motor. Then she reached to him, and he took his hands off the wheel and held her as closely as he could against the door's thickness, and she kissed him, delicately, with great wisdom and tenderness.

"So long, Vernon!"

She started to go; then paused and caressed the proud, swelling sweep of the front fender. "It is the most beautiful car in the world," she said.

She stepped back as Vernon, looking straight ahead, set the car in gear and moved away. She watched its gleaming perfection curving around last night's hedge into a side road, watched until its whiteness disappeared over the top of a hill, leaving nothing but the pink of sky and sea.

All the way home, in the front seat next to her father, she slept.

THE END

Keeping Up With the Youngsters

By Stephen Schlitzer

We give them vitamins and
stuff,
To make them active,
strong and tough
In facing all life's problems
and affairs;
Then take a few ourselves,
of course,
To counteract the strength
and force
And energy they get from
taking theirs.

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We Found the Lost City

(Continued from Page 41)

This difference of opinion may seem inconsequential to laymen, but to Holy Land scholars it is all-important. The possibility that I might unearth evidence at el-Jib to settle the prolonged argument was intriguing.

Hiring a cab in Jerusalem, I jounced out to make a firsthand inspection of el-Jib. It turned out to be a primitive village, perched on the north end of the mound, that was home to a thousand impoverished Arabs. Two miles from the uneasy Jordan-Israel armistice boundary, el-Jib had no electricity or plumbing. The town had two tiny stores, a café in which villagers sat drinking thick black coffee, a mosque with a minaret, two gun turrets, and perhaps two hundred drab stone-and-earth homes. The women carried water in jars or five-gallon tins, balanced on their heads, from a spring a quarter of a mile down the slope.

A Jordan legionnaire promptly challenged me on the ground that I had no business being there. He soon released me, and I tramped over the primitive little farms, looking for evidence that an ancient city might be buried underneath the plots of tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, prickly pears, figs, olives or grapes. The strange sight of a foreigner in pith helmet picking up bits of pottery was too much for a gang of small boys. They pelted me with stones. Since the atmosphere was hostile, I decided to check the other sites awaiting a digger. But all that summer I kept coming back to el-Jib, which rapidly became my first love. In the Holy Land, that is; my wife and daughters will have no part in my folly.

If el-Jib proved to be the actual site of ancient Gibeon, I knew I would hit the archaeological jack pot. The ancient Gibeonites were Canaanites, marked for extermination when the warrior Joshua, guided by the hand of the Lord, led the Israelites into The Promised Land. So it reads in the Book of Joshua. After Joshua had mercilessly destroyed the neighboring cities of Ai and Jericho, the wily Gibeonites resorted to a ruse to save their city. Garbing themselves in tattered clothes and carrying patched goatskins and dried crusts as evidence that they had come from afar, they trudged twenty miles to render homage to the conqueror at his camp at Gilgal and to plead for a treaty of friendship. Hoodwinked, Joshua granted their plea. He kept his word, so goes the Bible story, even after discovering the trickery, but decreed that the Gibeonites should forever be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." This was about 1200 B.C., at which time Gibeon had already come through a millennium of precarious history.

I recalled how the sun stood still over Gibeon for Joshua, in another Biblical tradition. Also how, by "the pool of Gibeon," twelve men under Abner and a dozen under Joab advanced upon each other, each warrior straightway transfixing his opponent with his sword in such a way that the twenty-four gladiators fell dead in a gruesome heap. This was in the eleventh century B.C.

Still another Bible story records how, around 1000 B.C., in the era of David, the Gibeonites demanded as atonement for the loss of a number of their people put to death by King Saul, that "seven sons of Saul be delivered unto us." The seven sons were put to death, after which their bodies were watched over by Rizpah, the concubine of Saul, so says the story, to keep the vultures away.

Soon after he became king, about 960 B.C., King Solomon is reported to have journeyed to Gibeon to offer a thousand sacrifices. It was in Gibeon that Solomon had his famous dream in which he asked the Lord for wisdom rather than riches. The Gibeonites, still under Joshua's curse, were the servants, doing the menial work in King Solomon's Temple.

Then, about 587 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, captured Jerusalem and carried the populace of the area into exile. Evidently, at this time Gibeon was burned. The walls of the buildings fell in, the dust and debris of ages settled over the ruins, and their exact location was lost.

This prospect of finding a famous ancient city, lost for more than twenty centuries, clinched my decision to dig at el-Jib. Tingling with anticipation, I hurried home to firm up the expedition with my sponsors, the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, at Berkeley, California. I also had to find six volunteers for key work, such as keeping records, taking pictures, making maps and sketches, paying the eighty to a hundred Arabs we would employ in the excavating. An archaeological expedition is a highly organized affair. Our first ten-week assault on the hill of el-Jib was in the summer of 1956, followed by another in 1957.

Going out a month ahead, I arranged for my staff to bunk at the American School of Oriental Research, in Jerusalem, on the Jordan side of the great wall. Then I negotiated leases with the owners of the lands under which we wished to dig. These were three-month leases, and

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we agreed to fill up the holes we dug before we left el-Jib. Luckily the area where we wanted to dig was under farms and not under the town or cemetery.

The cagey owners haggled for three weeks. Their first thought was, "The Americans are looking for gold." Their suspicions were whipped up anew one day when the *mukhtar*, or mayor, came to one of our meetings, waving a Jerusalem paper which had just printed the story of the deciphering of a copper scroll found with the famous Dead Sea Scrolls. This recounted how two hundred tons of ancient gold and silver lay buried in sixty caches scattered over the Holy Land. The eight landowners reluctantly accepted our assurance that we were there for scientific discovery and not a gold hunt. They all signed the contract—with their names if they could write; with their thumbprints, if they couldn't.

The harvest season ended early in July, and nearly every man in the village wanted to work for us. Signing on eighty, we were ready to dig, except for removing a hundred or so tomato plants, a few grapevines and fig trees. For every tomato plant we pulled, I paid the owner the equivalent of about twenty-five cents. Grapevines and trees cost us from ten to fifteen dollars apiece.

Suspecting that a native "*rais*," or foreman, probably would play favorites and pay off grudges, I appointed myself *rais*. I wouldn't want to engage in a philosophic argument in Arabic, but I can hire men, boss them, pay them and fire them. For example, all I had to do to fire a man was brush my hands together, say "*Khalas*," then spit, which is Arabic for, "I'm through with you forever."

On the theory that the ancient city must have been on the brow of the hump nearest the main spring, we started digging on the northeast end. Our tools were American picks, Arab three-cornered hoes, pans and brushes to wash potsherds, or bits of pottery, and *guffas*, which are the Arab equivalent of wheelbarrows. *Guffas* are made by cutting handles from one side of the casing of an old automobile tire, then nailing another chunk of casing over the round hub opening of the other side of the casing. This makes a tough rubber basket which is passed up a line of workmen, dumped at the top, then tossed back into the hole for more dirt or debris. Without them, we never could have moved earth out of small tunnels and holes.

Luck was with us. On the third day of digging we struck the top of a massive wall twenty-six feet thick and built of heavy, cut stones. We had found a buried city only six to eight feet beneath the topsoil of the farm.

Then a worker noticed a small hole in the ground when he yanked his pick from the hard soil. He stuck in his arm, but could not reach the bottom. Tying a nail to a string, I let it down sixteen feet. We enlarged the hole, tied a rope around the waist of a worker, handed him a flashlight and lowered him. We could hear his exclamations of wonder as he stumbled about in the cavern below.

The cavern proved to be the upper end of a 170-foot tunnel extending from the town square down through the limestone rock to the spring at the base of the hill. For the ancient city's inhabitants, this was a major civil-defense measure, as important as our air-raid shelters. When attacked by enemies, they withdrew behind their walls, built atop the hundred-foot cliffs of the hill over which the city spread. But when they closed the gates, they cut off the trail to their springs. The tunnel carved through the hard limestone with primitive tools provided them with a protected access to their spring.

The floor of the tunnel was a series of ninety-three steps carved in the stone. At intervals there were niches in the walls for oil lamps to light the way. Inside the mouth of the tunnel they had carved an enclosed pool to store water. They could bar the tunnel's lower mouth with heavy slabs of stone, in case of siege or attack.

This stepped tunnel from the square down to the spring was only the first of our surprises as we uncovered the ingenious waterworks developed by the ancients sometime prior to 600 B.C. Our next project was the survey of another tunnel leading from the spring into the limestone under the citadel. This tunnel was nearly level, with barely enough slope to enable water to trickle down from an underground spring eighty feet beneath the town wall above. It was merely a feeder tunnel to tap an underground water source which no enemy could contaminate.

We found that these cool tunnels made ideal air-conditioned lunchrooms when the hot, dry air in the square above registered ninety degrees in the shade. Also, they were an escape from the swarms of flies which gathered in such numbers when we ate outdoors that we could expose only one bite of a sandwich at a time from the wrapping paper, then hurriedly cover up the opening until ready to take another bite. But these were minor annoyances, for even greater surprises kept our enthusiasm boiling.

While clearing the earth and rubble from the square inside the city wall above the spring tunnel, we came upon a circular cutting in the bedrock measuring thirty-five feet across. Digging out more rubble, we found ourselves uncovering a great basin, surrounded by a spiral of stairs hewn in the side walls. The stairs were lined by a balustrade hewn out of the solid rock. Filled with wonder, we managed to remove about thirty feet of debris from this huge hole during our first summer's digging.

The following summer, 1957, we hauled debris from this hole for several more weeks, working frantically against time in double shifts as we passed the dirt up in baskets, man to man. At the depth of thirty-three feet, the large hole ended, but a spiral stairway continued downward in a smaller, corkscrewlike tunnel for an additional forty-nine feet. This, too, had steps in the floor. At the bottom was a circular room, twenty-three feet across, carved in the solid limestone, for the purpose of collecting water which seeped out of cracks in the rock.

With surveying instruments we determined that this collecting basin was only fifteen feet from the spring tapped by the feeder tunnel that carried water to the pool outside the wall. It unquestionably tapped the same artesian source.

Two shafts extended straight upward from this basin to the cylindrical pool, which was open to the sky, allowing faint daylight into the corkscrew tunnel, the base of which was eighty-two feet below the town square. This remarkable excavation provided the Gibeonites with another emergency source of water.

By now we knew we had stumbled upon an engineering antiquity which might well be the Biblical Pool of Gibeon, beside which the warriors under Abner and Joab fought to the death. In fact, the debris our men lugged so tediously out of the great hole had yielded archaeological evidence not found anywhere else in more than six decades of digging in the Holy Land. The big moment came on August 2, 1956, when a dark-skinned boy named Suleiman—Arabic for Solomon—handed me a broken handle from a pottery jar with some strange letters scratched into the clay.

"Is this any good?" he asked.

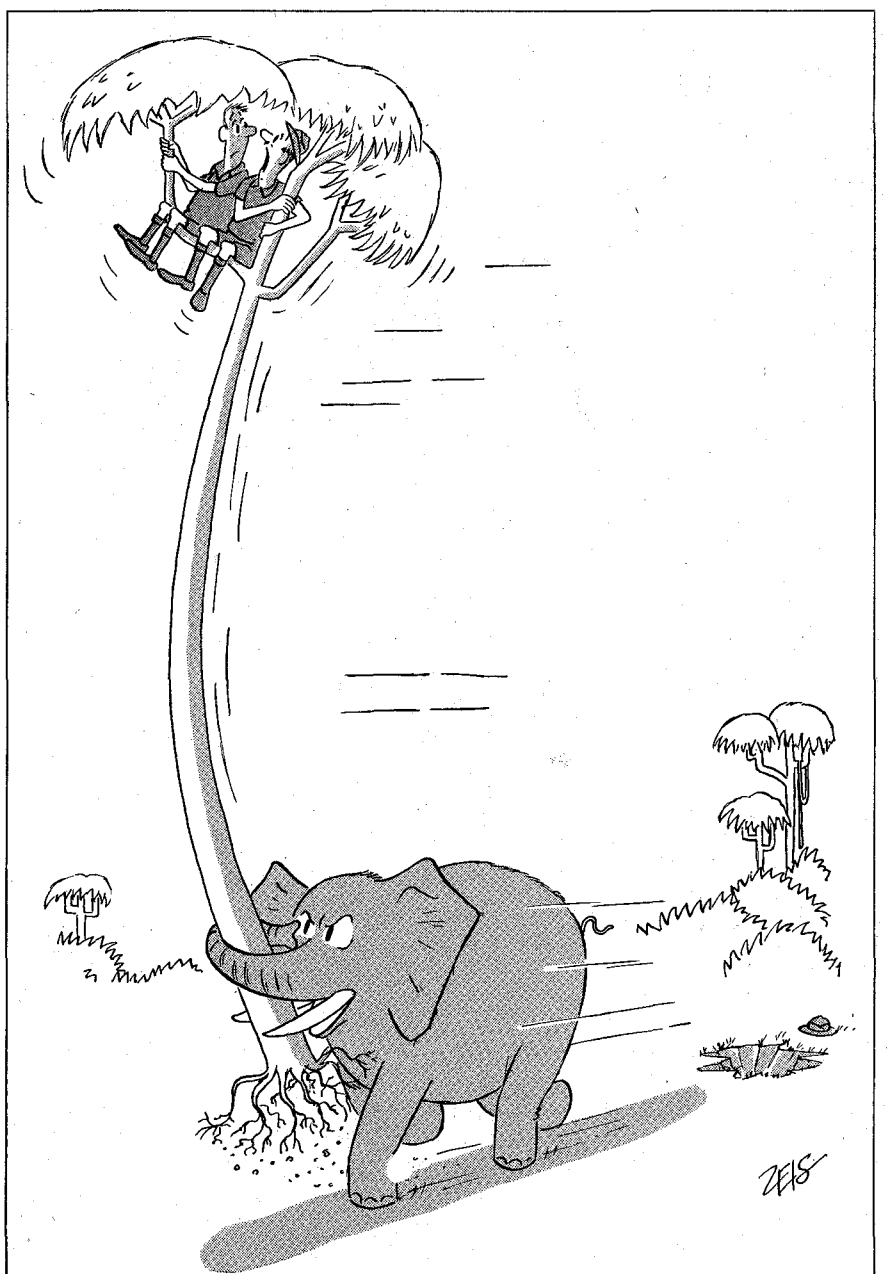
Was it any good! There, spelled in Biblical Hebrew, was the word "Gibeon." This one word was proof that our guess was right. The find was more than luck. We had washed and examined more than 35,000 pottery fragments to find that word. Later we found more than twenty additional broken handles bearing the word "Gibeon." Some, in addition, bore the names of the vintners who filled the pottery wine flasks. We also recovered forty stoppers and a broken pottery funnel, no doubt used to fill the wine jugs. To collect these Hebraic inscriptions, we scrubbed more than a hundred thousand potsherds, out of which we saved only sixty as convincing evidence that the thriving city of Gibeon was a source of wine for export.

The inscribed handles were a complete surprise. In sixty-seven years of digging on a hundred sites in the Holy Land, only two inscribed handles had been found. Needless to say, there was much excitement in camp and in Jerusalem, where most of the archaeologists gathered at night. The high point of excitement for me came one night when I flashed the electric light on a small handle I had found that day. On it I saw letters spelling the name "Hananiah." Suddenly I thought, *This must be from the Book of Jeremiah.* I opened the Bible and began reading. In Jeremiah 28:1, I reread the passage about the false prophet Hananiah, who was from Gibeon. I had completely forgotten it. I did not sleep at all that night.

Each basket of debris that we removed from the hole was carefully worked over by three diggers—the pick man who loosened it, the hoe man who gently pulled it into the basket, and the carrier who dumped it. To sharpen the eyes of these workmen, we offered a bonus for the discovery of any object of value, such as fragments with lettering on them, coins, pieces of metal, figurines or bones. The bonus was carefully calculated. It had to be sufficient to interest them, but not enough to encourage "planting"—bringing in objects from elsewhere and rediscovering them in a basket of debris.

Judging by the variety of relics we turned up, the later inhabitants of Gibeon, who occupied the hill after Nebuchadnezzar had razed the old citadel, utilized the hard-dug Pool of Gibeon for a city dump. This was a break for us, because nobody had suspected its existence under the rubble for the past two thousand years. We found the names of four other Biblical cities—Hebron, Ziph, Socoh and Memshath—on broken jar handles, with the inscription "for the King," probably indicating that they were used by tax collectors for the royal storehouses.

We soon evolved an efficient excavating machine, which consisted of fifteen to twenty-five men stationed on the stairs to pass the baskets of debris from man to man upward. Thus the men did not have to lift their own weight, along with a fifty-pound basket of debris, up the steep stairs. Henry Kaiser might not consider this very (*Continued on Page 90*)



"Frankly I'm worried."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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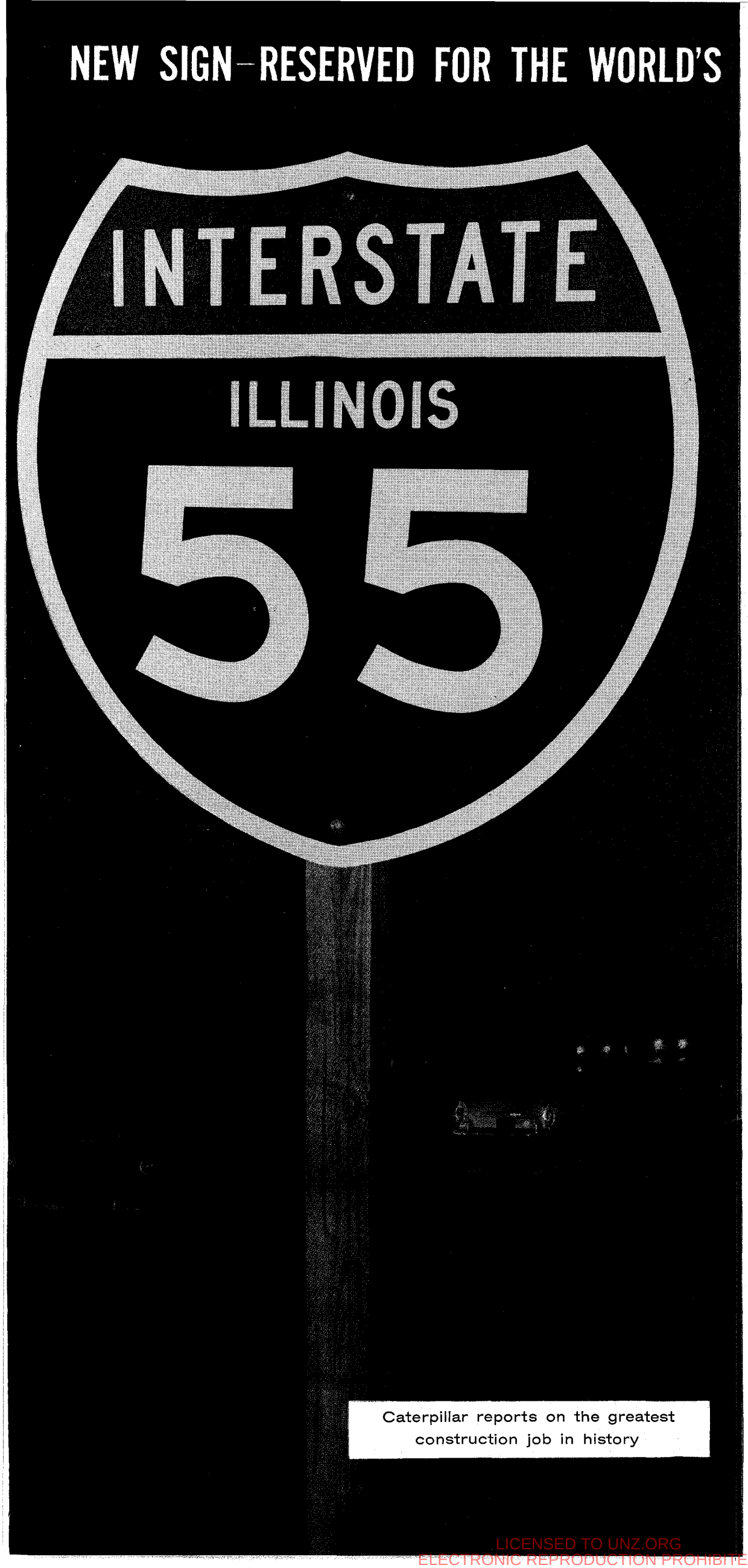

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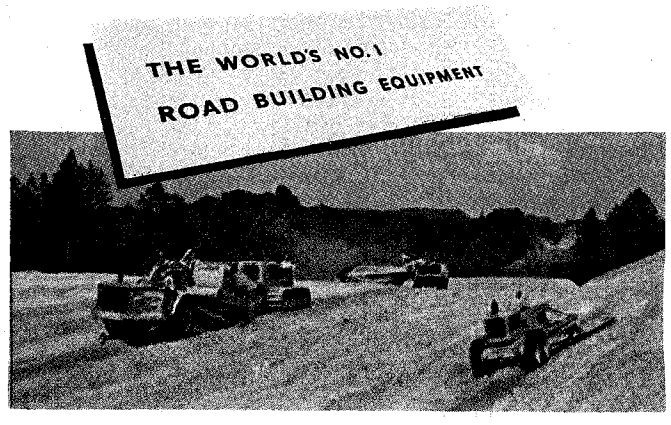

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(*Continued from Page 88*) efficient, but we found that the human chain worked well for us.

The Arab workers, most of them farmers, were good and honest workers, except for a few lazy ones I had to fire. For the digging at the bottom of the human-chain lift, we employed specialists from Jericho. So much excavating has taken place at Jericho, whose ruins date back eight thousand years, that the native diggers there have developed a special skill. The workmen of Jericho were smart enough to see a future in digging. They are quick to detect change in color or texture of soil. With their trowels they can cut a wall of earth as straight as stretched string. They are in demand wherever there is digging in the Holy Land for buried cities. We were lucky to get seven of them. In 1957, when we threw in double crews to expedite clearing the Great Pool, the Arabs worked two shifts of seven hours each. We Americans worked fourteen to sixteen hours each day. They earned eighty cents per day, plus the bonus for finding valuable objects. We drew no wages.

Payday on Saturday was an event at el-Jib. On the Thursday preceding, I made up a list of how many coins of various denominations we would need to pay off the men that week. A money-changer in Jerusalem took this list and went all over town collecting coins. He usually cleaned out the town's movie box offices. We carried the money in a suitcase to the digging site and set up a table with two chairs under an olive tree. As their names were called, the workmen came up one by one and our paymaster pushed the wages across the table as soon as each man put his name or thumbprint in the payroll book. The middle of the following week, most of the coins were back in Jerusalem for the money-changer to collect again for us.

Many of the workmen earned more as diggers for ten weeks than they gleaned from their harvests for the entire year. We called the roll every morning. Nobody ever turned up missing, because if a man was sick or had to go to town, his cousin answered to his name and worked in his stead. During the 1957 digging, we delegated a worker named Shukri, who had a building near the excavation, to be guardian of our tools. He checked them out every morning and back in every evening. At the end of the season, when we stored them at the American School's building in Jerusalem, not a pick or hoe or basket was missing.

My name among the Arabs was "Doctor Britchard." They cannot pronounce *P*. The "doctor" meant to them that I should know something about medicine. We had a first-aid kit, but soon found ourselves treating for many maladies. The most valuable medicine in the kit was "aspereen." We always carried a pocketful of tablets. If a man complained of a headache or backache or a "gyppy tummy," we gave him an "aspereen" and told him to get back on the job. It worked almost as miraculously as some of the healing recorded in the Good Book.

Except for the little show of hostility when I first visited el-Jib, I found the Arabs good people to deal with—friendly, honest, with a sense of humor, which once disrupted work. This was when a workman came to me and said that "seven kings with seven spears" were buried in the hole we were clearing to uncover the ancient Pool of Gibeon. This was a serious matter, because the law forbade digging under cemeteries and under cities.

"Where did you get that story?" I demanded.

"In a book," he replied.

"Bring me the book," I told him.

He raced off while we waited. Soon he came back without the book. "It has been lost," he said.

"You made that legend up yourself," I told him. "You do not believe it."

"I would like to believe it," he replied.

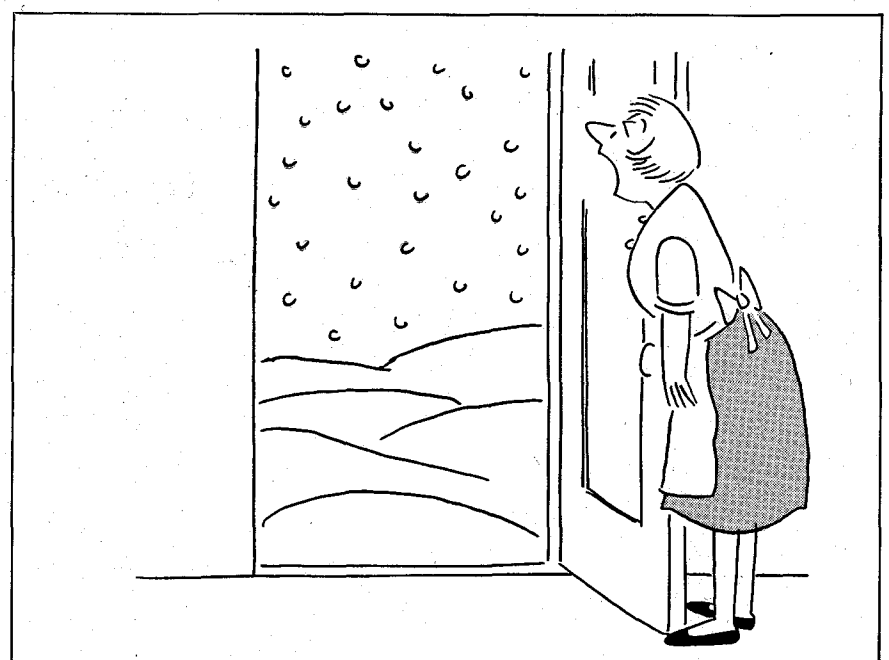
The others chuckled and resumed digging. The joke had relieved the monotony of labor on a hot day.

The monotony in these primitive villages is worse for women than it is for the men. If a pump were installed at the spring and water were pushed up to the homes on the hill at el-Jib, it would completely wreck the distaff social order, which is built around "the gathering at the well," as in Biblical times. The trip to the spring and back with a five-gallon can of water on her head is woman's big daily event in el-Jib. The gathering at the well is the daily news service of the town. It is entirely a woman's prerogative. Whenever a man came within earshot, the chatter ceased.

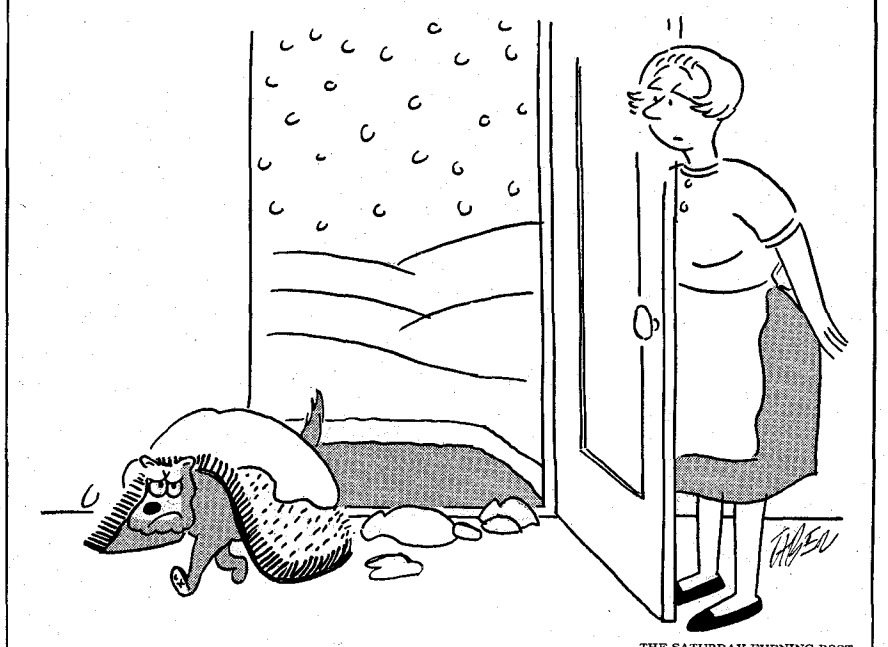
Finding ancient water systems and broken bits of evidence is one thing; connecting them up with the written record, as we know it, so that the discoveries round out or verify or disprove history, is something else again. For every summer of hard digging, there must be at least a hard year of studying the gleanings. For this we utilize thousands of close-up photographs, sketches, maps and such fragments as we are allowed to bring home.

In this respect, the Jordan Government is generous, much more so than Egypt or other governments in the Holy Land area. As we dug, we recovered and scrubbed more than a hundred thousand relics. Roughly a thousand of these contained evidence that contributed to our knowledge of the ancient past. These we carefully photographed and catalogued and stored at the American School building. They included a number of unbroken pottery jars, many broken handles and parts of jars, a metal plowshare, copper coins, bronze knives, one golden earring, a number of female figurines of pottery, also pottery animals and plaques with drawings of fowls.

As the digging season drew to a close, I furnished a list of these to Dr. Auni Dajani, Assistant Director of Antiquities for the Jordan Government, and an old friend with whom I had worked on an earlier expedition. On division day we put the thousand objects on long tables. Doctor Dajani went down these tables, picking out those he thought should be in the Jordan Museum. He chose about two hundred objects, but was fair and wise in his choice. From the remainder we picked what we wanted for our work and for the University Museum collection.



"Here, Rebel, here, boy. . . ."



What I needed most was material for publication to prove that we had actually found ancient Gibeon. Photographs and drawings and notes were adequate for that. What we had found was five cities built in five layers on the round hill of el-Jib. Our estimate is that the earliest city took shape around 2800 B.C., which is the Early Bronze Age. The next city was built in the Middle Bronze Age, about 1700 B.C., on the exact site of the earlier community. Another heyday in Gibeon history occurred about 800 B.C., when the inhabitants had built the ingenious walls and waterworks, which lasted until Nebuchadnezzar razed the city in 598 B.C. Another Gibeon was built about 100 B.C., in the Roman Era. We do not know how long the present el-Jib has been there.

These are merely educated guesses, which will undoubtedly be revised as we analyze our finds, and when we go back to dig some more. So far, we have excavated less than one acre of the sixteen-acre ancient city. This was a large city for ancient times, larger than Jericho or Ai. Gibeon is mentioned in the Bible as "greater than Ai," where Joshua is said to have slain twelve thousand inhabitants. When we go back—probably in 1959—I think I know where we shall find the winery, and possibly the pottery, of ancient Gibeon. These could yield many significant inscriptions. We may find many buildings even more important. My friends cannot understand why I am not itching to get back to el-Jib.

"The ruins have been there twenty-five hundred years," I assure them. "They will be there two or three years from now."

Some are concerned lest the Arabs, having learned digging from us, might get out their picks and shovels and dig up the more precious relics. I tell them about the mound of earth we left, close to the opening of the Pool of Gibeon on the ancient square. We did not fill in the hole, as we promised. Instead, we made a long-time lease with the landowner, and left the mound, which the Arabs slyly named "Jebel Mistar Britchard," which means Mr. Pritchard's Hill. We built a rock wall around the Pool of Gibeon to keep animals, children and blind people from falling into the hole. The Arabs can fill in the hole any time they want to do so, but it is my bet that when we go back we will find that not a shovelful of Jebel Mistar Britchard has been disturbed.

A short time before we wound up our 1956 digging, I was invited by four German archaeologists to come over to their hotel room in Jerusalem for a glass of wine. They had a bottle of very fine wine which they broke out for the occasion. After toasts all around, they began asking questions about what we found. I told them about the pottery handles with the letters on them.

"What did the letters say?" asked the leader of the group.

"They said Gibeon," I told them.

"*Ach, Himmel!*" exploded the leader. "That's it!"

The others roared.

The Germans were good sports about the conclusion of the long controversy over el-Jib. At the end of the 1957 digging, I flew to Munich to attend an international gathering of archaeologists. I closed down our digging on Friday at el-Jib and on Tuesday I was invited to give an informal talk at the Munich gathering. It was probably the freshest archaeological report on record.

When I finished, the leader of the German school shook my hand and said heartily, "The battle is over and the Americans have won a decisive victory."

It was like winning the Big Game for Old Alma Mater. THE END

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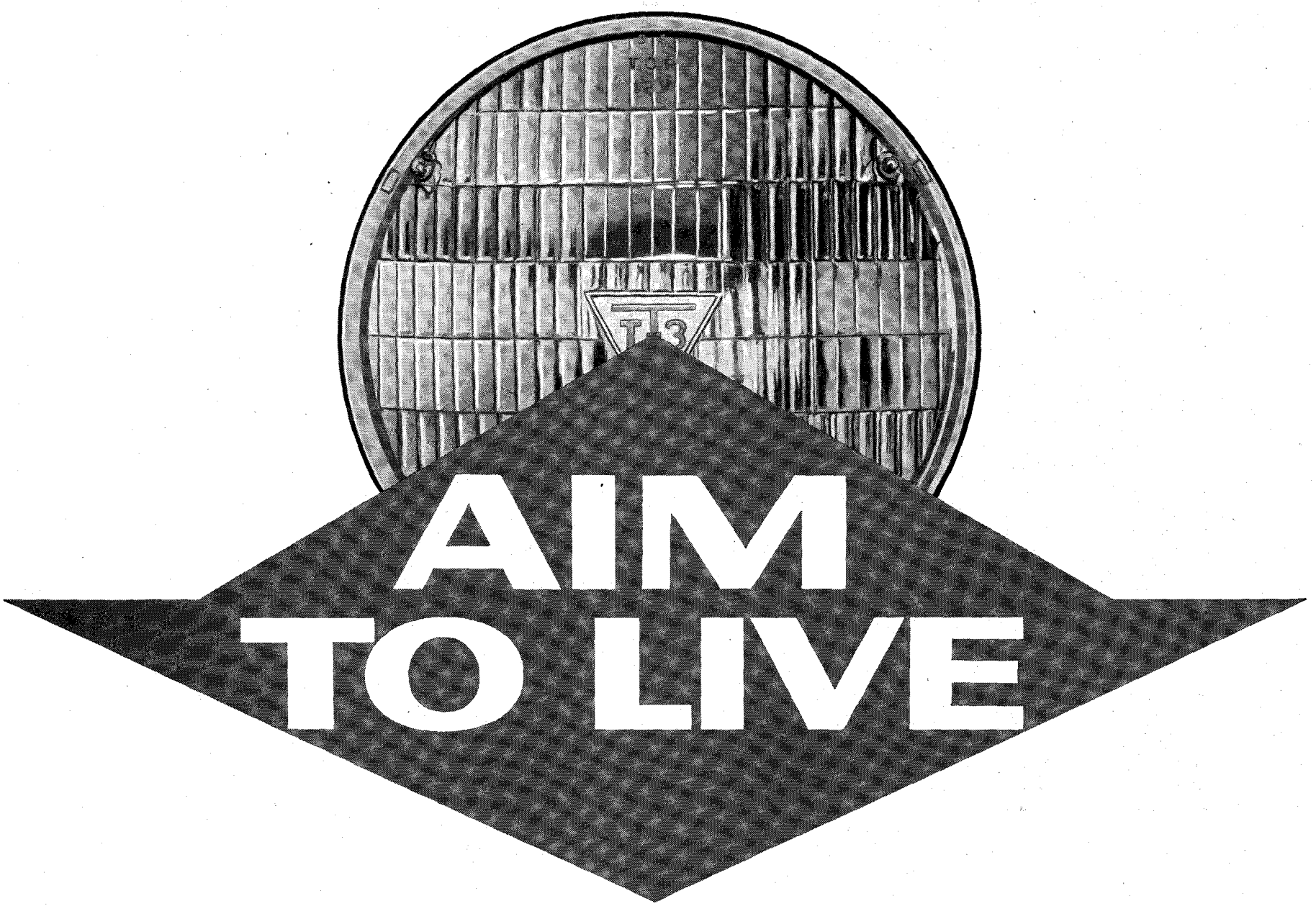

General Motors

launches a vital new program to make America's highways safer after dark

ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES you will see one of the most important messages ever published by General Motors. It concerns the safety of every man, woman and child who rides in cars at night.

The problem that confronts us all is a serious one. It centers in these three vital yet little-known facts which have been reported by national safety and research organizations:

1. *Three times* as many fatalities occur after dark as during daylight hours, in proportion to mileage driven.

2. *Up to 80%* of the light needed for safe driving vision is lost when headlight aim is too high, low or offside.

3. *More than half* of all cars on the road today have headlights which are NOT aimed accurately and safely.

Something must and can be done to correct this situation. In the interest of public safety, General Motors has developed a program to publicize the need for headlight aiming and to make it easily available to every motorist.

I earnestly hope that you will read, heed, and discuss with your friends the contents of the next two pages.

Harlow H. Curtice

PRESIDENT

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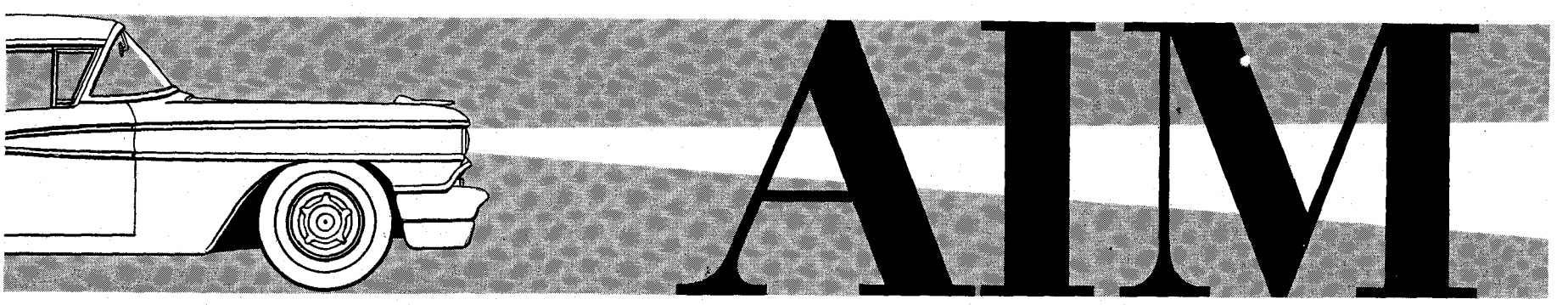
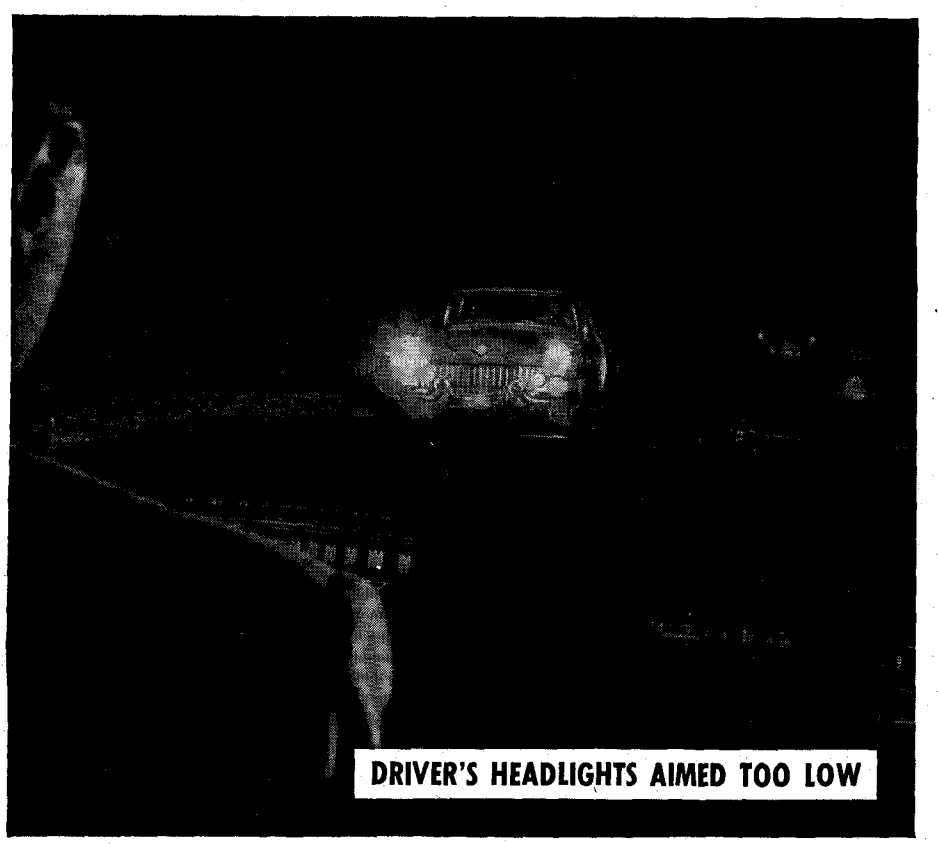
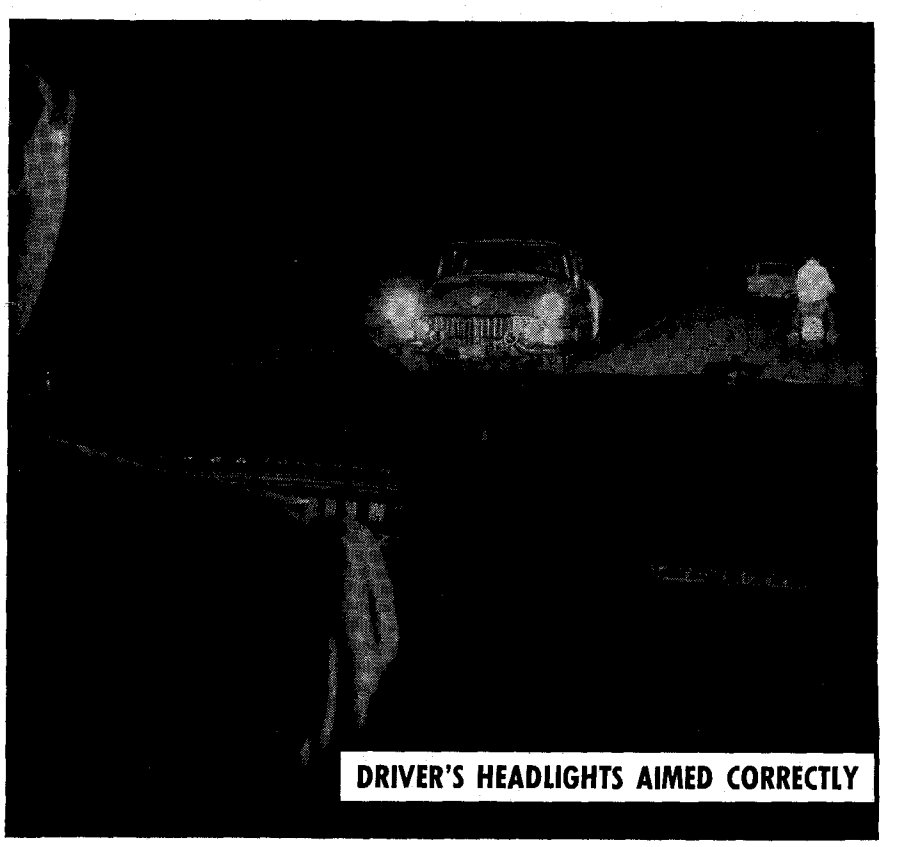




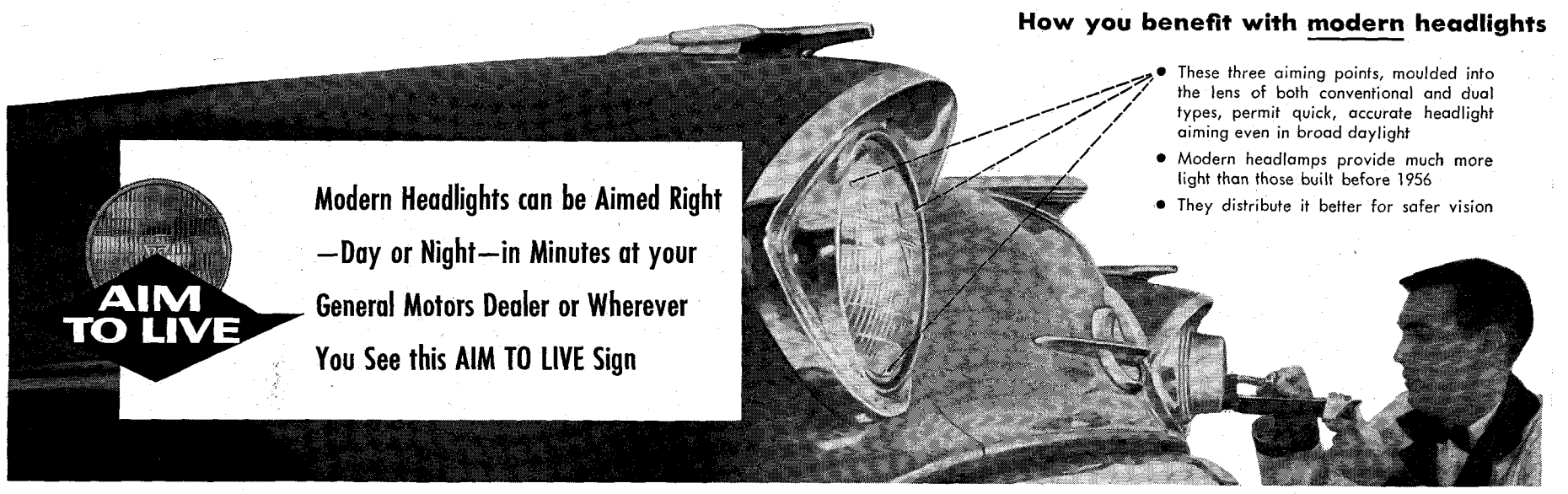


It's vital to AIM your headlights...and DIM

WHENEVER YOU DRIVE AT NIGHT your safety depends on what you can see. The photos above show how much better night vision can be with properly *aimed* headlights, and illustrate how glare can dangerously blind a driver when oncoming headlights are not dimmed.

WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE *CAN HURT YOU!* Three times as many fatal accidents, on a mileage basis, happen after dark—mainly because drivers can't see well enough. Repeated checks prove that more than 50% of all cars have improperly aimed headlights and are losing as much as 80% of night vision. To provide *more light* that could be *aimed right*, a revolutionary new headlamp was introduced in the fall of 1955. This lamp is the only kind now made for replacement on all two-headlight cars, and the latest four-headlight systems use the same principle. *All* these new headlamps not only provide much more light in a far better road pattern, but the three projections or aiming points moulded into the lens make precision mechanical aiming a simple job—even in daylight. Aiming is important for all cars because every fraction of an inch that headlights are out of adjustment on your car means they're many, many FEET "off the beam" down the road ahead—too high, too low or offside.

CHANCES ARE *YOUR* HEADLIGHTS NEED AIMING—whatever the age of your car, it will pay to have your lights checked. Headlights are aimed when a new car is delivered, but bumps, impacts and normal settling of springs can get


AIM
TO LIVE
Modern Headlights can be Aimed Right
—Day or Night—in Minutes at your
General Motors Dealer or Wherever
You See this AIM TO LIVE Sign
How you benefit with modern headlights
These three aiming points, moulded into the lens of both conventional and dual types, permit quick, accurate headlight aiming even in broad daylight
Modern headlamps provide much more light than those built before 1956
They distribute it better for safer vision

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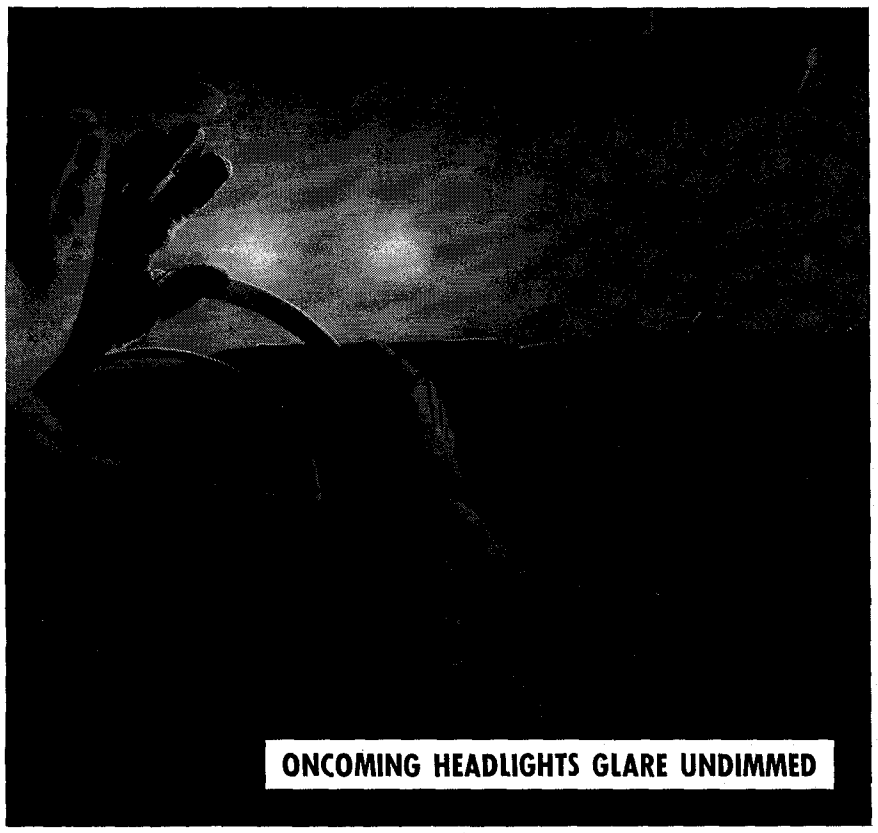
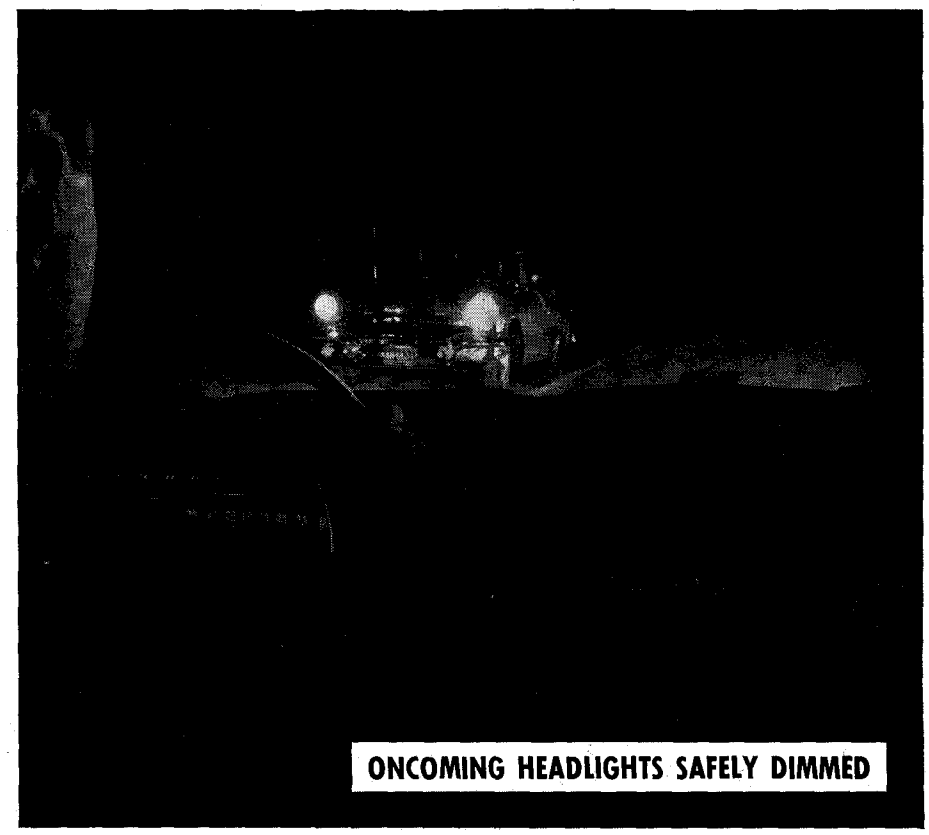
TO LIVE





them whenever you meet another car

them "off beam". You may *think* your headlights are perfect, but if they're not, you'll be amazed at the better night vision you'll get after you take a short time to have them re-aimed. The purpose of the AIM TO LIVE program is to make all motorists more fully aware of the importance of headlight aiming and dimming. Every second car on the road is a menace at night—make certain that *your* headlights are as safe as they can be.

HAVE YOUR HEADLIGHTS CHECKED THIS WEEK—Drive into your General Motors dealer or any garage or service station displaying the AIM TO LIVE sign. If you have modern headlamps (with the three small glass knobs called "aiming points" spaced around the rim of the lens) they can be aimed in minutes, day or night—whatever the make or model of your car. If you are still using old-style headlights, play it safe. Ask the mechanic to install and *aim* a modern set of precision-built headlamps which will give you far better and safer night-driving vision than you have ever had before.

REMEMBER, DIMMING IS IMPORTANT, TOO! Having headlights aimed right is only half of our responsibility as good drivers. Even perfectly aimed lights can annoy or "blind" oncoming drivers if they are not dimmed whenever we meet another car. Any night driver realizes how important this is. Yet, how many of us are frequently careless about it! Dimming is not only required by law in most states; with today's more powerful headlights it is the only safe way to share the highway with our fellow motorists.

LET'S ALL COOPERATE FOR SAFETY! General Motors has launched this nation-wide headlight aiming program in the interest of everybody's safety—*including yours.* It will succeed in saving countless lives if you and the millions of other responsible American motorists cooperate wholeheartedly. Words alone won't help. It is time for *action!* Drive in this week and have your headlights checked, replaced if necessary, and *aimed.* Then have them rechecked at least twice a year, just as you do your brakes. AIM TO LIVE!

a message in the interest of highway safety from . . .

1908—1958 GM FORWARD FROM FIFTY

AIM YOUR HEADLIGHTS TWICE A YEAR
DIM THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR

General Motors

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK • GUIDE • AC

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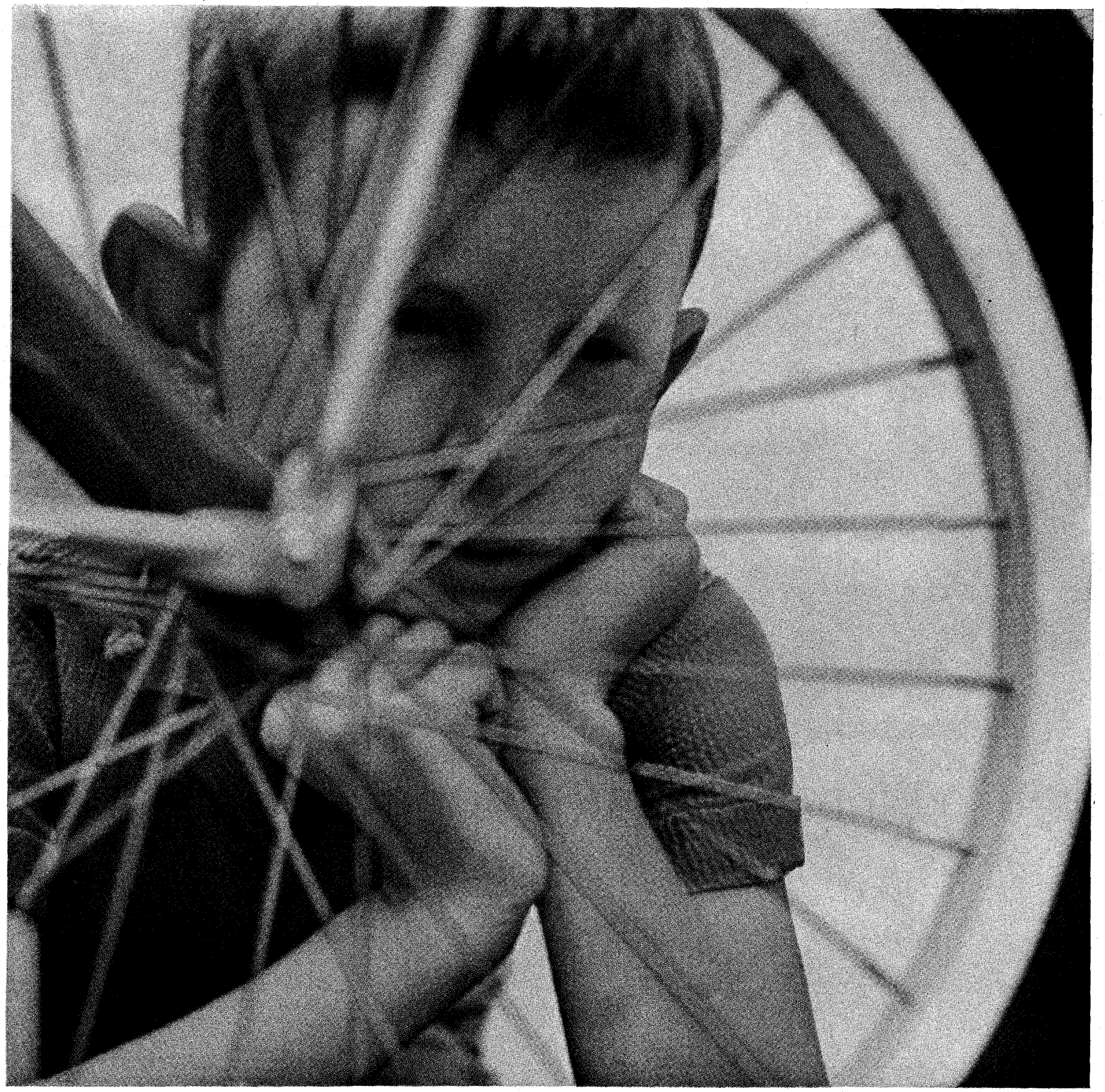

A bike today, college tomorrow...easier to pay for the Insured Savings and Loan way

From the moment he's born he's the most important person on earth and you want only the best for him. An ideal way of giving a growing child the things he needs is to save regularly at your Insured Savings and Loan Association. You get excellent returns on your money. You'll find friendly help in working out a sensible savings plan. Your savings are safe as can be . . . and insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, an agency of the U. S. Government. Little wonder 20 million modern Americans choose this way of getting the things they want for themselves . . . and for the important people in their lives.

Where you save does make a difference!

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL OF SAFETY WHERE YOU SAVE

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Rough Road Home (Continued from Page 30)

"You know," I said, puzzled, "I could swear we didn't order this many trees." I began to re-count.

"We ordered thirty-one," Longin said.

"There are thirty-eight here," I said.

Longin reached over to read one of the tags dangling from a slender branch.

"'Our gift for the prosperity of the American family.'" He reached for another tag. "'Our gift for the happiness of the American home.' 'Our gift for the prosperity and happiness of our great nation.' Who are these apple people anyway?"

"Santa's helpers," I said. "How long do we have to wait?"

"Three, four years." He was studying the labels again. "Missouri. What's it like in Missouri?"

"Like in Kansas. Awfully flat. Except," I added honestly, "where there are those mountains."

"There are nice people in Missouri."

"There are nice people everywhere," I said shortly. "There are nice people in Vermont."

I bristled with resentment at the slightest implication of any criticism of Vermont. After all, I had chosen Vermont, hadn't I? Well, how about this broken-down plumbing? How about this darn mud?

We were still parking the car in the driveway of the house at the top of the hill. The roads made an unpleasant sucking noise at the sight of the car, and the hill down to us was impassable to such a civilized vehicle. It was just a boulevard car, too low slung for its own good.

It was pampered, too, and wanted solid footing for its wheels, not the kind of stretched-out slithery soup our roads had become. Clifford was again taking his milk cans down to the Jenneville corner via tractor, and no one drove past us except the mailman, who had borrowed a tractor to make the loop up over our hill.

We hadn't met the people who had bought the place on top of the hill. They were summer people, and I thought, summer people are city people, and city people are what I've moved away from.

So when, one morning, smoke plumed up out of the chimney of the house on top of the hill, and we could hear the sound of a car motor and other, unmistakably human noises like the ringing of an ax, Longin was dismayed.

"What will they think!" he exclaimed. "Our car blocking their driveway!" Off he hastened to move it.

It was nearly three hours before he returned, and in a very mellow mood. "I think," he said, "you will like them very much. They were unpacking a violin when I got there, they were just hanging it up on the wall. Father, mother, grandfather and three sons," he explained. "Rumanians."

"Rumanians?"

"Well, Americans, of course, but Rumanians. Met-es, their name is, I don't know how it's spelled. And grampa is Mu-zat. First thing they did is get out the bottle of wine, and we all drank a toast to the new plantings, and the spring, and the harvest. And so on."

I grinned. "So I see."

"We had to," Longin said seriously. "Grandpapa, he is going to plant a vegetable garden. *Now*. I told him, the ground is very cold. I told him, we get frosts for another month. Nothing will live, I said. Time to plant, he said. I like this old man," Longin said, pouring himself some coffee. "He is stubborn, as an old man should be."

"But it will all be for nothing!" I exclaimed in dismay. "It's still April—nobody plants in April!"

"Too bad for an old man, so much work for nothing," Longin agreed. "But worse to have to listen to children's advice and do what they say. I said I would plow for him."

Longin had been in discussion with a tractor dealer to buy a tractor, plus accessories: a plow, a harrow, a mower, a manure fork (for loading manure from the pile into the spreader—Clifford's manure spreader, borrowed), and a bucket for scooping gravel, sand or snow. For the fork and bucket he needed also a mass of metal somewhat like the George Washington Bridge, known as a hydraulic lift. The whole shebang would set us back not much more than a luxury cruise around the world.

The tractor came, and its extras, and Longin, considerably poorer in one sense but richer in another, went out and plowed for Grandpa Musat, and harrowed. And Grandpa Musat raked and combed the soil until it looked like a patch of brown velvet, and then he lovingly planted his seeds. He and his clan returned to the city, and the frosts came and shone in brilliant splendor on every naked branch and weed stalk. Grandpa Musat's seeds stirred into life and poked green shoots above ground, and the frosts came again and daubed every weed stalk and naked branch with thick white paint.

After the sun had warmed the air, we pulled on our boots and sloshed up the muddy road to see how much damage had been done to Grandpa Musat's seedlings. There they were, as green as ever. We couldn't understand it. There was no sign of fatal black, of shriveled stem, of drooping, dying leaf. And the frosts came again, and again, and every time Grandpa Musat's seedlings, taller now, and thriving, were unscathed.

I have no explanation for this. I simply record it. It happened then. It hasn't happened since.

And then it was May, and the earth itself was warming. The grass had turned green. There was color now in the poplars on the hills, a wash of greenish-rose.

NEXT WEEK

Florida Thinks She's Got it Made

Forecast of a Fabulous Dream

I CALL ON ED SULLIVAN

by Pete Martin

They Probe the Future

The Men Who Make
Tomorrow's Airplanes Possible

THE YANKEES KNOW ME NOW!

Lew Burdette Tells How
He Won Three Games in the Series

In Color:

Roundup in Bloody Basin

A Wild Corner of the Old West

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S OWN STORY:

Hostess at Hyde Park

It was early evening. The whole world smelled good, cool and a little yeasty. In the quiet I could hear the children's voices, and the whack of a tool where Longin was doing something to some metal, out of sight behind the old barn.

Marilyn Best came cycling into the drive. I called out a hello. With no sign of having heard, or indeed of seeing me at all, she wheeled right on by and went around the corner of the barn. In a moment Longin came in sight.

"Vivian wants me," he said. "Marilyn didn't say why."

I stared after them both. How strangely Marilyn acted, I thought. As if something's wrong. As if Mike —— But Mike isn't here. Now what?

In about fifteen minutes Longin returned. I could tell nothing from his expression.

"Is it serious?"

"Yes, it's serious," he said. "Come in the house."

We went in, and he sat me down on the bed in my room, and sat down beside me.

"Your mother is dead," he said.

I said, "My mother?"

"Best got word from dad. He didn't want to tell you over the phone. He wanted me to tell you."

I couldn't believe it. It must be true if Longin said it was, but I still couldn't believe. . . . I put out my hand, and it felt good to feel Longin's hand, rough and hard and hot with the blood still flowing where it belonged, the heart pumping it as it should.

"It was her heart," I said.

Longin nodded.

And the last time I had seen her I had been snapping at her.

Patrick came in. "What's the matter, mother?" He turned to Longin. "Why is mother crying?"

"Because her mother, your grandmother, is dead, and she won't see her any more."

Patrick accepted this without question. He leaned toward me and said earnestly, "Don't cry, mother. Grandma died a saint. I bet she's already in heaven."

I packed. "I'll not be gone any longer than I can help," I said. "Can you manage, do you think?"

"Show me how to fix baby's bottle," Longin said.

Pat and I left the next morning. It seemed to me I was forever driving off on yet another tragic journey. Again and again and again and again.

We reached New Jersey late in the evening. My brothers were there, white-faced and tired, and my father. I looked around the kitchen, and it looked achingly familiar, and at the same time strange, changed in some subtle way. "Where's Mary?" Ted gave me an odd look. "At the funeral home." "Now?" I said stupidly. "People may be dropping in," he said patiently. "Some member of the family has to be there."

My God, I thought. *How barbaric.*

Mikey seemed to realize something was wrong, because his beloved grampa was so sad. He stroked my father's face and crooned softly to him, and whether this was a comfort to dad or more heartbreak, I don't know. Mikey obviously didn't realize his grandmother was gone.

When everything had been done, and the ceremonies were over, Pat and I gathered up dad and Mike and headed for the farm. I was glad to leave. In the living room I could see my brother Ted as he had been in high school, thin and serious, hunched cross-legged on the floor, the innards of the family's first radio scattered all around him on the rug. There on the side porch was the swing where Bruce had been lounging, reading the encyclopedia, that afternoon so long

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ago when a neighbor's car had burned in the driveway not thirty feet away, and half of Essex Fells had come to see the fire, and Bruce saw nothing, heard nothing. And the barn at the end of the drive, and its roof where I had climbed, to read unseen from the ground, my feet propped against the chimney to keep me from sliding.

This had been my high and secret place, such as every child needs.

In Vermont we found Longin deep in plans for the new barn. The barn which came with the farm would never do for Jenny. It had rotten underpinnings, and its condition was so critical we had not allowed the children to play near, lest it should suddenly collapse. I had had its weathered siding—lovely, silvery gray stuff beautiful to look at, but most of it too far gone to keep the rain out—removed the summer before, and had used the solid pieces as paneling in my bedroom. The barn still threatened to collapse at any moment.

But stand it did, creaking in the bitter winds and groaning under the heavy snows. It braced itself feebly against the gusty winds of March, and except for an occasional strip of roofing sailing across the yard, the barn itself survived, a monument to Vermont endurance and/or cussed stubbornness.

"Very simple to get rid of it," Longin said. "I'll hitch a rope to it, and haul it down." His eye gleamed.

My father said, "Are you going to rebuild in the same place?"

Longin said he was. "Already there is the excavating done," he explained. "But of course," he admitted, "there is the problem of the view."

"No matter where we put the barn, dad, it will spoil some of our view," I explained. "The best place would be below the house, of course. If we had lived here years ago, that's probably where we would have put it, and the heck with its hiding the New Hampshire hills."

"Years ago," said my father, "a view wasn't as precious as it is now. Everywhere you looked was a view, and to countryfolk there was no prettier sight than a new barn."

"Well—I want to see the hills all around me," I said. "And where the barn is, now, actually shuts off the least view, in relation to the house, I mean."

"I told her it would be impractical to suspend the new barn from sky hooks," Longin said gravely.

My father looked at the plans. He frowned. "This door here. How wide is it?"

"Six feet. It opens into the stable in the lower barn."

"Is it wide enough for you to drive in with your tractor?" my father persisted.

Longin looked puzzled. "It connects with the barnyard," he said. "Only cows go in and out there. For machinery I will build a shed."

"You will want to bring your tractor in," my father said, "when one of the cows dies. To haul her out, you understand."

I simply do not have Longin's self-control, I admit it. I had to leave the room hurriedly, and I missed his reply. But, as he said later, after all, we were planning our barn for *live* cows.

"Not even 'if,'" I said, hugging my sides in delight. "No subjunctive mood. Just 'when a cow dies'—simple future."

"Better to give up now," Longin said, "than to start by making arrangements for dead cows."

"Isn't he a darling," I choked, wiping my eyes. "It's his training, you know. He was a safety engineer, among a dozen other things. He got paid for thinking of all the frightful things that might go wrong, and seeing to it that they didn't happen."

Mikey was now officially home. After a few days, my father, without making too big a point of the fact that he was leaving, gave Mikey an extra hug, eased into his car, and left for New Jersey, to put the house in shape to sell.

The weather and the lull in having company combined to encourage us to finish rebuilding our disposal system. This meant that not even the most severely rationed flushings would be permitted; we must rig up a temporary replacement for the bathroom. Longin selected a site beyond the barn over near the hedgerow, and he constructed a shelter along classic lines, using the old garage doors and other scrap lumber to make a shelter with three sides and a roof, but no door. The open side faced away from the wind and rain, and we thus could admire the magnificent view toward the east and the New Hampshire hills. And of the road!

I complained. I said we ought to have a door too.

Longin said, "Whatever for?"

"You can see the road. You can see the mailman's jeep. It isn't decent."

"There is nothing indecent about the mailman's jeep."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

To a Mistaken Saleslady

Your chances of making this
sale are dreary
If you keep mistaking me for
"dearie"!

Ann Patrice

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I gnashed my teeth and stalked out to the road and looked back. Strange, the tall meadow grass which did not screen our view out did obstruct one's view in. I could scarcely see the roof of our little palace. No door went up, then or ever. For the next two months we enjoyed the most modern of architecture, a really superb—one cannot quite say pure—example of the most advanced principles of domestic design.

Next, Longin dug a disposal hole to contain the contents of the old septic tank, which, thus lightened, he would be able to haul out and away.

Longin had dug the hole, and had the top off the old septic tank, and boards laid between tank and hole for the wheelbarrow, and about half the contents of the tank transferred to the hole, when the phone rang.

It was Colonel Buechler. The Buechlers were driving through New England, were calling from Windsor, were wondering if we would care to have them drop in.

My first reaction was one of wild delight.

"We'll be along in about half an hour, then," Ted Buechler said. "Mary wants to shower and freshen up."

"I'll meet you at Hartland Four Corners," I said. "I'll lead the way in my car."

So it was agreed, and I hung up. I looked about me.

Mary Buechler. . . .

"Emergency!" I shouted. "Everybody come running!"

Kitty, Pat and Chris came on the double.

"The Buechlers will be here in half an hour," I said crisply. "Pat, sweep kitchen and workroom. Pick up all dirty diapers. Burn the waste papers, including all those cardboard boxes I've been saving for trash. Chris, stuff the laundry in the washing machine and take the clean clothes upstairs. Hang up all coats and sweaters and put the rubbers and boots out of sight somewhere. I don't care where, just don't forget where you put them. Take the boxes of tin cans down cellar. Kitty, you and I will vacuum-clean the living room and dining room just as soon as we get them straightened ——"

"You straighten faster than I can," Kitty said briskly, "so I'll vacuum-clean, mother. Then while you go after the Buechlers I'll tarnish the furniture."

We began to do the housework on the run. Patrick, going out the door with the paper boxes, nearly collided with Longin, who stared in bewilderment at the scene before him. We must have looked like one of those old-time movies with the camera speeded up.

"The Buechlers are coming!" I shouted. "Today! Now! I have to meet them in"—I glanced at the clock—"fifteen minutes!"

Without a word Longin turned on his heel and went back outdoors. Oh, well, men, I thought.

Fifteen minutes later I shot out the door, running for the car, when I realized what Longin was doing. He had thrown boards over the open septic tank, and was shoveling dirt over them. There was no sign of the hole that he had hacked out at such a staggering cost of time and energy.

I was appalled. "What have you done?" I said. "What are you doing?"

He stopped and rubbed an arm across his forehead. "Colonel and Mrs. Buechler are not going to walk into our house past our sewage," he said grimly, and began to shovel again.

When I returned with the Buechlers, the yard was neat, Longin had showered, shaved and changed clothes, Mary Lee lay freshly dressed in her playpen, Kitty had "tarnished" all the furniture, and the household was ready for inspection. The house itself still looked pretty shabby; the cracked walls and the peeling wallpaper and worn linoleum and chipped paint suddenly were far more conspicuous to my eyes than they had been for weeks, but at least we no longer looked like candidates for a social worker's call.

We showed the Buechlers the house, as far as the vacuum cleaner had foraged, and Mary thought my bedroom "breathtaking"—and after the rest of the house, it probably was.

"The garage doors used to be there," I said, waving casually at the bay window. "And I always wanted a Dutch door. It opens on the orchard."

And, I thought to myself, don't you dare pity me. I know the house looks like a dump and you wonder how I can stand it and what do I think I'm doing here on this rocky hillside working like a field hand, but don't you dare pity me. Because I love it here. This is my home. I love it. "Give me five years," Longin says mockingly, but it's true. You wait. Come back in five years.

When the Buechlers had gone, I remarked that it might be a good thing if we could expect folks to drop in unexpectedly at regular intervals. Maybe we'd keep things neater. "Although I like a lived-in look," I added defensively.

"A house is like the Army," Longin said shortly. "You worry all the time how things look, you won't get much done that matters."

"I begin to see why women used to have a parlor," I said, "just for company, and the door kept locked ——"

"You mean in the olden days?" Pat said.

I ignored him. "Partly it's because we don't have places to put things," I went on, restlessly. "No attic, and the cellar so damp, and the one big closet leaking like a stall shower. I don't know what it is," I said irritably, "but I keep having this feeling that the house is shrinking."

"Children are growing," Longin said, and went out to undo his work of concealment.

He finished lightening the septic tank, and hauled it out and away to open-air storage beyond the hedgerow behind the barn. "We may need it for something someday," he said, absorbing a point of view from the very air about him.

Then with pick and shovel and an expenditure of sheer muscle power too enormous for me to calculate, he dug through rock ledge and flint-hard soil until he had a hole large enough for a thousand-gallon concrete tank. He made forms. He borrowed a large wooden trough from the Bests and mixed concrete in this, and then, while the concrete cured, he dug the trenches for the disposal pipes, installed them, and buried them neatly. Nothing remained to be done now but to pour the concrete slabs that would be a cover for the tank itself.

By the time they were cured and ready to be installed, the Metes had come for the summer, and Grampa Musat, too; and his son John, who was Rozeta Metes' brother; and John's wife Eleanor, and their two little boys, John and Victor Musat; and the Metes' boys, Jon, George and Nicky, and some school friends of Jon and George.

Everybody came down to help install those slabs, and it made quite a procession coming around from the garage: Longin on the tractor with the first slab of concrete suspended from the tractor loader, a squad of young men striding behind, small children darting about like dragonflies, Mikey bringing up in the rear with an assortment of tools he had hopefully scrounged, and in the lead, directly before the swaying slab of concrete, Grampa Musat, alert, ready to grab that slab and steady it, should it tip too far.

All the men were stripped to the waist, because it was a hot day and they were engaged in heavy work, but Grampa Musat prudently wore a Maurice Chevalier straw hat, because of the strength of the sun.

When all the slabs were in place Grampa Musat rubbed his hands and flexed his arms. "What next?"

"Silo."

"You ready to work?"

"Have to make foundation first."

"O.K., you let me know when you need help." He squinted at his grandsons. "Let them know too."

Gathering up his clan, he headed up the hill. He was a busy man and had no time to waste. His vegetables needed to be watered, weeded and spoken to encouragingly. Grampa Musat had shrugged off our congratulations over his unfrosted garden. Naturally it hadn't been damaged; he had planted it during the proper phase of the moon. He had planted gardens during that phase of the moon in Rumania—same moon shines on Vermont—what did we expect?

Longin had already planted corn for Jenny's silage, and for this we would need a silo. Obviously. His plans for the summer consequently included building a silo as well as a barn, while mine stressed raising and freezing enough vegetables to carry us over until the next year's harvest, not to mention the usual daily grind of meals, dishes, laundry.

In view of our program, therefore, I felt it excusable if the house cleaning continued as before, a once-over-lightly whenever I had time. My own personal appearance was something else again. Every time I (*Continued on Page 98*)

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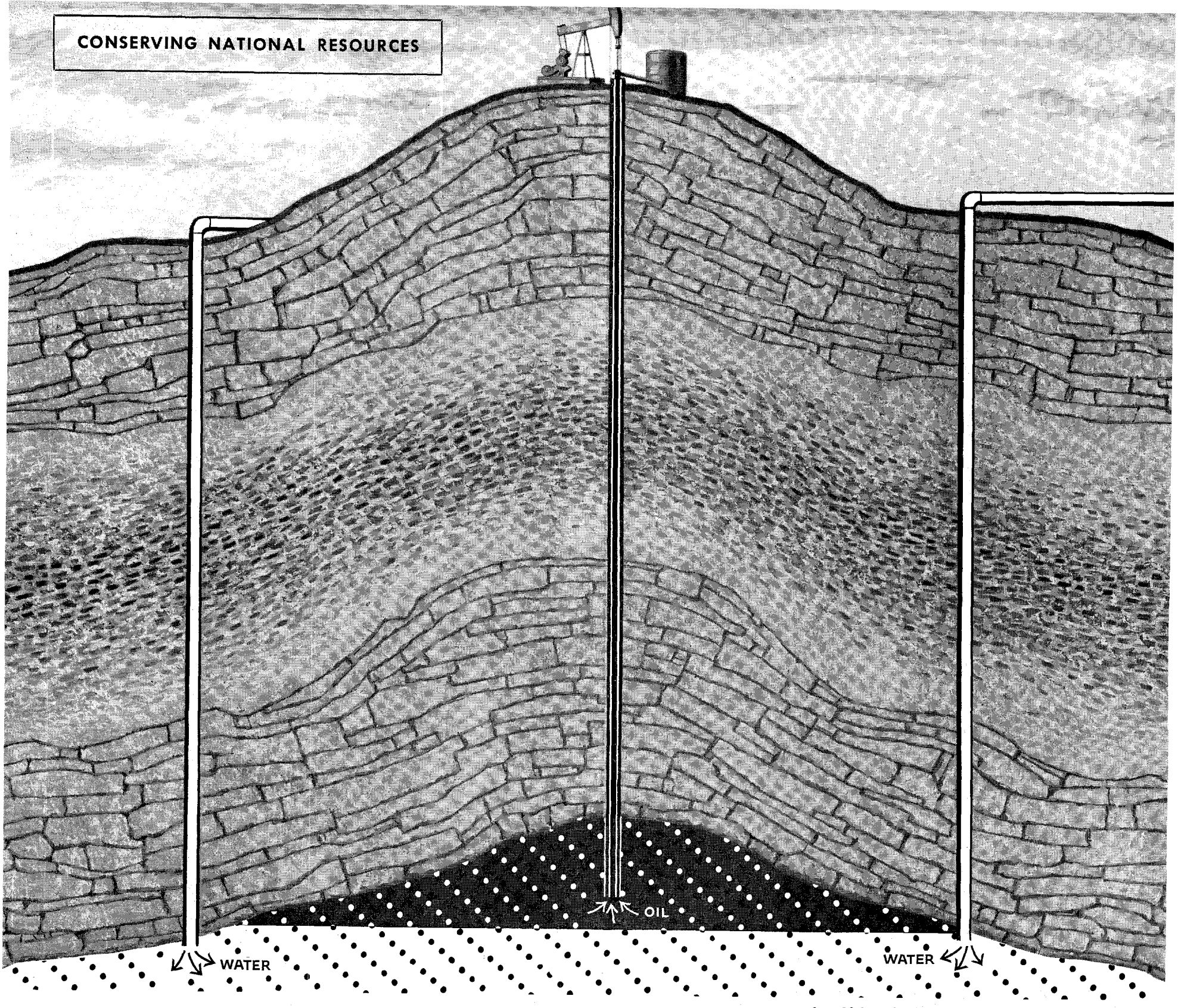

from 13 barrels of water, an extra barrel of crude

How Pure Oil pumps water down to get oil up from dying wells

By injecting water into 1,400 wells, PURE has flushed out 43,000,000 extra barrels of petroleum

What does an oil producer do when a field starts playing out? Time was when he'd just walk away and leave it.

But not now. Not in these days, where there are over 50 million cars thirsting for gasoline and oil. Not when there's so vital a need to conserve America's precious natural resources.

For science has found that dying fields can be brought back to life. Here's how Pure Oil does it:

Into properly spaced wells we pump water, forcing it down into the oil-bearing formation. There, the water spreads out, pushing the oil in front of it to other wells, from which it can be pumped out.

By "water flooding" PURE has pumped 555,000,000 barrels of water into 1,400 "played-out" wells and recovered 43,000,000 barrels of petroleum that might once have been abandoned as unrecoverable.

It's that kind of efficient operation that enables us to give you the best possible product at lowest cost.

And it's that kind of efficiency—from oil well to service station—that helps to put the *sure* in the PURE products you get at our nearly 16,000 service stations in 24 states. THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.

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(*Continued from Page 96*) glanced into a mirror, I recoiled. Even my own sister, up for a weekend, told me I was too old to let myself go like this. I had to take time at least to use a lipstick, she said, and couldn't I do more with my hair than hack at it with a razor?

Eleanor Musat came to my rescue. "You need a home permanent," she said. "I'll roll it up for you."

"You're an angel," I said gratefully. "You know what my sister said? She said, 'At your age, Melissa, you have to *try*.'"

And so, one lovely summer morning, Eleanor came down, and we retired to my bedroom and she tackled my hair with chemicals and incantations. The Dutch door stood open, and in the orchard scarcely a breeze stirred. It was so quiet we could hear the bees humming in the wild flowers.

All of a sudden we heard a rumbling. It began as a low muttering, rapidly grew louder and louder until it was climaxed by a frightful crash.

"An avalanche!" I cried, having once heard one, in the movies. We rushed outside, and there was the barn, down at last.

"Time—time!" said Eleanor, and rushed me back in.

"Darn it," I mumbled, my head over the basin. "Sometimes we go for weeks here with nothing falling down. Why now, when I'm so busy that I can't enjoy it?"

"Such a shame," Eleanor sympathized. "Very inconsiderate."

Kitty came dancing in. "Look, mamma," she called. "I found a foolish clover. It means good luck, did you know? The barn fell down, that's good luck." She danced outside again.

Pat and Chris burst in.

Chris: Hey, the barn fell down and we didn't do a darn thing to it! Hey, what's that awful smell in here?

Pat: Yeah, what stinks in here? What are you doing? Why don't you go out and see the barn?

Me (with dignity, my head wrapped in a towel): Can't you see I'm busy? I'm only doing this so I'll be beautiful.

Chris: I gotta get outta here. I'm gonna be sick if I stay in here.

Pat: I tell you what. Women are nuts, that's what.

Exeunt, snorting.

Eleanor sighed. "Men," she said indulgently.

When my hair was in little whirls pinned tightly to my head, Eleanor and I went out to inspect the ruins at our leisure. It made a most interesting debris. A couple of hundred berry boxes had shot out of nowhere, and some slatted shutters that turned to powder when you touched them. They must have been in the upper part of the old barn, where no one had dared explore lest he plunge through the rotted floor boards into the depths below. Over all hung a fine cloud of dust composed of exceedingly ancient and well-dried cow dung.

"There's a perfectly good wagon wheel," Eleanor said.

"And an oxen yoke," I said.

"I want those boxes, mamma," Kitty said, and sneezed. "God bless me," she added.

"It's going to be an awful job to clean it up," Eleanor said.

"That's the trouble with the country," I said. "There isn't anywhere to clean anything up to, know what I mean?"

"In Cleveland," Eleanor said, admiring our view, "a trashman comes every day. You need a pig, if you ask me."

"I have made up a song," Kitty announced. "Would you care to hear my song, mamma? It's about a star. It goes:

"If I were a star
I'd wonder who you are."

"Please, Kitty," I said. "A pig would be a very good idea, Eleanor, though of course you can always bury that sort of thing. Makes good fertilizer. Naturally it wouldn't help for tin cans and stuff like that."

"What do you do with the things you can't bury and can't burn?" Eleanor asked. "Rozeta is collecting boxes of broken glass and old rusted metal from the stone walls."

"I've made up another song," Kitty said. "Listen, mamma. Listen, Aunt Eleanor.

"I'm just a friendly wildcat
As lonesome as can be.
I promise I'll not eat you up
If you'll only play with me!"

Eleanor swept her up into her arms. "I could eat you up!" she cried. "I love little girls like you!"

"And I love you!" Kitty hugged her ardently. "I love everybody!" She hopped down and danced away, singing as she went, "I love every bit of God's beautiful world, God's beautiful world, God's beautiful world. . . ."

"I hope she always feels like that," I said huskily.

"She will." Eleanor was confident. "That's Kitty."

"About those tin cans and trash ——" We smiled at each other. It came to me with a touch of surprise that I had known Eleanor for exactly one week. "We lug them to the town dump. We also," I added honestly, "borrow the Bests' dump. With permission, of course. It's way down in their woods where it can't be seen from anywhere. We'd start one of our own, but Mikey would be sure to find it." We strolled back toward the house. "I swear I think the people who used to live here just went to the door and heaved their trash in every direction. Turning their own dooryards into a dump."

"Messing up God's beautiful world," said Eleanor with a smile.

"I'm getting old, I guess," I said with a sigh. "Crotchety. I get mad every time I see a beer can beside the road."

Eleanor laughed. "You must be mad all the time."

"Oh, I am," I assured her. "Simply livid, every time I take the wheel."

By now Longin and I were avid readers of the farm magazines. We perused the ads for silos, and finally decided on one which came all ready to set up, everything provided but the foundation, everything cut to fit and treated against whatever a silo should be treated against. "That's what we want," I said, "a nice, conservative, wooden silo, none of these jet-stream concrete or tile or glass-brick jobs. Just a sweet little do-it-yourself silo."

"Also it's cheaper," said Longin, and disappeared into clouds of higher mathematics. After a while he returned to my mental level and announced that our farm could eventually feed fifteen cows, when the land was brought back to fertility, and that the silo should, therefore, be of a size to hold silage for fifteen cows, but that we couldn't afford such a size, yet, but not to let this distress me, because so far we had only one cow. We would get the ten-by-twenty silo, and when that was no longer big enough, we should be making enough money to afford another.

We sent off a letter and by return mail received instructions how to make the foundation, plus bolts to sink therein, and this Longin proceeded at once to do. Then a truck came hurtling into the yard, and there was our silo, looking like a set of gigantic jackstraws.

Now we had further instructions. "This should be easy," Longin said. "You just keep inserting one board into another, dowel them together as you go along"—mumble, mumble—"add hoops"—mumble, mumble—"make sure it's perpendicular, two men on a rope to haul it straight, that'll be you."

"What'll be me?"

"The two men on a rope." He skimmed on down the rest of the page. "Add roof, doors, et cetera. Tighten hoops, et cetera. Well, let's get started."

It really did go up as easily as claimed. Of course, it would have gone up faster if we had had money for lumber and built a proper staging, instead of trying to do the whole job from stepladders. But we got it up, and it is perpendicular, and I performed satisfactorily like two men on a rope while Longin did all the work that required the nerves of a steeplejack. I think it is a beautiful silo. Whenever it catches my eye, I enjoy a nourishing sensation of achievement.

If Longin doesn't feel the same way when he looks at his barn, he certainly ought to. He designed it, he drew up the plans, he staked out the foundation, he saw the entire project through to completion, in spite of the weather, in spite of time, or the lack of it. The days flipped past with frightening speed.

We got the silo up just before the corn ripened in September. Meanwhile, young Turner had come with his crawler and shoved aside the remains of the old barn, and Longin made the foundation for the new one.

The dimensions were determined not so much by the size of the excavation for the old barn as by the needs of the farm, which, no matter how fertile the land should become, in all probability would never support more than fifteen milking cows. There isn't much a man can do about land too steep for anything but a woodlot.

Longin borrowed a portable concrete mixer and did three foundations himself, but for the west wall a vast amount of concrete had to be poured swiftly, in order to avoid cracks and joints. Longin made the frames and braced them heavily, and then we were treated to the spectacle of a concrete mixer rolling in and dumping its load, once, twice, thrice.

And meanwhile (I love these blithe "meanwhiles"—meanwhile *when?*), meanwhile, as I say, Longin had cut and dried his hay and stacked it in the field. And meanwhile, he was milking Jenny in the pasture. He had built a rude shelter and here he put her manger for grain, and in bad weather—in order to keep the rain out of the milk pail—he would milk her here. In good weather he strolled about the pasture, milk pail in hand, and milked her wherever he found her.

Jenny would need a female companion during the winter, Longin told me. A barn can be a chilly place with just one cow to warm it. I must go to an auction, and buy something suitable to be fattened up for beef.

There was a sale in New Hampshire. A farmer was selling out his milking herd, and Pat, Chris and I drove over. We watched in amazement and disgust as the animals staggered out, thin, listless, heads wobbling weakly, patchy-skinned, some with open sores on their legs.

We stayed only because the catalogue listed three or four cows from another herd, a large dairy that was apparently doing some culling before winter. Culls from a good herd are often better than the best cows in a small poor herd, I told the boys. Maybe we could pick up a bargain.

The first cow on consignment came out, and she looked nice, she really did. Really, she didn't look bad, and she had similar blood lines to Jenny's. . . . "Sold to the lady in the red jacket, for one hundred and forty dollars!"

"How could I leave her there, when they were practically giving her away?" I asked Longin when I got home. "Look, she has some Remus blood, and the same grandfather as Jenny."

The truck came, and Ronna limped wearily down the ramp. For a moment I wasn't even sure it was the same cow. Her back sagged, her hipbones jutted alarmingly, her right rear hoof seemed to be giving her trouble. "Next to Jenny, no cow would look good," said Pat, but it was hollow comfort.

Clifford and Vivian came up to see her as soon as they finished their evening milking.

"—And what's more, I'll bet he ain't been rode to this day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Do you suppose I was deceived," I said worriedly, "and thought she looked like a good cow because of all those miserable, practically decayed critters I'd been staring at?"

"She has a splendid long tail," Vivian said consolingly.

"That's good?"

"Oh, yes. A milking cow does better if she has a good long tail to keep the flies off with."

"She looks hungry to me," Clifford said. "Give her a little grain and her back'll straighten." He chewed on the end of his pipe. "If you're worried about her, I'll buy her from you for what you paid," he offered.

Naturally this made me feel much better, and Ronna joined Jenny in the pasture. Ronna was a bovine doormat, never challenging Jenny's autocratic ways, and the two got along famously. They would both come up to the pasture gate to check on the progress of the barn, Jenny slightly in the lead, as befitting her rank. Jenny was due to calve early in December, and it was obvious she was concerned about her winter quarters.

As September sped by and October raced after, work on the barn was stepped up to a kind of frenzy. We had all sorts of help, Bruce and my father; and Chris' godparents, the Taneys from Connecticut; and the Gillises from Michigan, Tom being safely back from Korea; and the Smiths from Washington, Charlie excused for a few days from testing Navy jets; all helping to raise the rafters, and working steadily at siding, roof sheathing and shingles.

Even so, we didn't make it. As October slid into November, the nights got too cold for Jenny in her delicate condition. So Longin constructed a pen in one half of the garage, all carefully fenced and bedded with hay, and a little manger for her grain, and her own private salt lick, and a bucket as large as a bushel basket for her water.

All through November I could hear her on the other side of the door connecting my bedroom with the garage. She made companionable sounds, gentle stompings and sighings, occasionally murmuring softly, in the way that old women will mumble patiently to themselves. I noticed the smell, of course, but I didn't mind it. It was a good, clean, animal smell, nothing more.

On Thanksgiving Day, late in the afternoon, Jenny dropped a little heifer calf. She had not yet licked it dry when she dropped another, a bull.

Poor Jenny! I know just how she felt. She stared from one to the other, and roared with outrage. "Who's playing tricks on me?" she roared. "One is enough! Do you think I don't know one is enough?" Turning her back on the little heifer, she licked the bull dry, and let him suck.

"Poor little shivering thing," I crooned, as Longin mopped the heifer off with a grain sack. Jenny was making such a fuss over the bull, it did seem unfair. She poked him to his feet, and began lowing to him, using a soft, deep tone I had never heard before, sweet and tender and throbbing with maternal pride.

I went to phone the Bests. Such magnificent news as this, twins, was too good to keep.

"Oh," said Vivian. And after a moment, "That's too bad."

I asked her to enlarge on this theme, and she did so. All my delight drained out of me. I went back to report to Longin.

"Vivian says what a shame," I said, watching him wrap the heifer in the detachable plaid lining of my ancient winter coat. "She says twins are very hard on the mother and often spoil the whole lactation. She says nobody would want to buy the bull for a herd sire, they'd be afraid he'd breed their cows to twins. She says a heifer twin to a bull nine times out of ten is sterile."

Longin looked up. "Nine times out of ten, eh?" He cupped his hand and let the calf nuzzle it. "So we gamble. We raise her and see."

"Sure," I said. "We can always eat her," I said, trying to be consoling. I was shocked at the sound of my own words.

Longin stood up and glared at me. "You eat her," he snarled. "I will not come to the table."

I said feebly, "Let's not quarrel now ——"

"You might as well understand," Longin said, pounding with his clenched fist on the railing, "what kind of a farmer I will be. I will farm Polish-style. I shall not hack off cows' horns and make them look ugly, no. I will get golden balls and put them on the ends of the horns. When I get rich, I shall not cut hay in the field and haul it into the barn green and there have big oven to cook it dry, no! I will dry it in the field and heap it on the wagon all sweet-smelling and when the rain clouds threaten I'll race like hell for the barn. None of this modern, scientific, kill-the-calf-maybe-she's-sterile stuff for me!"

He thumped Jenny approvingly on the hip.

"Women!" he sneered, for no particular reason that I could see.

Editors' Note—This is the fourth of five articles by Mrs. Ambros. The concluding article of this series will appear in next week's issue.

SYLVANIA

presents the world's first and only

Convertible TV

It's a console . . . it's a portable!

To harmonize with the furnishings of your favorite TV room, it's a beautiful console or lowboy with advanced Slimline styling.

To use in other rooms, it becomes a smart giant-screen portable. Picture size: 21" overall diagonal; 261 sq. in. viewable area.

Quickly and easily...

you slip the portable out of the console—and take it with you anywhere, at home or on the roam. But it's unlike any other portable in the world, for it has an extra-large speaker which gives you full, rich, console tone.

Like two sets-for the price of one!

Now that family activities are no longer centered in any one room, our possessions should serve us in more ways—and more places—than one. The Sylvania Convertible is the first TV designed for this new kind of living.

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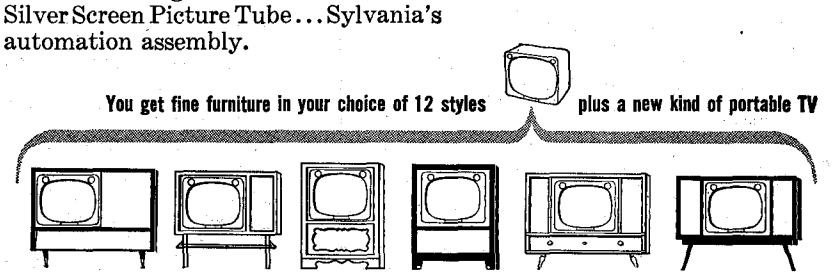
You get fine furniture in your choice of 12 styles plus a new kind of portable TV



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Murder Weapons for Sale

(Continued from Page 27)

Our Tommy gun, when it arrived, was "as advertised." The barrel was welded in two places. One weld closed off the chamber, making it impossible to insert a cartridge for firing. The other weld secured the barrel to the frame so that the plugged barrel could not readily be replaced with a usable one. The Internal Revenue Service of the Treasury Department, which administers United States firearms laws, terms this, "A practical method of rendering machine guns and machine pistols *permanently* (italics mine) unserviceable with the least possible effect on the appearance of the firearm so as not to impair any more than necessary its value as a trophy. . . ." Sure enough, this Tommy gun could be demonstrated, but not fired.

At the same time that I ordered it, however, I answered another gun ad. This one, by a long-established dealer who specializes in supplying firearm parts, listed an assortment of odd barrels in popular calibers. Such barrels are much in demand among gun tinkerers who like to rebuild hunting and target weapons or concoct their own pet "wildcat" firearms. This dealer listed a half dozen kinds of barrels. At the bottom: "Thompson SubMachine Gun, .45 caliber." I ordered one in the name of A. Potter Halsey. And got it.

Now I was ready to do what any gangster, thug or creature with murder in his heart might do: Remove the welded, useless barrel from the submachine gun and insert the new, highly usable one. My tools, all of dime-store variety, consisted of a hacksaw blade, flat and round files, a bench vise and a large wrench to turn out the old barrel and screw in the new one. It should be said right here that I am not a gunsmith, nor even a passable do-it-yourself man. My adventures with tools often are hazardous. Never before had I tinkered with a submachine gun. I expected, however, that I could rebarrel the Tommy gun. Most such military weapons are designed for quick replacement of barrels, because the high rate of fire wears them out fast.

Far from being permanently "unserviceable," this Thompson gun required little more than an hour of my amateurish efforts to restore it to shooting condition. When I took it out on a target range, there was nothing amateurish about its performance. Time and again, at close combat distances, its big .45-caliber slugs ripped up manlike cardboard silhouettes. With something of a shiver, I saw that the gun was promptly deactivated again.

The ease with which this potential killer gun was purchased and put in shooting order is important, because the sale of deactivated machine guns has reached a fantastic pitch lately. Estimates for 1957 run to "thousands" sold. Here and abroad, dealers and importers have grabbed them up literally by the ton. Most are Thompsons; Schmeisser "burp" guns used by the Nazis; Brens, Stens and Italian Berettas, outmoded World War II weapons released as surplus from the arsenals of the United States and Western Europe. Never before have these handy and easily concealed shoulder-type machine guns been so available.

The deluge of deactivated weapons is pouring through what appears to be a yawning loophole in the National Firearms Act. Congress passed the act in 1934 to disarm gangsters. It virtually outlawed machine guns in shooting condition by fixing penalties up to $2000 and five years in prison simply for possessing an unregistered one. It required strict registration of them by serial number and owner's name and address. And it halted casual traffic in them by slapping a $200 tax on each resale.

In short order, the smoking Tommy gun ceased to be a symbol of organized crime. Rather than risk drastic penalties merely for being caught with one, most professional killers and thugs chose other weapons: Revolvers and automatic pistols, which the 1934 act did not ban, or knives and nooses. "Murder became a quiet business," as one homicide expert put it. In the most sensational gangland murder of current times, crime chieftain Al Anastasia was assassinated last fall by two gunmen armed with ordinary revolvers. Months earlier, a gangster attempting to rub out the notorious Frank Costello used a small-caliber pistol in wounding him. Despite these rumblings of underworld warfare, there have been no big barrages of machine-gun fire like the one that a motorcade of Dion O'Bannion henchmen directed during Prohibition at Al Capone's office building in Cicero, Illinois.

The 1934 act, however, did not banish deactivated, or "dewat"—short for "deactivated war trophy"—machine guns. At the time it was enacted, between the two World Wars, relatively few were around. Thousands of submachine guns were brought back from World War II as G.I. souvenirs, but an adroit Treasury Department campaign emphasizing the danger of war trophies rounded up most of them.

Now, however, law-enforcement officers in our big cities are beginning to have nightmares over the dumping of dewats into juvenile hands. "They are available cheap to a generation of unruly youngsters who grew up with toy Tommy guns in their hands and, in too many cases, graduated to making their own 'zip guns' out of gas pipe to shoot real .22 caliber cartridges," one police official commented.

Dewat machine guns entered the picture last spring when numerous advertisements for them appeared in certain firearms magazines. Two of the leading publications in the field, furthermore, came out with articles on the Thompson submachine gun in the same month. The dealer ads, some written in flamboyant language to appeal to firearms collectors, extolled the war-surplus machine guns as "beautiful," "rare," "wonderful" and, in one instance which came to my attention, as "dream weapons."

Who treasures and collects these unlovely killing devices? Unquestionably, more people than you might think. Some spend $50 to $125 per weapon to indulge their unaesthetic hobby. These are honest, law-abiding citizens who happen to dote on machine guns as other hobbyists collect stamps or butterflies. They buy from Federally licensed dealers and are entirely within their rights in purchasing dewats. The fact that the lethal possibility of reactivating the weapons raises gooseflesh on police necks is no concern of theirs.

In Washington, D.C., New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, police officials deplored the whetted interest in machine guns. Leroy E. Wike, of Washington, executive secretary of the big International Association of Chiefs of Police, said:

"We hate to see the submachine gun encouraged in any way. It differs greatly from sporting rifles, shotguns and even pistols. We can understand how law-abiding citizens take an interest in those. But a submachine gun is a different thing. It is a murder weapon, unsuited to hunting or target shooting and suitable only for killing human beings. We cannot see any justification for the average man owning one, even a deactivated one. For we know that if people interested in firearms see a gun, they sooner or later want to see it shoot. They're interested as a rule in functional operation, not just in appearance. Therefore, in any pronounced trend to sell submachine guns over the country, it is of the utmost importance that the actions, as well as the barrels, be welded beyond repair—that the guns be deactivated beyond all possible re-use."

A smart wife is one who can manage any kind of household convenience—including her husband.

CY N. PEACE

Behind the police worry is the proved fact that firearms, through repeated sales, often drift from the hands of reputable collectors into the ready clutches of the criminal-minded. Dewat machine guns can follow this route faster than most firearms, due to their status as innocent souvenirs. While revolvers and automatics can be ordered by mail—one West Coast dealer offers a special "package" of four in working condition for only thirty-six dollars—the buyer must sign a statement that he is a law-abiding citizen above the age of twenty-one. Delivery cannot be made through the United States mails; usually, it is by express.

On dewat machine guns, however, the entire transaction can be carried out by mail without any assurances as to the age, responsibility or record of the individual placing the order. As my experience in obtaining a dewat for little Alice demonstrated, all a person needs to purchase this type of gun as casually as garden seed is the cash. Furthermore, the original buyer can sell the gun later without paying a $200 resale fee as on shooting machine guns, and without reporting the sale to Federal authorities. Thus, in a few unrecorded transactions, a trophy weapon may pass from legitimate hands into potentially bloody ones.

Youngsters, many of them avid readers of firearms magazines, need not resort to subterfuge nor go through "fronts," however, in buying dewats. Once a gun is sold by a dealer and the transaction is recorded by the Internal Revenue Service, which administers Federal gun laws, there usually is no checkup by any Federal agency unless the weapon is reactivated and that fact comes to light.

Against this background of "no questions asked," there is another development which gives rise to concern: The going price of dewats has dropped in recent months as the market has become overloaded with them. While the much-prized Thompsons still come as high as seventy-five dollars or so, some cheaply made foreign weapons of World War II can be purchased for as little as $12.95. Almost any determined young thug can raise the money by fair means or foul. Too, a teen-age trigger man is not likely to be awed by the Federal act even if he happens to have heard of it. The risk of a penalty up to $2000 and five years means little when he has hardly a cent and knows that he may get only an indeterminate sentence—a phrase often meaning just a few months—in a juvenile-correction home.

Already the wise guys of the big-city juvenile gangs are catching on. Constant experimenters with improvised zip guns that fire .22-caliber cartridges, they are fully up to the mechanics of converting a trophy Tommy gun into a killer weapon. A national authority on juvenile delinquency, Capt. Frederick J. Ludwig, who pounded a night beat while he put himself through law school and who now heads the Juvenile Aid Bureau of the New York City Police Department, underscored the trend for me: "It appears from our reports that there are at least twenty of these reactivated machine guns loose in this area alone," Ludwig said. "The situation has reached such proportions that Federal investigators have taken over the inquiry. Under the present law, they will find it difficult to control things, to say the least."

The first outlaw submachine gun to turn up in New York City, surreptitiously reactivated, made its ugly appearance last fall as a symptom of the times. The hand on the trigger was not that of a veteran gangster but of a juvenile. This seventeen-year-old flourished the .45-caliber Thompson in an attempt by a street gang, the Diplomats, to cow a rival mob, the Colts. Before a shot was fired, two alert city detectives intervened and averted bloodshed.

Under questioning, the teen-ager with the Tommy gun told a story startlingly parallel to my own experience in making Alice a machine-gun owner.

The gang gun was deactivated at the time of its purchase and the transaction was legal under Federal law.

The teen-agers then bought a new barrel separately from another dealer by mail order. Switching barrels as I did, they reactivated the "harmless" trophy and made ready for gang warfare.

To cap the story, the Tommy gun came from the same dealer who sold one to little Alice. And the dealer is now identified with a new firearms organization whose announced goal is to make the machine gun available to civilians for national defense, and, incidentally, to relax existing controls over it.

THE END

HAVE YOU A MACHINE GUN IN YOUR HOME?

Even if it is an innocent war relic, you as a law-abiding citizen should have it registered and deactivated. Otherwise you may violate Federal law. You can avoid the penalty by contacting the nearest Internal Revenue Service office. Agents will deactivate the weapon. You may then keep it legally. If it is reactivated, you become automatically liable for a minimum payment of $200. Violators with criminal intent may be penalized up to $2000 and five years.

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Atomic Power for American Homes

(Continued from Page 33)

of North American Aviation; and the 5000-kw. station, erected by General Electric at Pleasanton, near San Francisco. Some fifteen more atomic-power stations, ranging in size up to 275,000 kw., are in various stages of design and construction and should be serving the public by the mid-1960's. But as the largest one actually in operation in this country—and it is only slightly smaller than Britain's 70,000-kw. Calder Hall plant—Shippingport is expected to answer many of the practical problems facing the world's power industry as it moves into its atomic future.

Some of these problems, both serious and trivial, began to plague the Shippingport builders long before the plant was finished. A Duquesne customer telephoned the company office one afternoon, in considerable agitation. She had read about the new plant and was worried, she said, for fear the atoms would travel over the power lines into her house and "atomize" her and her family.

Actually, you can't tell atomic electricity from any other kind. A few residents of Arco, Idaho, swore their lights changed color when power from a Government reactor flowed temporarily into their lines several years ago. The explanation: high-voltage imagination. Electricity is electricity, whether it comes from falling water, burning coal or splitting atoms.

Another type of problem is represented by the coroner who stated publicly some time ago that what the town of Shippingport needed was a new and bigger mortuary—to take care of the casualties anticipated from the operation of the atomic-power station.

Exaggerated as these particular fears may be, they are symptomatic of the confusion and uneasiness regarding atomic power that affect a large segment of the public. This state of mind can be attributed partly to the complexity of atomic technology and partly to the secrecy in which the Government kept it wrapped for so long. Nor is public understanding made any easier by the Atomic Energy Commission's addiction to mysterious-sounding initials for its reactors—PWR, ETR, EBR, EBWR, BORAX-IV and LAMPRE-1, to cite a few from a long list. PWR is a Pressurized Water Reactor, of which Shippingport is an example. The other initials stand for Engineering Test Reactor, Experimental Breeder Reactor, Experimental Boiling Water Reactor, Boiling Reactor Experiment No. 4, and Los Alamos Molten Plutonium Experiment No. 1.

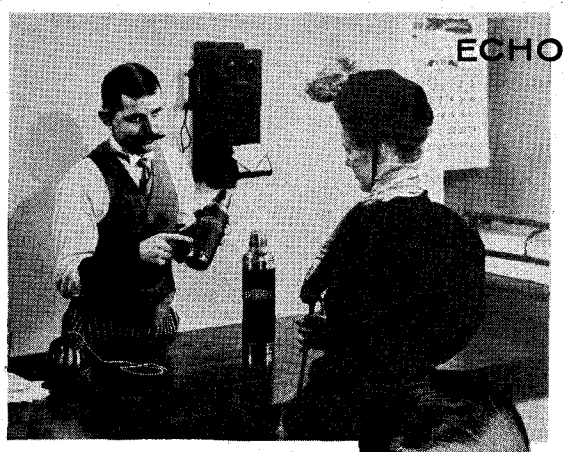
The atomic atmosphere is clouded not only by the common man's bewilderment but by legitimate questions from persons well-informed on the subject. These deal with such matters as safety, the degree of present and future government control, the high cost of atomic kilowatts and the role of nuclear power in our foreign policy. As a matter of fact, there has been a lot of hard reappraising recently, and a certain amount of disillusionment. Of the hundreds of companies which had reserved expensive tickets to the bright and promising atomic future, a number have been discouraged by unanticipated technical hurdles and by soaring costs—50 to 100 per cent or more in two years—and have canceled their reservations.

One of the most recent high-level discussions of these shifting attitudes took place last fall at the American Assembly, sponsored by Columbia University and held at Arden House, Harriman, New York. The sixty-four participants, among whom were present and former members of the Atomic Energy Commission and top nuclear scientists and engineers, summarized the situation in these terms:

"The importance for society of the development of peaceful uses of atomic energy is widely felt, but inadequately understood. Not surprisingly, so far as the near future is concerned, the immediate and universal use of atomic power has been oversold. Ultimate possibilities both in the United States and more especially in the world at large have been mistaken for present realities. Disappointments are inevitable. . . . On the international plane, in the present position of the United States as a world power involved in the constant competition of cold war, disappointments may have harmful results which, while perhaps unjustified, are nonetheless real."

The Arden House conferees called for a thorough review of the United States' atomic-power program, and urged that objectives be newly defined. These objectives, they asserted, "must be clearly stated and widely publicized in order that they may be widely understood not only by those directly interested but by the public at large."

One may ask, then, just what are the objectives? What can we expect from the "peaceful atom," and how soon can we expect it? What are the obstacles to be overcome before it will light our homes and factories as cheaply as do the kilowatts generated by the fossil fuels—coal, oil and natural gas? If economical atomic power in the United States is still ten



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years off, as most authorities believe, how do we justify the millions of tax dollars we are pouring into the civilian reactor program today? (AEC expenditures for experimental power reactors, exclusive of those for the armed services, totaled $217,000,000 from 1950 through last June thirtieth. They were $90,000,000 for the fiscal year 1957 and will be $97,000,000 for fiscal 1958.) Is the Shippingport plant, built on top of a rich coal deposit, only an expensive show of scientific strength or is it a sound wager on the atom's future, here and abroad?

In the remainder of this article we shall summarize current views on these questions, recognizing that in an operation like this all answers must be subject to change without notice. We shall also indicate, through glimpses into a representative atomic-power plant, some of the knotty problems and exciting challenges encountered in harnessing this new source of energy.

Only fifteen years have elapsed since the first atomic pile, designed by the late Enrico Fermi, went into action in the squash court beneath the west stands of the University of Chicago's Stagg Field. In the history of a completely new power source, fifteen years is a short time. We are still in a position somewhat analogous to that of the cave man the day after he discovered fire. We have much experimenting to do before we find the best kind and form of atomic fuel, the best way to set the "drafts," and—most troublesome of all assignments—the best method of disposing of the radioactively "hot" ashes without fouling up our planet for centuries to come.

Taking up first the question of objectives, these have never been too clear-cut in the public's mind, and they have shifted from time to time as more of the hard facts of atomic life have been uncovered and as changes have occurred in the international picture. From the very outset, atomic power lacked the intense motivation that lay behind the atomic-bomb project. In a war the need for new and better weapons is obvious. But we have had no urgent need for new and better sources of power. Our supply of fossil fuels is estimated to be adequate for at least another generation, even when allowing for the fact that demands for electric power have been doubling every ten years. Moreover, since atomic electricity at present costs from two to ten times the conventional kind in the United States and offers the average consumer no performance advantages, the immediate profit incentive for private industry is lacking—at least in this country. In the military context, of course, there is obvious logistic superiority in a compact atomic-power package that needs refueling only once every few years; and such units are now being built for the remote DEW Line radar outposts in Canada.

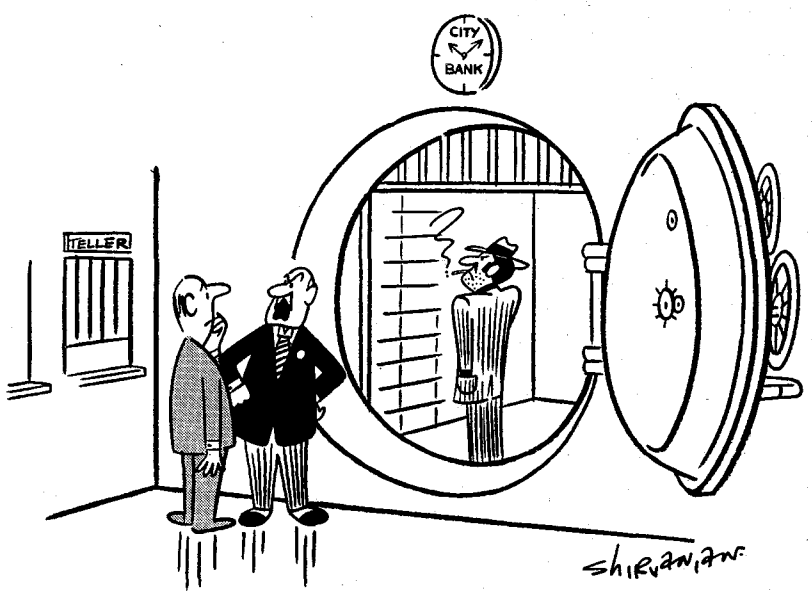
A reference to the lack of urgency in the civilian picture was made by the Arden House participants in their final report. "Considering only our national power needs, present and projected," the report stated, "an extensive program of construction of large-scale power reactors in this country is not desirable."

But when we consider the power needs of less fortunate nations, our atomic program takes on added importance and becomes an implement of—or at least an issue in—foreign policy. Here the objective is to stay ahead of Russia in the technology race—if, indeed, we are ahead—so that we may win friends by helping them build atomic-power plants. The assistance would range from sharing our nuclear knowledge to exporting the complete power package, along with a supply of enriched uranium fuel.

Again, a nagging negative complicates the picture. For the more we help other nations to build atomic-power plants the more we increase their ability to wage atomic war. The convertibility of atomic fuel to atomic weapons is something we nevertheless must risk if we are to help Europe meet her power needs. Britain is probably able to take care of herself. At least she is well on the way with her Calder Hall plant and plans for expansion. But the six nations organized as the European Atomic Energy Community (Euratom) are hoping for our co-operation. Faced with dwindling coal supplies and uneasy in their dependence upon oil from the unstable Middle East, these countries—France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg—have set a target of 15,000,000 kilowatts of installed nuclear capacity by 1967.

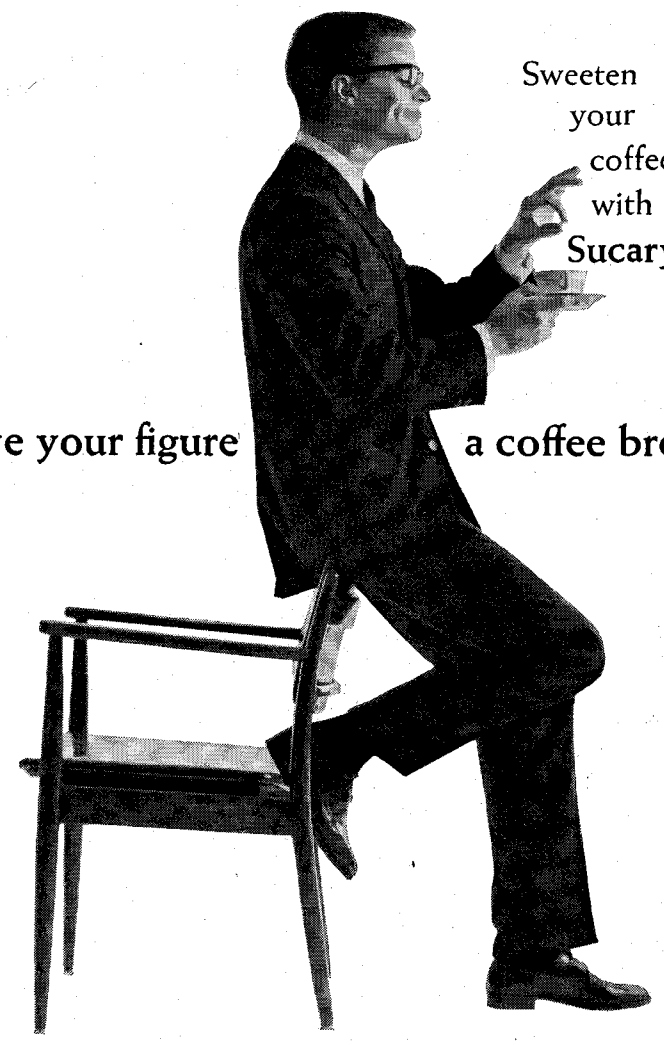
Since Europe is already paying much more for electricity from conventional sources than we are in the United States, it will become economical for her to use atomic power long before that point is reached here. Representatives of Euratom have therefore suggested that Europe become the testing ground for commercial nuclear plants built with American help.

This suggestion finds ready support in some quarters here. Charles H. Weaver, vice president of Westinghouse in charge of its atomic activities, sees the building of large reactors abroad, where the need



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He doesn't look like a termite inspector to me."



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is more urgent, a good way to achieve the many engineering improvements he feels are necessary to advance the art. For these gains can be realized, he told the Atomic Industrial Forum last fall in his keynote address, only if "successive generations and probably larger sizes of the same type of plant are built," and we apparently "do not require and cannot justify the number of large plants in this country over the next decade which may be felt necessary to meet our development goals."

To accomplish the construction of plants abroad, however, Mr. Weaver said, "government must recognize the limitations of American industry and support it in a more positive and thorough manner than in the past."

Charlie Weaver, a dynamic man with curly red hair and blazing blue eyes, is one of the most knowledgeable and active industrialists in the atomic field. Trained in electrical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Weaver was a thirty-four-year-old sales executive with Westinghouse when, in 1948, he began to prod his company into thinking more seriously about atomic energy. President Gwilym Price promptly put Weaver in charge of a new atomic-power division, with a staff consisting of one other man, a top nuclear physicist, Dr. William E. Shoupp, and a secretary.

Today Weaver's atomic activities involve 7000 employees, of whom 1400 are scientists and engineers, and Westinghouse is building more atomic reactors than all the other private companies combined. It constructed the land-based prototype and the actual seagoing power plant of the first atomic submarine, the Nautilus. It has just completed the reactor portion of the Shippingport plant, and it holds contracts for more than thirty power reactors in all, including those for thirteen more subs, a light cruiser to carry guided missiles, and an 85,000-ton aircraft carrier. The carrier will use eight reactors, two for each of its four propeller shafts. Among the civilian reactors it will build are a 134,000-kilowatt unit for Yankee Atomic Electric Company, at Rowe, Massachusetts (to be completed in 1960), a plant for the Pennsylvania Power & Light Company in Eastern Pennsylvania, and plants for Belgian and Italian utilities.

To be sure, the greater number of Westinghouse's $200,000,000 backlog of atomic orders are military and thus are not subject to the same economic risks that affect atomic power for civilian purposes. Charlie Weaver is aware of these risks, but he is much less bearish than many of his industrial colleagues.

"I am just as enthusiastic today as I was when I first met an atom nine years ago," he told the Atomic Industrial Forum, "even though I hear complaints all around me regarding high costs and big losses. I hear about a few companies getting out of the business, but I ask myself, 'Did they take time initially to know what they were getting into?' Let's face it; the atomic industry should not be expected to support the magnitude of business interests that has ventured into the field."

In Weaver's opinion, the biggest problem the atomic industry faces today is lack of experience. "All of our estimates on what a plant will do have the same fundamental weakness," he told me. "They are not based on sufficient experience."

But as "second generations" of plants are built, knowledge will be gained and costs will come down, he said. "And I suspect that a utility executive will be able by 1970 to sit down and look at specifications of a nuclear-power plant and buy it with assurance that it will produce power at a cost comparable to that from a conventional plant."

There is the possibility that much of the existing nuclear equipment will eventually be outmoded by plants operating on the controlled-fusion principle, the tamed H-bomb. Here atoms of heavy hydrogen are forced together at a temperature of millions of degrees to form helium and give off energy. Some progress in this direction has been reported by the British, whose scientists are exchanging information with Americans working on a similar project under the AEC. If a workable process is achieved, electricity may be produced directly, without going through the steam-turbine cycle. And while expensive shielding would still be required, the problem of radioactive waste products would be greatly reduced in the fusion operation. Moreover, the ocean contains enough heavy-hydrogen atoms to give us a virtually inexhaustible source of fuel for these plants.

At the present stage of development, however, more power is being used to produce fusion than is being got out, and both British and United States atomic-energy officials have indicated the day of practical application is so far off that atomic-fission plants now under construction will have many years of useful life before they become obsolete.

The utilities executive shopping for a fission plant today would find at least six major types, as the aforementioned list of initials suggested, and some eighteen variations, or subtypes. These differ from one another mainly in fuel formulations and in the substances used to promote or "moderate" the fission reaction and transfer the heat—materials such as graphite; molten sodium; heavy or ordinary "light" water; a waxy organic fluid; carbon-dioxide gas, and air. At present no one knows which types will eventually prove the best. But W. Kenneth Davis, director of the AEC's reactor division, recently proposed concentration on the water reactors during the next few years. He felt that this class, in which he included the organic-moderated reactors, offered the greatest promise in reducing capital costs and increasing power efficiency.

Shippingport, as the largest water reactor now operating, is therefore a good example to examine. Actually, this reactor started out on the drawing boards as the power plant for an aircraft carrier. But in the economy wave of 1953 the Defense Department cut back on its carrier program and tabled the nuclear engines. The Atomic Energy Commission and the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, striving to salvage what it could of the project, persuaded Congress to permit design and development of the land-based power reactor to continue, with a shift of purpose to the production of civilian power. Westinghouse, having already built the successful nuclear-propulsion unit for the Nautilus—first step toward an all-atomic Navy—was awarded the reactor contract, and did the work on a nonprofit basis. Duquesne Light Company, offering the land and $5,000,000 toward research and development, was named to construct the conventional generator part of the plant. This it has done with its own money. Duquesne is also operating the entire Shippingport facility, although ownership of the reactor portion remains with the Atomic Energy Commission, which sells the steam to Duquesne.

Main responsibility for carrying the Shippingport project to successful completion fell on the shoulders of Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, peppery chief of the AEC's Naval Reactor Branch and also assistant head of the Bureau of Ships for Nuclear Propulsion. Admiral Rickover is the man who, over strong opposition, had swung the Navy into an atomic-propulsion program. During the Shippingport construction he made frequent trips to the site, usually in the evening, to confer, over sandwiches and coffee, with the project managers. These were Joseph C. Rengel for Westinghouse, John Gray for Duquesne, and John Simpson, head of the Westinghouse Bettis Atomic Power Division, where the nuclear parts were designed and developed. Operations manager of the plant is Melvin Oldham, of Duquesne.

Seen from the outside, Shippingport is quite conventional. Its main building is a high, rectangular, windowless structure whose plastic-coated steel walls have weathered to a dark maroon. An adjacent cluster of open-air tanks and pipes—the waste-storage area—suggests an ordinary chemical plant or small oil refinery. The distinctive character of the place begins to reveal itself only when you step inside. Stretching before you in the principal building is a series of rectangular pools of water, thirty to forty feet deep, over which hang big traveling cranes. This is the fuel-handling canal where radioactive tubes of partially burned uranium are safely cooled and examined after removal from the reactor. Heavy, radiationproof glass windows are set into the walls of the pool, like those in a marine aquarium, for observation through periscopes or television cameras.

As you stand on the edge of the canal, most of the atomic "works" lie beneath you, in a series of four underground steel shells or plant containers. The one housing the reactor vessel is spherical. The three others are capsule-shaped and 100 feet or more in length. Connecting the shells are tubular passageways, each equipped with an air lock. Every air lock has a telephone, for use in an emergency, although this whole area is unoccupied while the reactor is actually operating. Television cameras and other remote recording devices tell the men in the control room what is going on.

Someone has described an atomic-power plant as "basically nothing more than a pot, a pump and a pipe." This is simplification simplified almost to the vanishing point; but it is a useful verbal diagram. The pot is the reactor vessel, in which the atomic fires burn with a quiet, flameless heat. The pumps—there are several—carry water at 2000 pounds pressure through the pot to pick up the heat and transfer it to a secondary loop of pipe. Here the steam is formed that drives the turbines that spin the generators that make the electricity.

Most of this circuit resembles the main elements of a conventional coal- or oil-fired power station, except that it is heavier and more elaborately instrumented. As Mr. Simpson quipped, "This is just like any other power plant, only more so." Its really unique feature is the pot, the reactor vessel. Actually there are pots within pots, like a giant set of nesting kettles, the arrangement providing a shield against escaping radioactivity. The reactor vessel itself—the innermost pot—is an upright cylinder thirty-three feet high and nine feet across. Its eight-and-a-half-inch-thick walls are of carbon steel, clad with stainless. It weighs 250 tons empty and is massive in every detail. The dome-shaped head is bolted on, for example, with threaded studs six inches in diameter—so heavy they have to be lifted into place with a crane.

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Unfortunately, it isn't that easy. The long fuel cycle is a reality, all right, and that in itself is an amazing achievement. But the uranium fuel must be fabricated, machined and assembled like the parts of a Swiss

(*Continued on Page 107*)

". . . unfortunately, as is the case with most parrots, I am rather cliché-ridden."

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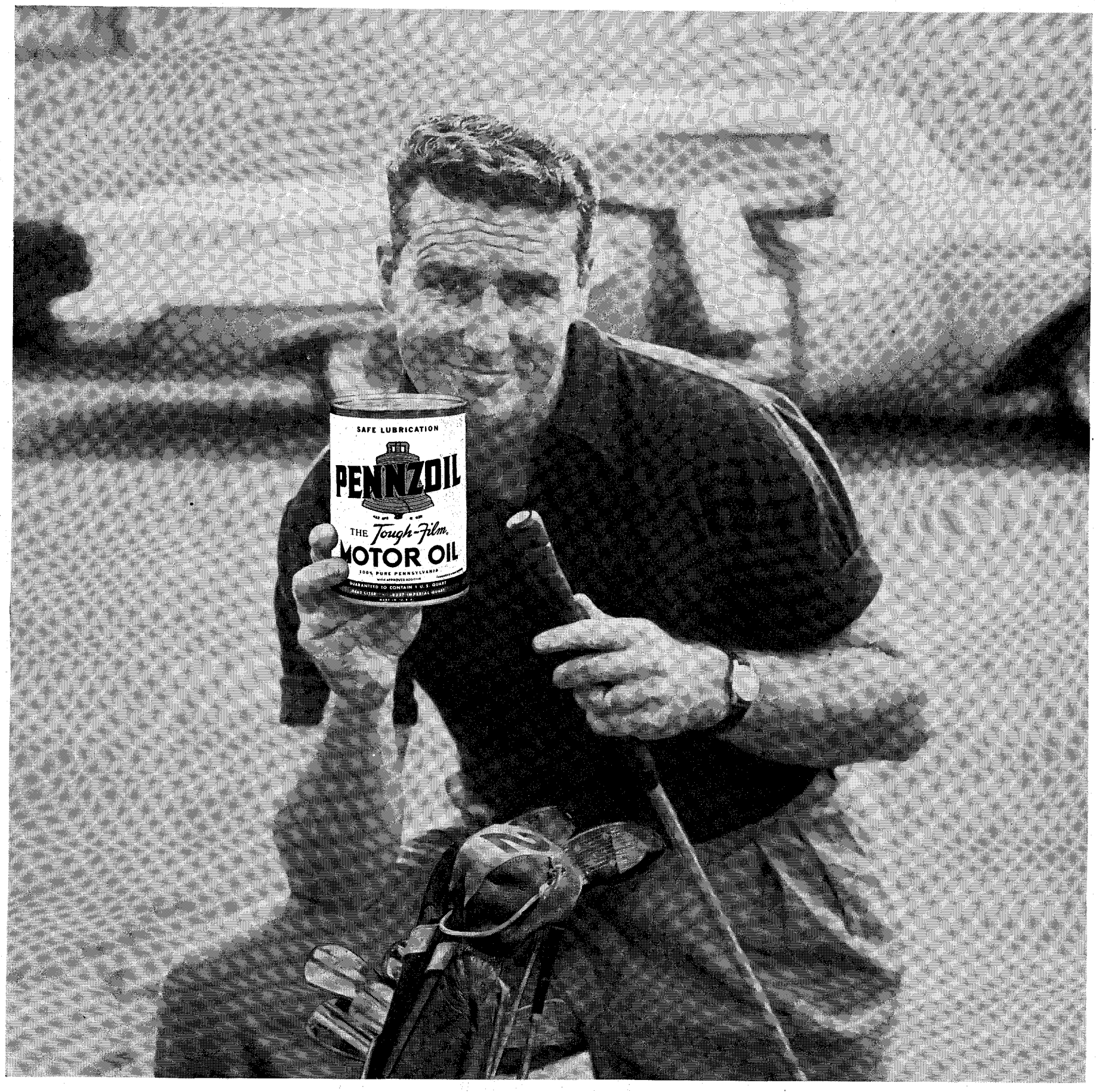

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(*Continued from Page 104*) watch. The analogy is not mine. Atomic engineers refer in just those terms to the current state of their fuel-preparation art, and speak hopefully of the day when they will be able to fire their nuclear furnaces in less exacting fashion. At the moment, fuel elements are the most expensive part of the reactor. It costs $18,000,000 to stoke the Shippingport fire pot—that is, to assemble and fill the fuel core.

There are several reasons why the atomic fire must be laid with such fussy and costly exactitude. First, the fission products, or "ashes," produced by the burning of the uranium are highly radioactive and must be kept, so far as possible, from getting into the cooling water and circulating to other parts of the plant. Hence, the fuel must be packaged in watertight metal containers. Second, the fuel units must be arranged in a certain pattern to form the critical mass necessary to start a chain reaction. Third, this pattern must at the same time provide for the smooth, efficient removal of the heat, via the circulating coolant. If local hot spots develop anywhere, the metal cladding or the fuel itself may melt and cause trouble.

Instances of overheating and meltdown have already occurred, although they have been surprisingly few. The first and one of the most serious was the rupturing of fuel and control elements in Canada's Chalk River reactor on December 12, 1952. No one was hurt, but it took a year for the workers, wearing respirators and protective clothing, to clean up the contamination, dismantle the reactor, bury the "hot corpse" of the reactor core, and rebuild. One or two minor "runaways" have occurred in United States reactors; and last October a plutonium-producing pile at Windscale, England, developed a hot spot during a maintenance-heating procedure carried out to relieve internal stresses. It began to burn in one part and spewed radioactive iodine vapor and some oxidized uranium particles into the surrounding air. Angry dairy farmers in a 200-square-mile area were compelled to dump their milk for several weeks, largely because of the radioactive iodine consumed by the grazing cows.

Westinghouse metallurgists and engineers had the above operation and safety considerations in mind when they set out to fabricate the Shippingport fuel elements. These are of two categories. First, is a "seed assembly" containing a total of 110 pounds of enriched uranium—the term referring to the admixture of the easy-fissioning Uranium-235. Surrounding the units of enriched uranium is a "blanket assembly" of natural uranium, twelve tons of it in all.

In making the elements of the "seed assembly," the Westinghouse men combined the fuel with zirconium in a metallic alloy, rolled the alloy into sheets and sandwiched each sheet between two thin plates of straight zirconium. The finished "seed plates," about two and a half inches wide and six feet long, were then stacked, a fraction of an inch apart, and welded into boxlike subassemblies. Several of the latter were welded together to make a single unit. Thirty-two of these units are in the Shippingport core.

The natural uranium was packaged in a different form. As uranium oxide it was ground up and pressed into ceramic pellets about the size and shape of pencil erasers. The brown pellets were loaded end-to-end into ten-inch-long tubes of zirconium, and to assure smooth transfer of heat from the fuel out through the tubing wall the pellets had to be machined to an exact fit. The filled tubes, 95,000 of them, were then welded shut at the ends, X-rayed to make sure the welds were watertight, and assembled in long bundles, with spacers welded in place to permit water to circulate evenly around each tube.

As you follow the manufacture of these units in the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburgh and watch them being installed at the power station you begin to understand why an atomic reactor costs so much. It requires not only a great deal of highly skilled labor but certain materials that are scarce and expensive.

Take zirconium. The metallurgists selected it because of its high resistance to corrosion and to the effect of radiation—which buckles and swells many metals. But in the early stages of reactor construction, in 1949, there wasn't enough purified zirconium in the whole world to fill a shoe box. This meant a crash program to produce the stuff. Within fourteen weeks Westinghouse had built a refining plant and was turning out zirconium of 99.9 per cent purity at the rate of 1000 pounds a month. Later an alloy had to be developed. And because it is damaged by oxygen at welding temperatures, zirconium must be welded in an atmosphere of inert gas, inside a sealed box with porthole sleeves for the welder.

Contemplating the high cost of the reactor parts, particularly the fuel elements, one must not lose sight of the fantastic amounts of power packed away in these slim tubes. Westinghouse scientists have calculated that a single, pill-size pellet of uranium oxide will turn out enough energy, once the chain reaction starts, to run a television set for ten months at an average rate of family use, or a dishwasher for 300 meals. The pellets in a sixteen-inch length of tubing will supply enough electricity to run an average home for three years. These are not mere slide-rule speculations. The day of the power pill that will drive a ship across the ocean is here. The submarine Nautilus cruised a total of 62,500 miles—the equivalent of two and a half times around the earth—on one fuel loading; and the amount of uranium actually consumed in all that time, I was told, would make a lump no larger than a light bulb.

Now singly and alone, these power pills are quite powerless. In small quantities they are not even very radioactive and they can be handled with less danger than unfired bullets. Only when they are assembled in the proper mass and geometric pattern does their strange internal instability begin to generate useful heat and lethal amounts of radiation.

The framework for this assembly is the core cage, an accurately machined, stainless-steel structure that fits inside the reactor vessel. Round and square holes in the top and bottom plates of the core receive the fuel elements and control rods and hold them firmly in place. The Shippingport core cage was made—at a cost of $1,000,000—in the Westinghouse Bettis plant, near Pittsburgh.

The cage has no removable bars, and anything that falls into it is a nuisance to get out. Therefore the Westinghouse men, while installing the Shippingport cage, had to remove everything from their pockets, tape their spectacles to their heads and lash all wrenches to their wrists with lanyards. These precautions were neglected once at another reactor and it took three days to fish out a dropped wrench.

So far as the order of plant construction goes, we have been focusing on the last part to be installed. Before the reactor and the pipes and pumps and steam generators could be hooked up, the big steel container shells that house them had to be lowered into the ground and tightly bolted and welded together. These four steel tanks, with walls an inch to an inch and a half thick, are designed to provide an ample margin of safety in the event of leakage of radioactive water or steam. The container shells have a combined volume of 600,000 cubic feet. The pipes and other apparatus occupy only 150,000 feet. This leaves 450,000 feet of free space, and if a major break occurred and all the water in the system were suddenly to escape as radioactive steam, this space would contain it, and the pressure would be only fifty-two pounds per square inch.

To make sure the containers were tight enough to perform this safety function, the Westinghouse inspectors sealed them up, while still empty, pumped them full of fragrant Freon gas, and then went around the outside with a special detector, sniffing at the seams for leaks. When the sniffer found escaping Freon, the exact location was determined by smearing the seam with soap suds and watching for bubbles. The few leaks that did show up in the plant containers were corrected by tightening gaskets, an expensive and time-consuming task.

"In building an atomic plant you spend a lot of time," remarked Mr. Rengel, the Westinghouse project manager, "just looking for weak and leaky joints. One day an X ray revealed a defect inside a bend of fifteen-inch pipe. It was a hard place to get at. We considered dismantling the pipe, but that would have been costly as the devil in time and money. Then we learned of a firm in Georgia that hires out midget welders for just such jobs. They sent us one who was just thirty-nine inches tall, and he crawled into the pipe and made a good solid repair. It cost us two hundred dollars a day for his services, plus traveling expenses, but he saved us thousands of dollars."

Now, the Shippingport plant is so designed that nothing happens until water begins to surge through the forest of fuel rods and plates in the reactor vessel. For this particular atomic fire cannot burn without water to act as a moderator of the fission process. Here a bit of atomic physics may be in order. The particles known as neutrons, some of which are spontaneously emitted from uranium nuclei, must be slowed down to a certain speed if they are to split other uranium atoms on collision and keep the fire—that is, the chain reaction—going. This slowdown is accomplished as the neutrons bump into the atoms of hydrogen in the water. To transfer the heat generated in the fuel elements the water is pumped through at 45,000 gallons per minute and under 2000 pounds pressure.

One advantage of the pressurized-water design—and of certain other reactor types as well—is a built-in safety factor known as a negative-temperature coefficient. Ordinary chemical reactions increase as the temperature rises. But in this nuclear reactor the reverse is true. As the water heats up, it becomes less dense and its atoms of hydrogen get farther and farther apart. More and more neutrons get through without bumping into them and being slowed down to fissioning speed. Hence the chain reaction itself slows down. Therefore, if the reactor overheats, it shuts itself off.

The power output is regulated by the neutron-absorbing control rods, which are raised out of the fuel assembly to increase the reaction and lowered back in to decrease it. Here again a fail-safe mechanism is in operation. The electric lifting mechanisms grip the rods with magnetic clamps, and in case of electricity failure the clamps spring open and allow the rods to fall back and "scram" the reactor.

Safety is practiced in many ways at Shippingport. The workers are shielded from radioactivity by walls that would

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Purkison dwelt in an atmosphere of thick gloom and foreboding. When she went visiting, she took it with her. So it was when she permitted her small son to play at the Smiths'. The boy began to romp happily, but his mother loosed a barrage of dire warnings:

"Don't play with those sand toys; you might cut yourself!"

"Get down off that swing! Suppose it broke."

"Don't run in that gravel driveway. You'll get hurt if you fall."

Finally Mrs. Smith, thinking to take Mrs. Purkison's mind off her worries, suggested refreshments for the grownups and some cookies for the young guest. Mrs. Purkison paused in another warning about the Smiths' danger-laden premises. "Oh," she said, "I don't think he should have cookies."

"Don't worry," Mrs. Smith replied. "These haven't sharp edges."

Parke Cummings

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make a Monte Cristo give up after one tap. The concrete around the steel container shells is five feet thick, and huge slabs of high-density concrete hang in front of the steam pipes that emerge from the "hot" part of the plant.

Geiger counters are everywhere, like the eye of Big Brother, reporting to the control room the radiation levels in and near the reactor, inspecting workers as they pass through entrance and exit doorways, sampling the water and air inside and outside the plant, making lights flash and bells ring if the count gets dangerously high.

Five monitoring stations are continually taking measurements at locations in the neighborhood of the plant and the village of Shippingport. These are compared with natural background radiation counts made before the plant started up. Counts are also being made of vegetation in the area, and of water, mud and algae from the Ohio River. Rabbits and mice have been brought in so that radioactivity analysis of their flesh and bones can be made by the Pennsylvania Department of Health. So far, no "hot" wildlife has been discovered.

Guarding against accidental release of radioactivity is an important job in running an atomic-power plant. But the buildings and equipment are so constructed and instrumented, as we have seen, as to make serious disasters very unlikely. In the fifteen years the Atomic Energy Commission has been operating reactors no one has been injured by fission products escaping from reactor containment vessels. In fact, in our entire atomic-energy industry, with thousands of workers involved, only two deaths have been directly attributable to radiation—one in 1945 and one in 1946. Both men were engaged in experiments recognized as hazardous, and not in routine operations.

As the number of plants and workers increases, of course, the chances of human error multiply. As one engineer observed, "Some fool can and usually does prove that nothing can be made foolproof." An atomic plant cannot become an atomic bomb. It takes an entirely different kind of uranium assembly to make a bomb. But fires and chemical explosions are possible, with leakage of lethal radioactivity. Therefore the industry must assume that an accident can occur, and to protect its assets must take out public-liability insurance.

The AEC requires each nuclear-power plant it licenses to carry $150,000 of insurance for every 1000 kilowatts of thermal energy. (A thermal kilowatt will produce about a fourth of an electrical kilowatt.) Hence a plant the size of Shippingport, with 60,000 electrical-kilowatt capacity, would carry about $36,000,000 worth, at a cost of approximately $7000 in annual premiums. But certain executives in the power industry felt that private insurance protection, which could reach only about $60,000,000 in pooled coverage for a single plant, was not enough. Therefore Congress passed a bill last fall authorizing the Government to indemnify a plant up to $500,000,000 for a single reactor accident, paying only on claims exceeding the amount covered by the private insurers.

These high insurance figures, as well as many expensive features of plant design, are regarded as concessions to the present attitude of overcautiousness. "A few years from now we are going to think the indemnity total is ridiculous," Mr. Weaver commented. "If I ever thought catastrophes of this magnitude were going to occur, we would never have built the plants at all."

There is nothing ridiculous, though, in that most Herculean of all atomic safety tasks, hauling out and disposing of the radioactive waste. By comparison, the Augean stables were a brush-up job. A power plant the size of Shippingport accumulates in a year nearly four times as much long-lived fission products as does the detonation of a one-megaton bomb. (A megaton bomb has the force of a million tons of TNT and is fifty times bigger than the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. The AEC foresees some 900 Shippingport-size reactors—on the average—in the United States by 1975. We must therefore prepare to handle an annual volume of lethally radioactive ashes equal to that from 180,000 Hiroshima-size bombs. Putting it on a daily basis, it would be approximated by 493 such bombs exploding every day of the year. As Mr. Weaver commented, "We certainly can't sweep that kind of dust under the rug."

What you do with some of the waste is to clean it up on a day-to-day housekeeping basis. Jacques R. LaPointe, head safety engineer at Shippingport, explains that this radioactive material comes from several sources—water from the "hot laundry" where the workers' white coveralls are washed, stains removed from contaminated equipment, and the coolant water circulating through the reactor vessel. In spite of careful fabrication, a few of the fuel elements are expected to break down and release fission products into this water. The reactor is designed to function with as many as 1000 of the 95,000 pencil-size elements ruptured—though the actual failure rate is much lower—and the waste-disposal plant is large enough to handle this quantity of material. The waste is put through an elaborate cycle of holding tanks, where it loses much of its radioactivity in a forty-five-day period—resin-exchange purifiers, evaporators, gas strippers, and so on. Some of it, as concentrated sludge, is mixed with cement and poured into drums to be carried out to sea. Other material is held for longer periods. Waste of short-life radioactivity and small volume can be diluted below "tolerable" levels as defined by the Pennsylvania State Code, and piped into the river.

Now, the housekeeping type of waste handling is a more or less continuous operation. But it cannot take care of the fission products that build up inside the fuel rods and plates. Eventually these will slow down the chain reaction, even though large amounts of unburned uranium are still left. Therefore, about every two years the entire batch of fuel elements must be pulled out of the reactor core and shipped away for an expensive ash-sifting job.

All the fuel reclaiming is at present done at Atomic Energy Commission installations. Material from most of the reactors in the country, and some in Canada—about fifty in all—is transported in heavy lead casks to the chemical processing plant at the National Reactor Testing Station, a 431,000-acre reservation in the Snake River country of Southern Idaho. The $44,000,000 chemical plant, operated on contract by the Phillips Petroleum Company, is a chemical-engineering masterpiece, a systematized labyrinth of thick-walled concrete cells and corridors, vast water-cooled storage tanks, color-coded pipes, automatic valves, interlocking switches and dozens of mechanical hands to measure and pour untouchable radioactive chemicals.

Don Reid, the chemical engineer in charge, "pulled this design out of the chemists' test tubes," as he put it, and set up the first pilot plant for waste reclamation at Oak Ridge, in 1944. "They were still working on the bomb then," he recalled, "and they expected to shut the

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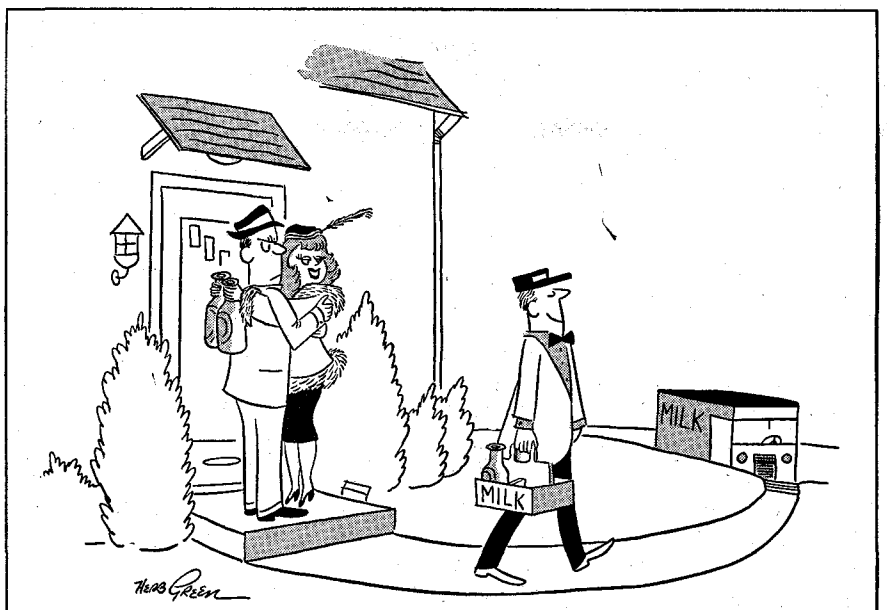
chemical plant down after that job was done. But here we are, with a full-size plant and plenty of work to do."

So intensely radioactive are the spent fuel rods and plates that they must be stored in tanks of water for 120 days, dating from their removal from the reactors, before they can be safely handled, even with all this heavily shielded, remote-control equipment. The first fuel core of the submarine Nautilus was in storage at the Idaho plant at the time I visited there recently. After the four-month cooling-off period, the pieces are loaded, still under fifteen feet of water, into small charger casks with lead walls a foot thick, and dumped into a vat of nitric acid. The acid dissolves away the metal cladding of the fuel elements so the uranium and fission products can be put into solution for chemical separation.

In all this work the material must be kept at a safe distance. And the distance applies not only to the personnel but to the fuel elements themselves. "If we pile too much stuff in one tank," Mr. Reid pointed out, "we'd have a reactor and develop so much heat we'd ruin our equipment. So we handle it in small batches. Even in the continuous part of the process our pipes are spaced two and a half feet apart, and each bank of pipes is ten feet from the next one. In this way we never reach the critical mass that would start a chain reaction."

Mr. Reid's team achieves its No. 1 goal, recovery of Uranium-235, at a rate of about six grams per gallon of dissolved waste, and at a cost of roughly fifty cents per gram. There is also a yield of plutonium and of radioisotopes valuable in industry and research. At the end of the line, however, there are tons of liquid that is still waste and still too "hot" to toss out on the sagebrush. It goes, therefore, into one of the huge underground storage tanks whose steel walls and floor are crisscrossed with cooling pipes.



"That's what I call service."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Why the cooling pipes? "The radioactive wastes produce gamma and beta rays, and these generate heat," Mr. Reid explained. "We have stuff seven years old here and we still have to keep the cooling system operating ten to fifteen per cent of the time to keep it down to a hundred and twenty degrees."

Three of the tanks, holding 300,000 gallons each, are already full of end-product waste. A fourth is now filling up. Three more were under construction when I was in Idaho. Four more are to be built this spring, and eight next year. At a construction cost of $750,000 per tank, that will come to $14,250,000 for nineteen steel-lined holes to bury the stuff in. And our civilian atomic-power program has hardly started.

"You begin to see," Reid remarked, "why you can't glibly speak of waste disposal. You can't really dispose of radioactivity, and we have finally convinced people, at least out here, to call it waste storage instead of waste disposal."

The magnitude of the waste-storage problem, once peacetime atomic power gets into full swing, bothers many thoughtful scientists. Among the most vocal is the eminent Johns Hopkins biologist and geneticist, Dr. Bentley Glass. In an article in Science based partly on papers presented at a National Academy of Sciences symposium on Genetics and Radiation Hazards, Doctor Glass voiced a widespread concern. "Can we depend on storage underground, with possible contamination of soil and water supplies?" he asked. "The Los Alamos Laboratory alone has already used up forty acres of underground storage and needs a new site for that purpose. Or can we envision storage in ocean depths, with the possibility of overturn of even stable waters sufficient to contaminate marine plant and animal life, and thus eventually all of the lands adjoining the sea? The very bulk of these long-lived fission products will be so enormous that containment within corrosion-proof vessels, even for thirty to fifty years, will be virtually impossible."

This much the American public must face: the problems that popped out of the splitting atom, whether economic, political, technological or biological, are by no means simple of solution. But it is not in scientific man's nature to retreat before the consequences of his discoveries, no matter how threatening they may be. It has been suggested that the economic burden of atomic ashes, for example, be turned into a profit through greater salvage and utilization of the radioisotopes mentioned a few paragraphs above. Radioactive cobalt, cesium, carbon, phosphorus and other chemicals, obtained from waste or deliberately produced by radiation in reactors, are already saving industry an estimated half billion dollars a year as X-ray sources, thickness gauges, pipeline tracers, indicators of machinery wear, and so on, and their uses here are only beginning. Isotopes are also highly valuable in medicine and in agriculture. And of course, if the waste-free fusion process becomes practical, many of today's problems will diminish—or be replaced by new and more interesting ones. THE END

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Why Do I Ski?

(Continued from Page 37)

official backing, who had come up with the strangest idea of the year 1938. Averell Harriman, on the other hand, should know better. He is a skier himself, who still carves neat turns in the snow at the age of sixty-six.

Such is the strange power of the sport that it has even led Republicans and Democrats, though normally mortal enemies in New York State, to lie down together in the manner of the lion and the lamb. The Republican majority in the 1957 legislature included the Whiteface Mountain project in its program of "must" bills, to be passed at all cost. A loan of $2,500,000 was authorized, to be repaid from a subsequent bond issue. This method of financing was conceived by the chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Winter Tourists, an energetic young assemblyman from the north-country city of Malone, New York, named Robert G. Main.

With funds in hand, Harriman is now finishing what Lehman started, observing with some mirth that ski centers are cheaper to build than insane asylums, and accommodate substantially the same category of citizen.

This witticism embodies a germ of truth. Skiers may seem normal when dressed in city clothes. But in their heart of hearts, all are monomaniacs who talk little but skiing, and talk most when the weather is hottest.

According to the best estimates, some 5,000,000 Americans fall into this category. To satisfy their tastes, there now are 230 ski lifts in the United States. A visit to any winter resort between Vermont and the Sierra Nevada will confirm that skiing is a highly contagious disease.

It was not so contagious in 1938, when I first came up with the idea of a mammoth ski-lift center on the eastern slopes of Whiteface Mountain. In those days, about the biggest ski area around was at Sun Valley, Idaho. This project, by the way, was dreamed up by Harriman in 1935, when he was chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. His European travels already had sold him on skiing as a sport, and the idea of a ski center somewhere along his railroad struck him as a good advertising gimmick. He suffered plenty of headaches before Sun Valley became a success, so I suppose it is only fair to saddle him with a new one.

Building a ski center as elaborate as Whiteface calls for an endless number of decisions, any one of which may turn out to be wrong. The state opened two huge chair lifts and a network of trails early this winter. A second phase of development is to be finished by 1959, including another big lift. Because Whiteface will cost $2,500,000, it behooves everyone concerned to spend the money carefully in order to produce one of the finest ski areas east of the Rockies. That includes me, for I am now chairman of an advisory committee on skiing in New York State, set up at Harriman's direction, and in addition a Republican member of the Whiteface Mountain Authority, which built and operates the new ski center. By the time everything is completed, I shall be fifty-one years old and feeling eighty years old. I think I will just sit by the fire and look out the window as the governor comes skiing past.

The odd thing about my personal connection with skiing is that it started on the borax slide, in R. H. Macy's New York store, in 1933. As a youngster, I had puttered around on skis in my home town, Little Falls, Minnesota. It wasn't a sport I found particularly entrancing. I probably would be cheerfully ignorant, and infinitely less harassed, if I hadn't wandered into Macy's to see what this new device might be like.

The borax slide was an inclined and gently sloping trestle, carpeted with velvet and thickly covered with borax, for easier sliding. It was possible to travel downhill on skis for about twenty feet. The whole thing was a reasonable imitation of a snow-covered hillside, a clever device conceived by a ski teacher named Sig Buchmayr to encourage the sale of ski equipment.

Since my childhood, however, something new had been added. We used to ski with toe straps, into which the front of the boot was firmly jammed. Because there was nothing to hold the heel in place, it was impossible to go in any direction but straight down. Those essaying the borax slide were fitted with ski boots and with bindings which held the foot firmly. It was possible to turn or to slow down without parting company with the skis. One trip down the borax slide, and I was trapped.

My subsequent addiction to skiing, if you want to call it that, has taken me into some much more scary places. I have gone skiing in summer in the Canadian Rockies where from time to time you must leap a yawning crevasse, or else tumble 150 feet into an icy chasm. I have watched avalanches roar down, ripping tons of snow and rocks from the mountainsides, and I have dug dead skiers from the debris. I have kited down a mountainside in Italy on skis, with a half dozen German mountain troopers in pursuit. I have passed the examination for professional ski teachers, which was the most unnerving experience of all; and, during the war, I served with a detachment of the only ski-and-mountain division in the United States Army.

Except in springtime and in certain mountain ranges where the temperature rarely drops to zero, to ski is to undergo an ordeal by freezing. You congeal while riding up the ski lift, which generally is an endless chain of chairs suspended at about the level of the treetops. You complete the freezing process while skiing down again. If you are a weekend skier in the East, as I generally am, you will arrive in the Adirondacks, the Green Mountains or the White Mountains to find either (a) powder snow, (b) glare ice, (c) stumps and rocks or (d) green grass. If you ski in the West, or in the Alps, there is always avalanche danger, or else it will be snowing so hard that you need a Seeing Eye dog to guide you down the slopes. There is even the admittedly extreme example of what happened at Mt. Hood, Oregon, a few years ago: So much snow fell that the chair lift was buried all winter.

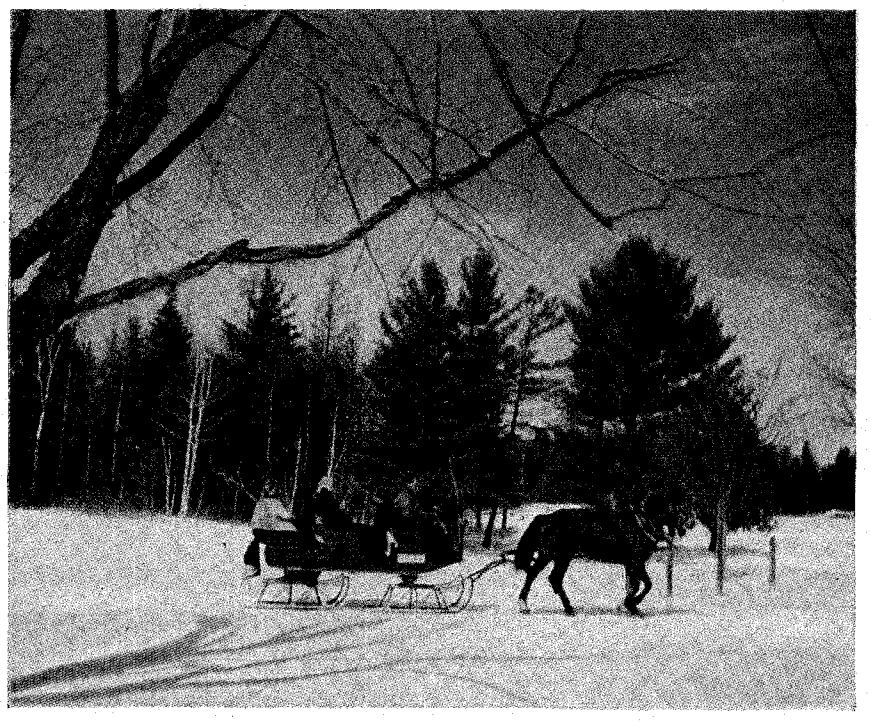
Roland Palmedo, a New York sportsman, who developed the immensely successful ski centers at Mt. Mansfield and Mad River Glen, Vermont, sums it up with a Latin paraphrase, "*De skiibus non est disputandum.*" Freely translated, this means, "There is no point in arguing why people ski." The original proverb remarked that there was no point in arguing about tastes, which comes down to the same thing.

To illustrate, I have friends in Dallas, Texas. Most people would consider them lucky, for they live where it rarely snows. Where do they spend their Christmas holidays? Skiing at Aspen, Colorado. I have acquaintances in Honolulu, the city of the hula dance, the surfboard and the balmy trade winds. Where do they spend their February weekends? When possible, skiing on the topmost slopes of the volcanoes, which attract an occasional snowstorm.

This leads to another sage observation: "Skiing is not a sport. It is a way of life." The comment was made by Otto Schniebs formerly coach of the Dartmouth College ski team, more than anyone else responsible for the skiing boom in this country, which began about 1933. Otto, having gone on to coach at St. Lawrence University, in upstate New York, is just now retiring at age sixty-five to do some skiing on his own, and betimes, to run a ski shop at Whiteface. To judge from other evidence, he is likely to keep going for quite a while.

Herman Smith-Johanssen, a wonderful old Canadian, is still sliding around the Laurentian Mountains at the age of eighty-one. When he was a little spryer, at about age sixty, he used to undertake somewhat longer trips. Every now and then, he would ski from the Lake Placid Club to the 5344-foot summit of Mt. Marcy, the highest mountain in New York State. This trip involved sixteen miles one way, and 3500 vertical feet of climbing. He would start at dawn, and he would be back before darkness, accompanied by an Eskimo dog that carried his master's luncheon and extra clothing in a pack saddle attached to his back.

I never expect to match Smith-Johanssen's record, but at the age of forty-one I came fairly close. My trip extended over twenty-two miles of mountainside and rolling hills in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, near Banff. After I got to my destination, Mt. Assiniboine Lodge, I had to spend an hour stretching my leg muscles before I could sit down. Otherwise, I might have frozen permanently in the bent-kneed position assumed on the trail by all efficient skiers. Bent knees act as a shock absorber and give the skier flexibility in varying terrain, but they are not comfortable out of hours.



At Lake Placid, New York, skiers ride to the slopes in a one-horse open sleigh.

When I came out from Assiniboine late in April, it took our party from midnight to noon to make its way back to civilization. We had to descend into a sheer canyon and then climb out the other side. I spent most of the night taking off my skis and carrying them over avalanche debris. From time to time I could look up and see potential avalanches hanging from the cliffs, ready to let go. We were traveling at night because the colder temperatures keep the snow from sliding—generally. Along the way, we met a grizzly bear which had wakened from hibernation a little early. I simply stared him down, and he lumbered off into the forests. After the trip we had made, a grizzly was only a minor nuisance.

Thinking back on that excursion, I had rather deal with a whole platoon of grizzlies than with an equal number of politicians, where skiing is concerned. Every time this Whiteface Mountain business has revived, it has been necessary for its friends to steer it through the New York State Legislature, a job requiring strong nerves. If skiers suggest the development of one mountain, there are always wild cries from other areas: "What about something for us?"

Sometimes, these requests are valid. My advisory committee is considering other mountains in the Adirondacks and Catskills that deserve to be developed. But a good many times, it is simply the old pork-barrel business all over again. The elected representatives of the people are both conscientious and honest; they also have to be re-elected. Trying to keep their constituents happy and getting the desirable projects approved, in the face of pressures from home, is not one of the joyful phases of skiing.

The Whiteface Mountain project, on a mountain rising to 4872 feet above sea level, came about because Franklin D. Roosevelt, when governor, built a highway to a point near the top. This involved an amendment to the state constitution. State-owned lands in the Adirondacks are governed by a stipulation that "the lands of the state shall remain forever wild." It struck me, as a skier, that no mountain served by a highway was exactly wild. I could not have made a more fatal error. When I proposed a new constitutional amendment in 1938 to permit the construction of a ski center on Whiteface, the conservationists of New York State rose up like maddened hornets.

About half a dozen of us, including that devoted skier, Lowell Thomas, managed the campaign for the amendment—which involved convincing a dubious legislature that the word "skiing" belonged in the constitution. Somehow, in accordance with law, we managed to get the bill passed by two

(*Continued on Page 112*)

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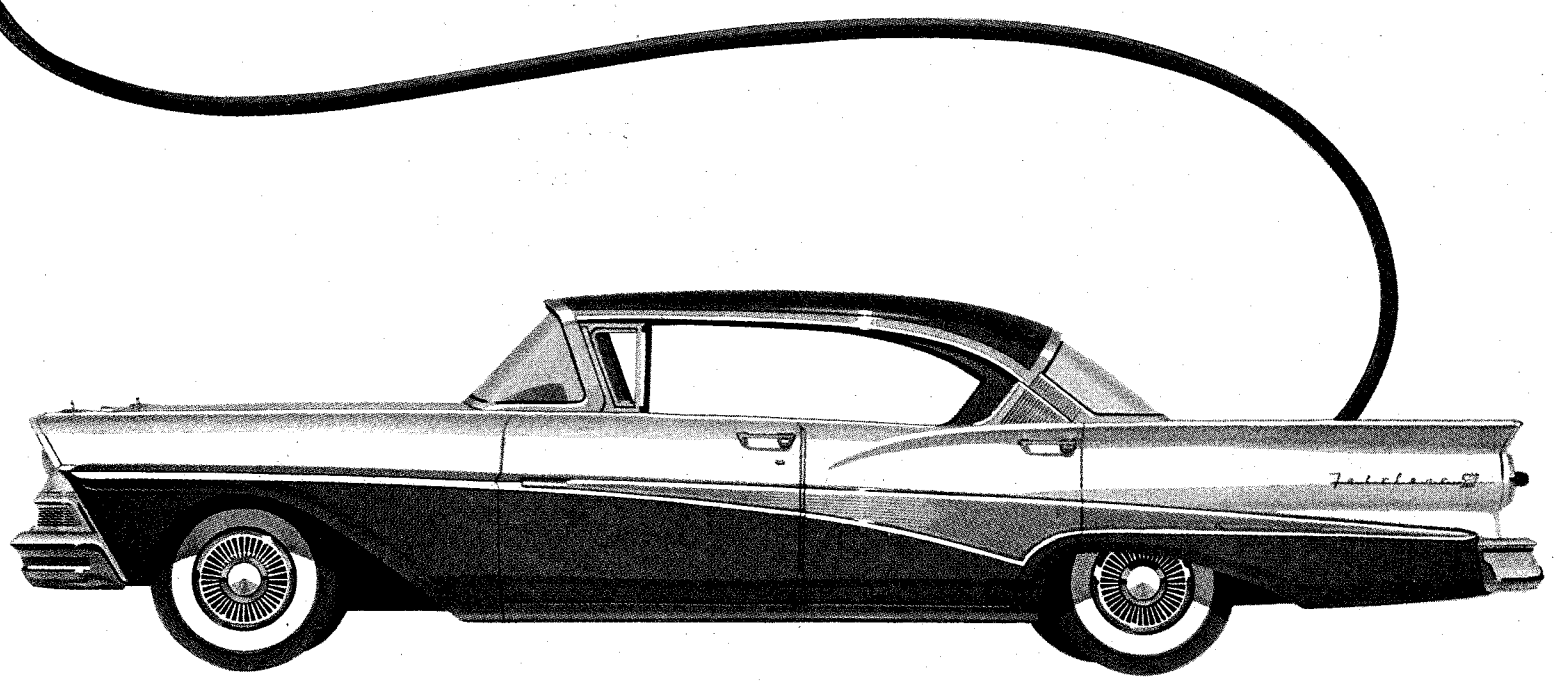

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(*Continued from Page 110*) successively elected legislatures. It then came up for vote by the people in November, 1941. I lost a good many friends while that battle was under way, even though I agree in general that the Adirondacks ought to remain "forever wild." They have remained wild, by and large, since the state took control of the area and established the Adirondack Park in 1892.

In addition to losing friends during this time, I also nearly lost my mind. The election boards upstate, not considering skiing a very momentous matter, did not get around to counting the votes on the amendment until three days later, during which time I survived on cigarettes and black coffee. When the totals were in, though 1,471,068 citizens had voted, we won by just 9934 votes. As it developed, we needn't have gotten so excited. Pearl Harbor came along just one month later, and work on Whiteface Mountain was suspended until the end of the war.

I suppose it is only fair, at this point, to include Thomas E. Dewey among the governors who have brought trouble into my life. Dewey was an excellent governor, who knew nothing about skiing and had no reason to be concerned with it. He was, however, surrounded by people who thought they knew a lot. Our careful plans for a ski center, in an area of proven snow, on the east side of Whiteface Mountain, were discarded. Instead, an entirely new area was proposed—on a rocky, barren and wind-swept ridge at the northernmost tip of the mountain.

Once a governmental agency gets going, nothing can stop it. By the winter of 1948 there was an $850,000 ski center on the northern end of Whiteface Mountain. It had a nice ski lift, a $250,000 palace for a ski lodge, and a network of trails—in fact, everything but snow. Behind every storm came a roaring wind, which swept all the snow off the trails and into the woods. It was so bad that a visit by Dewey, to dedicate the establishment, had to be postponed three times, and finally was put off until the following winter.

As of 1949, my dream for Whiteface Mountain was tucked away in a bureau drawer and gathering dust. Meanwhile, every winter, the eastern side of the mountain was deep in snow, sheltered from wind and in every respect still a good skiing bet. What revived it was, initially, a visit by Harriman in March, 1955. At his direction, an experimental ski trail was cleared on the east side of the mountain. During the winter of 1955–56, this trail registered phenomenal snow depths. Next, a legislative committee chaired by Assemblyman Main, with Senator Robert McEwen as vice chairman, began to cast around for ways to bring more tourists to upstate New York in winter. In February, 1957, the committee introduced a bill to provide $2,500,000 for Whiteface, and Harriman signed it on April eleventh. Meanwhile, the engineers of the state Department of Public Works were running up and down the east side, surveying routes for access roads, parking areas, warming shelters and ski lifts.

I could remark smugly that a good idea always wins out in the end, but more accurately what this proves is that skiers are the most dogged people in the world. If three or four of us had not refused to give up hope, among them Otto Schniebs and a ski expert who is also a postmaster, Ronald MacKenzie, of Lake Placid, we would still be stuck with one bad ski area on the northern end of Whiteface Mountain. That area, by the way, has been improved to mitigate the effect of high winds, and we have every hope that it will pay out when it becomes a supplement to our new, main ski center five miles away.

The trait of stubbornness seems to be universal among skiers. Averell Harriman tells me that there were cries of horror from the board of directors of the Union Pacific when he proposed the development of Sun Valley.

"What?" they demanded. "Throw money away on skiing?"

Harriman stood firm. The Union Pacific, despite the first streamlined trains in the country, was losing passenger business to its rivals, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe. They advertised, "Go to California through the sunshine." Union Pacific, pursuing a more northerly course through Wyoming and Idaho, could scarcely advertise, "Go to California through the snow." What Harriman did, by opening Sun Valley, was to make snow a salable commodity. The adventure paid off in advertising value, even though Sun Valley operates at a modest deficit.

The ranks of the stubborn are legion—Palmedo, who built the first chair lift in the East, at Mt. Mansfield, when most people thought the idea a rash one. Walter Paepcke, board chairman of the Container Corporation of America, who transformed the sleepy mining town of Aspen into probably the biggest American ski center, at a cost of millions of dollars. Fred Pabst, of the brewing family, who sank more than $1,000,000 into Bromley Mountain, near Manchester, Vermont. He now hangs out the Standing Room Only sign on good-snow weekends. The late Joseph B. Ryan, of the mining family, who built the immense ski center on Mont Tremblant, in the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec. And, most recently, young Alexander Cushing, of the Boston medical family, who opened a resort at Squaw Valley, California, in the Sierra Nevada, and talked the International Olympic Committee into awarding him the 1960 Winter Olympics.

The most stubborn man of them all, and the one I know best, is C. Minot (Minny) Dole, who convinced a highly skeptical War Department that the United States should have at least one division of ski troops. I am grateful to Minny for his idea. It insured me nearly four years on skis during the war, not only in this country but also in Italy. Minny is now sixty years old—a hot-tempered bundle of energy. He founded not only the 10th Mountain Division but also the National Ski Patrol System, which binds up the wounds of injured skiers and assures them safe passage to the nearest hospital.

In the winter of 1939–40, with the ski patrol well under way, Dole was sitting at a meeting in Boston with, among others, Roger Langley, then president of the National Ski Association. The Finnish ski troops, at the moment, were giving the Russians a terrible shellacking.

"Maybe we ought to have ski troops in our Army," Dole mused. "It looks as if we might be in this thing before long." Langley pricked up his ears. "I'll write a letter to Harry Woodring, offering the services of the National Ski Association," he said. Woodring was currently Secretary of War. The letter evoked a routine answer: "We are grateful to you for your patriotic interest. . . ."

Dole remarks, "By this time, I had a fixation on the subject of ski troops. It kept nagging me. One day in June, 1940, I was sitting at my desk in downtown New York—I was in the insurance business then—and I had nothing to do for lunch. Just on impulse, I took a ferry to the 1st Army base at Governors Island, in New York Harbor. I'd never been there before in my life, and I didn't know a soul.

"I walked into Gen. Hugh Drum's outer office, explained my mission and said, 'I want to see anybody who will talk to me.' A young captain named Phillips listened to me politely while I explained what ski troops could do, particularly if we went to war in a cold climate. I went away feeling that my mission was a flop. But a week later I received a call to go back again to see Brig. Gen. Irving Philipson, General Drum's chief of staff.

"'You're absolutely right,' he told me. 'You should go to Washington.' I did go, and I saw a lot of sympathetic officers, but I got nowhere, or so it seemed. Then I went back to Philipson. 'Damn it,' he said, 'you should see General Marshall.' George C. Marshall was then Chief of Staff of the Army, and the idea of getting in to see him seemed a little laughable. But then I remembered that a good friend of mine knew Arthur Palmer, an executive assistant to Henry L. Stimson, who had succeeded Woodring as Secretary of War.

"Palmer laughed, too, when I phoned him. 'The general is a very busy man,' he said. But that same afternoon, in late summer of 1940, he called me back. 'The general,' he said, 'will see you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.' When I walked into Marshall's office, he listened to me attentively, but he wouldn't commit himself. 'You'll hear from me on this later, one way or the other,' he said."

Dole by this time had virtually given up the insurance business to concentrate on the ski troops. After more than a year of tension, he received a notice from Marshall and Stimson: "The 87th Mountain Infantry Regiment will be activated at Fort Lewis, Washington, on November 15, 1941." That was when his work really began. He ceased selling insurance and became the salaried head of the National Ski Patrol, assigned by the Army to recruit skiers for the 87th Mountain Infantry Regiment. To enroll in this regiment, a skier had to produce three letters of reference, attesting not only to his skill but also to his qualities as an individual.

I can remember sweating out those letters in early 1942, but fortunately I still had a few friends left. I was then a reporter for the New York Daily News, of which the late J. M. Patterson was publisher. My name was on a list of employees recommended for exemption to serve as war correspondents, which had been submitted to the War Department. It was a tempting prospect, but by this time I had done so much propaganda work for the ski troops that I was ashamed to serve anywhere else.

At the time, I was cursed with a diaphragmatic hernia. The Army was less liberal about such a disability in those early days than it was later on. In addition, I was thirty-four years old. I wanted to make sure that I could pass the Army physical examination. Without getting anyone into trouble, all I can say is that I arranged to visit an Army post where the officer commanding was an old family friend. He sneaked me quietly into line, and I ran through the examination without a question. It was completely a dry run. The next day, I went back through the line officially and passed. After three months of basic training, I reported to Fort Lewis in March of 1942.

The mountain troops were a remarkable outfit—a mixture of Tennessee hillbillies with a good knowledge of woodcraft, who had been drafted into the 87th; a good many cowboys and mule skinners from the West; a fair number of starry-eyed dreamers like myself, who wanted to fight their war on skis, and an overwhelming preponderance of young college kids. At one point in 1943, the average intelligence quotient of the 86th Mountain Infantry Regiment, one of the three comprising the division, was 122. The Army's minimum I.Q. for entrance into Officer Candidate School was 110.

This fact, when noised about, caused a good deal of trouble after the division finally reached Italy in January, 1945. The War Department had kept it out of combat until then, because of the possibility that an invasion of Norway might be mounted. This project never came off. A beat-up rifleman from some line division such as the 34th (Red Bull) would encounter the "Mountain" patch at a bar, say, in Florence. "So you're one of them blue bloods?" he would growl. "Well, let's just see how blue your blood is." Then the fight would be on. Harvard accents, after a (*Continued on Page 115*)

"I found their trouble. The whole family is color-blind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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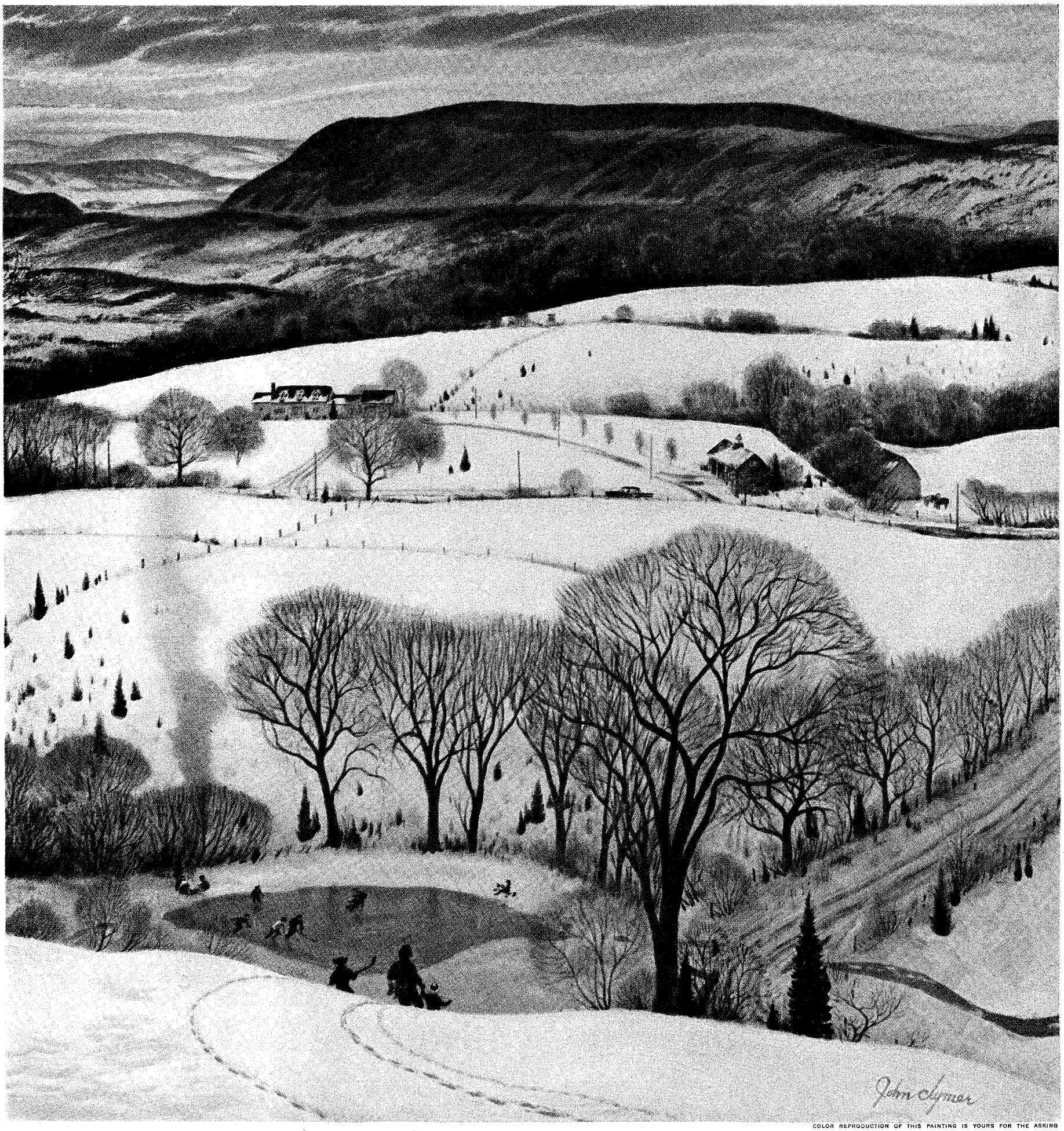

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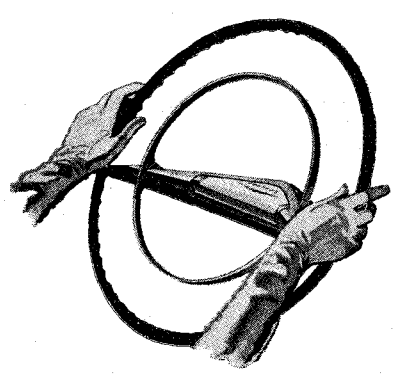

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(*Continued from Page 112*) while, got to be a liability instead of a social asset, and there were even some young gentlemen of breeding who purposely affected the double negative.

In battle, there was no question that these "blue bloods," with a liberal admixture of less polished draftees, knew how to put on a red-blooded fight. The division, assigned to the roughest sector of mountains on the line just above the Po Valley, first staged a reconnaissance in force that completely shattered the opposing German lines. Higher headquarters, which had not anticipated this, was red-faced about the whole thing, for there was no provision to exploit the breakthrough. On April 20, 1945, the division smashed through to the Po Valley, as part of a concentrated offensive. The 34th, 88th and 91st divisions, above Bologna, followed soon after. But this was also not according to plan. The 10th was, in effect, supposed to provide flank protection for the others.

At 9:30 on the morning of April twenty-third, the 87th Mountain Infantry crossed the Po River, the first American troops across. On the morning of May second, the division had fought its way up Lake Garda to the foot of the Alps. That was the day the Germans in Italy surrendered. It was a smashing vindication for the principle of ski and mountain troops, although the division proper never got to use its skis—not enough snow where it fought. It was also a smashing vindication for Minny Dole, who went $10,000 into debt to see the idea through. He is just now paying off the last of that money.

I was, through no fault of my own, not a part of this final offensive. I had gone through the Infantry School to become a commissioned officer. By this time, also, I had become a supervising instructor in the division ski school, and the executive officer of several schools dedicated to teaching soldiers how to climb a cliff without falling off. The upshot was that twenty of us—five officers and fifteen men—were picked to serve with the British Army in Italy. We came into Italy in December, 1943, and all of us saw combat, but not with our own division.

Also, we were about the only ski troopers who stayed on skis during the war—either on high-altitude patrols in the mountains east of Cassino or at a ski and mountaineering school seventy miles northeast of Rome, at a resort called Terminillo. This establishment was built on top of a mountain by Benito Mussolini. It offered, among other things, an aerial tramway—a cable-car device rising to the top of a high peak. Electric power was at a premium in those days, because the retreating Germans had blown up most of the hydroelectric dams. I recall that we ran the tramway only once. We were riding merrily up the mountain when the phone rang.

"This is the town major of Rome," growled the voice on the other end. "What in bloody blazes are you doing up there?"

When enlightened, he went on, "Well, you'd better stop that damned thing. You've cut off all the power from the tramcars in Rome."

It was at Terminillo that I first learned that there are other ways for soldiers to die than in battle. Two parties of skiers, learning high-altitude climbing, went out on the mountainside to reach the highest summit in that part of the Apennines. Ten minutes later there was a dull roar. The whole hillside peeled off. By the time I reached the scene with a rescue party, two soldiers were dead, smothered by tons of wet snow that had frozen around their chests, so that they couldn't breathe. Four others still lived, but they were all injured.

This is one aspect of skiing which not many people take into account. There are grim hazards as well as pleasant moments. Every wintry section of this country has its perils. Half a dozen times parties of skiers have narrowly escaped freezing to death on the gale-swept cone of Mt. Marcy, which by Western or Alpine standards would be accounted a trivial peak. The winds there reach a velocity in the neighborhood of 130 miles an hour, and the temperature sometimes goes down to forty below zero.

"Watch your fingers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We have no avalanches along our Eastern ski trails, because the snow is rarely deep enough to slide and is confined by the forests on either side. But in the West, almost every winter someone blunders into an avalanche area. Even experienced skiers can be caught—men like Fred Iselin, head of the Aspen Ski School, with a long knowledge of avalanche conditions. Friends dug Fred out of an avalanche cone only a year ago. All they could see was his ski pole, protruding into the air. He survived unhurt, but there are many who perish. The high winter avalanches are generally of powder snow. These suck the air from your lungs and fill them with tiny particles, so that you smother. The spring avalanches are generally wet snow. This freezes around you, clamping your lungs in an iron vise, so that you cannot breathe.

There are hazards in ski racing too—a wonderful sport that sends you rocketing down a trail against time, shaving corners, taking the straight stretches at full speed, soaring out in the air over bumps, and pushing, pushing, pushing all the time to take the course faster than anyone else. I remember watching one young racer crack up at Sun Valley—though it could have happened anywhere. Somehow he tripped. He shot through the air headfirst, aimed straight as an arrow for a clump of pine trees. Somehow, like an acrobat, he managed to turn in space. Both skis struck the trees.

There was a crunching sound. He shattered the bones of both legs into dozens of fragments. He was in the hospital for a year, and out of work for a year thereafter—and he had a young wife to support. I doubt that, to him, skiing was worth it.

Then there are the aging ski teachers who have somehow never managed to head up a ski school of their own. They are still plugging along, coaxing their aching bones into high-speed turns that demand the utmost in technique, earning probably a few thousand dollars a year. They may wonder whether it was worth it too.

But, to balance things off, there are millions of us who know of no finer sport than skiing. To rise in the morning, say in Switzerland, and to see a million diamonds glittering on the hillsides is an experience worth preserving. To ski down through knee-deep snow at Alta, in Utah—snow so deep that your skis are out of sight—and to make turn after turn with the powder spraying out in a cloud behind you—that, too, is worth the effort it entails. For that matter, to climb up Marcy on a frosty day, when the trees are caked a foot deep with frozen rime, and a plume of snow is blowing off the sunny summit, is not an experience to be minimized.

I have a ski hill of my own, just in back of my home at Keene Valley, in the Adirondacks. It is a steep little hill, with a maximum gradient of thirty-eight degrees, but it is only 180 feet long. Sometimes, when I am wearied of the big mountains, I slip on my skis and take a run or two down to the brook that bubbles, black and open, at the bottom. The spruce trees cast blue shadows on the snow, the air is like Rhine wine, and the mountains rise, grim and gray, in the distance. I like to think that, when Whiteface Mountain is covered with ski lifts and skiers, when my body does not respond so well to the fine co-ordination required to make a turn on skis, I can always run down that little hill and know that I have not lost the feel of skiing. It is a sport that, once started, you never give up.

As to why that is so, about the only answer I can give is, "Try it, and see."

THE END

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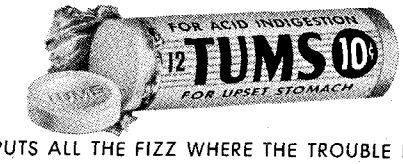

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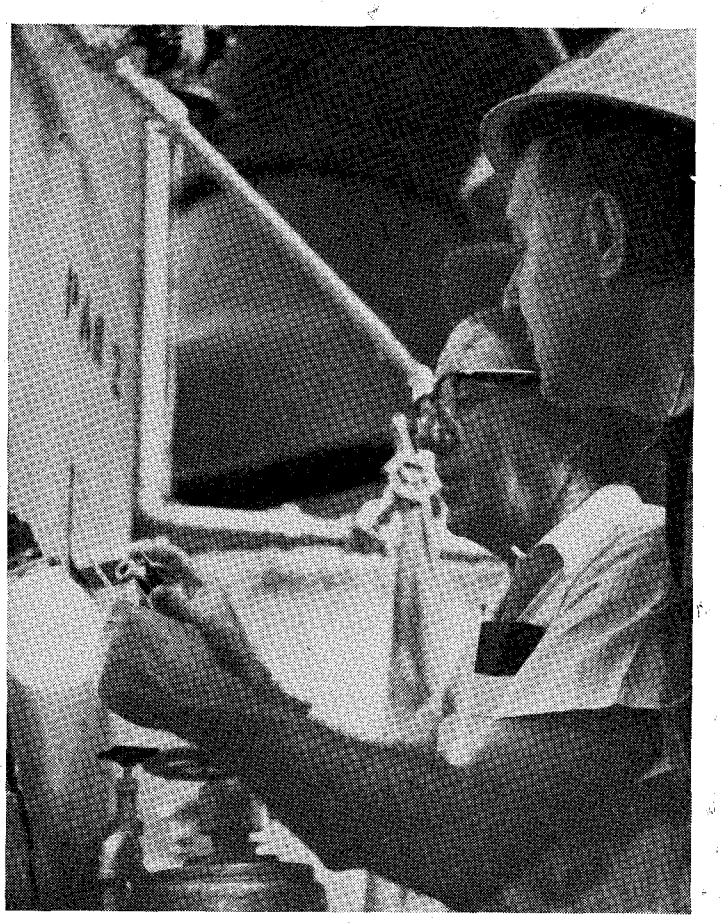

Light test tells when to take sugar cane out of the 17-ton cooking "pans."

Islands of steel move offshore oil drilling out to deeper and deeper water.

Wausau Story
IN LOUISIANA

by **JEFF DAVIS**
Oil Editor
The New Orleans
Times-Picayune

"IT'S A NEW experience for me to conduct a guided tour instead of a newspaper department . . . but here's my chance to show you some work we're doing in Louisiana now.

"Take those 'islands of steel' for offshore oil drilling. Largest to date is the structure built at the Bayou Boeuf yards of Dupont Fabricators, Incorporated. Now it's anchored out in the Gulf of Mexico, drilling at the record depth of 118 feet. The working platform for the derricks and pumps, big as a city lot, stands on giant stilts 50 feet above the water. E. W. Dupont, in that upper left hand picture with his brother Albert, points out for us the progress of another of these islands. This is rugged work . . . and it could be dangerous. But making this a safe place to work is Mr. Dupont's chief concern. 'I count on Employers Mutuals to help us maintain a safety record we can be proud of,' says Mr. Dupont. 'Together we're proving accidents can be prevented.'

"You hear the same thing at Thibodeaux when you visit the sugar cane mill of Caldwell Sugars Co-op, Inc. Louis Caillouet, secretary-treasurer, says, 'Employers Mutuals is helping us build safety into our mill. With their experience in accident prevention, they teach us a lot.' To show teaching works both ways, we took that upper right hand picture of Gil Fletcher, an Employers Mutuals safety engineer, as he looks over Mr. Caillouet's shoulder. He's learning how they test a batch of sugar cane to see if it's boiled long enough. A sample is taken from the 'pan'—a pan holds 17 or 18 tons—and it's put on a glass slide and held to the light. If the grain is right, it's done.

"Then to the French Quarter in New Orleans. Our picture shows Al Cellos erecting one of the famous balconies there. The rule is that whenever repairs or replacements are made, the original design must be followed. Specialists in this restoration is the company Al works for—Raab and Rainey Ironworks, another Employers Mutuals' policyholder. This is a small company, compared to Dupont Fabricators for example, but Employers Mutuals is equally helpful and interested in the safety of the men employed there.

"It's interesting to me to see the kind of help Employers Mutuals of Wausau is giving to so many companies here—companies of all sizes, companies that have completely different safety problems. And always in the same friendly, interested and thorough way. No wonder Employers Mutuals has the reputation of being 'good people to do business with.'"

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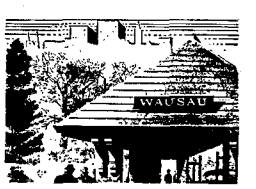

"Good people to do business with"

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"All Aboard the Delta Queen!"

(Continued from Page 45)

I was totally unprepared for this metamorphosis when I boarded the Greene Line's steamer in late February last year for the 1400-mile Mardi-gras journey down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. I had assumed that river travel would resemble life aboard an ocean liner. Actually, the two differ greatly. Today's ocean-going passenger ship is a modern city afloat, complete with shops, night clubs, beauty salons and movies. But a traveler crossing the gangplank of the Delta Queen walks into the nineteenth century.

Physically, there is almost nothing about the Delta Queen which would have surprised that old river pilot, Sam Clemens. In fact, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer used the boat for scenes in the motion picture Raintree County, only minor changes had to be made in her appearance to duplicate the steamboat of a hundred years ago.

By river standards, she's fairly large. Her black steel hull is 250 feet long and a little less than sixty feet wide, proportions which would seem grotesque to a deep-sea sailor, but are beautiful to the eyes of a riverman. Her four decks, painted a sparkling white, rise some fifty feet in the air, and there are accommodations for 200 passengers and a crew of seventy.

Although women strive to acquire a "new look" from different styles, they're content to get the same old look from the men.

PETER ZAVOTA

Clemens would certainly find nothing unusual about her speed. The steam-driven stern wheel pushes the Queen along at a stately ten to fourteen miles per hour downstream. There is no radio, television set or ship's newspaper aboard to suggest that the Lincoln-Douglas debates are no longer spot news.

The atmosphere of the pilothouse has remained unchanged by the passing years. This large, glass-enclosed room atop the Delta Queen has none of the crisp, military air of the bridge on an ocean liner. The Queen's control center is as informal as a neighborhood bar. Only the master of the boat, Paul Underwood, a lifelong riverman, is accorded the dignity of a title, "Cap'n." Everyone else is called by his first name.

In the pilothouse, at almost any hour of the day or night, I found a gathering of off-duty officers, a retired pilot or two who had come along for the ride, and a couple of river buffs—all talking about the vagaries of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the men and boats who traverse these streams.

Storytelling is still a lively art on the river. "I guess most of you fellows remember Dave Morton," the man at the wheel was saying one day. There was a murmur of assent. "Well," the pilot continued, "he was just about the cockiest man on the river when he was young. Said he knew the Mississippi better than any man alive. Then, on this one trip up the river, Dave's relief pilot got sick when they hit Natchez and they had to take him ashore. So, the cap'n goes lookin' for another man. He didn't have much luck for a while, but then he hears about some retired pilot about ten miles out in the country and the cap'n drives out and talks the old guy into comin' along.

"Well, you shoulda seen Dave's face when the cap'n brings this fella up to the pilot's house. The old guy's still dressed in overalls—he was workin' in his garden when the cap'n drove up—and he's got white whiskers halfway down his chest. Dave was plenty disgusted.

"Well, the next night out they were scheduled to drop some farm machinery off at the Benson place. There wasn't a bit of moon and there was a low fog on the river so's you couldn't begin to see the bank. Dave was at the wheel and the old boy comes up to the pilothouse and says, 'Where you figger you are?' and Dave says, 'We're just passin' the Taylor plantation.' The old boy didn't say nothing. He just blew the whistle and listened real careful for the echo. 'You're past the Taylor place,' he said. 'Right now we're passin' Perkins' farm. Benson's place is a half mile upriver.'

"'We ain't near the Perkins place,' Dave said and he was really mad. A coupla minutes later, the old boy blows the whistle again and listens. 'You're opposite the Benson landing right now,' he says. 'You're crazy,' Dave says and just then a little breeze comes up, the fog lifts and Dave's spotlight is smack dab on the Benson landing. Dave almost choked.

"You know when they got to Cairo, Dave quit. Refused to go back on the boat. 'When an old goat like that can outpilot me,' he told the cap'n, 'it's time for me to do some more learnin'.'"

There was general laughter when the story came to an end. "It just goes to show," the narrator moralized, "that there's always somebody who knows more about the river than you do."

Adaptation to the gentle pace of river life came slowly, however, for the passengers. "I feel like getting out in the water and kicking my feet to help this boat along," one of them said on the first day of the trip. Gradually, though, the transformation took place. The vigorous deck walkers became strollers. An astonishing number of people recovered, if only temporarily, the knack of listening and seeing. Three days after leaving Cincinnati, the man who had wanted to hurry the Delta Queen along said, "You know one of the pleasant aspects of this trip is that I can be in my cabin reading and if someone calls to me to come on deck and see some interesting sight, I can finish a page or two knowing that whatever it is will still be in view when I go out."

Entertainment on the Delta Queen is completely casual. There are neither movies nor night-club acts aboard. There are no deck sports. Mary Greene Cleary, an amiable, relaxed young lady and granddaughter of the founder of the Greene Line, bears the title of social director, but she restricts her activities to operating the afternoon bingo game, singing a few songs, and calling such traditional steamboat dances as the Paw Paw Patch. "Almost everyone has professional entertainment available to him twenty-four hours a day," Mrs. Cleary says. "I think most people find it pleasant to be dependent upon their own resources for a change."

A middle-aged male passenger put the matter in somewhat different terms. "Just being let alone is a rare privilege these days," he said.

Because the Queen is a one-class boat and the 150 passengers aboard were free to wander from the engine room to the pilothouse, a familial atmosphere soon permeated the steamboat. Few travelers, for example, bothered to call for cabin service. Although there was an ample

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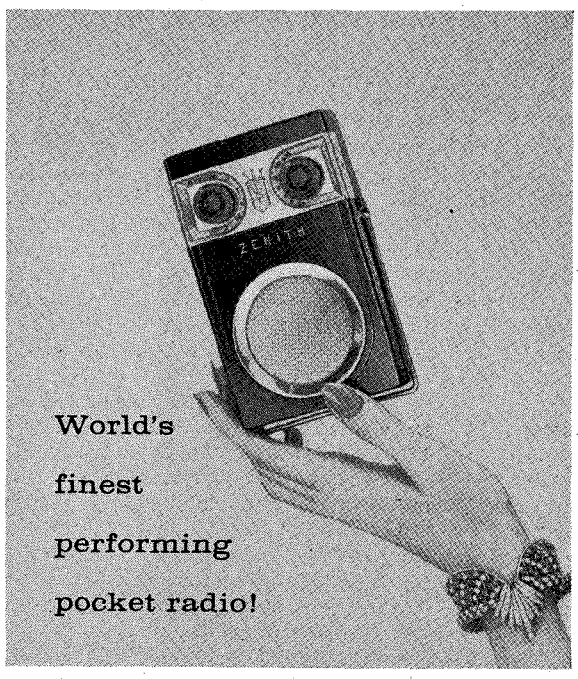

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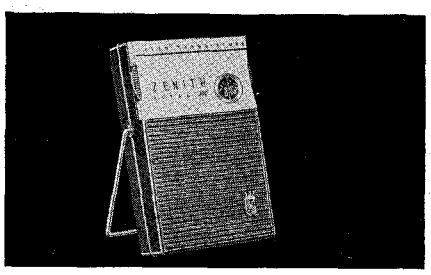

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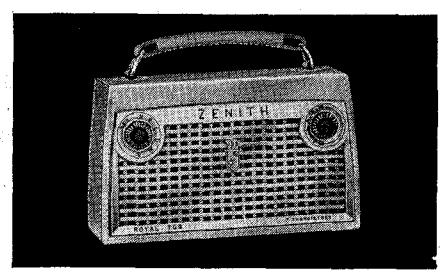

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number of willing stewards aboard to bring ice, drinks and food to the staterooms, most of the travelers preferred to walk down to the galley and get their own supplies. The galley never closed and at almost any hour of the day or night there would be someone there to talk with over sandwiches and drinks.

The dining room itself was the center of most of the social activity on the Queen. It's a large, pleasant room occupying most of the main deck, and the passing scenery is visible from any table. In the afternoon, the hall was converted into a bingo parlor and in the evening it was used for dancing, with a piano and electric organ providing the music.

There are two glass-enclosed observation lounges at the forward end of the boat, ample open-air deck space for sunning, and plenty of room for card playing, writing and reading. All cabins and public rooms are air-conditioned.

Most of the staterooms, not much larger than a Pullman bedroom, have private showers and toilets. There are some cabins with twin beds, but the majority have double-deck bunks. Fortunately, a river boat has no rolling or pitching motion, so the occupant of the upper bed faces no undue hazards in his ladder climbing.

Modern décor would, of course, be incongruous on the Queen, and the Greene Line management has wisely adhered to steamboat orthodoxy. The cabins have solid oak walls with mahogany and walnut trim, and most of the lounges and other public rooms follow this darkly glowing style.

With nearly seventy years' experience at operating steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries, the Greene family has no difficulty in maintaining an authentic atmosphere. Gordon Greene and his wife, Mary, started the Greene Line in 1890. Under her husband's tutelage, Mrs. Greene became an expert navigator and won pilot and master licenses. Her skill soon won for her a deep, if at times grudging, respect among rivermen.

When Gordon Greene died, his two sons, Chris and Tom, joined their mother in running the line. All three of them are now dead, and Tom's widow, Letha Greene, operates the business. She knows the river, its history and customs, and she runs the Delta Queen in a traditional manner.

Because the Delta Queen seems as indigenous to mid-American rivers as catfish, I was astonished to learn that she is of foreign make, had served a five-year hitch with the United States Navy in the Pacific, and had reached the Mississippi after an incredible trip through the Panama Canal and across the Gulf of Mexico.

The Delta Queen and her twin brother, the Delta King, were constructed in Glasgow, Scotland, during the mid-1920's for a California company which operated an overnight service between San Francisco and Sacramento on the Sacramento River.

After the boats had been assembled on the River Clyde, the parts were marked, the crafts taken apart and shipped to California, where they were put together again.

Both boats were taken out of service in 1940 and remained inactive until the attack on Pearl Harbor, when a Navy draft board sent them "greetings." The pair were painted Navy gray and assigned the job of transporting men to and from ocean vessels anchored in San Francisco Bay.

"It was a queer way to start off to the war in the Pacific," one ex-naval officer said not long ago. "Maybe my grasp on reality wasn't too great anyway at the time, but riding that stern-wheeler gave me the dreamy feeling that I was on my way to board the Monitor or the Merrimac, not an aircraft carrier."

When the war ended, the Queen and King were turned over to the United States Maritime Commission to be sold. In November of 1946 when the Queen was up for sale, Tom Greene was the only bidder and soon became her new owner.

He was, however, the owner of a boat located on the West Coast. The problem of getting the Delta Queen from San Francisco to the Greene Line's docks in Cincinnati was entirely up to him.

When rivermen learned that Captain Tom planned to take the Queen on a 5500-mile trip down the Pacific coast, through the Panama Canal and across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, there was a general feeling that his sanity was beginning to wear thin. The problems were formidable. Like other river boats, the Queen has a flat-bottom hull and no keel. She draws only seven feet of water. Her freeboard is scant, and her superstructure rises fifty feet into the air. To send such a craft down the Pacific coastal waters and across the often tempestuous Gulf of Mexico was, in the words of one salt-water sailor, "like starting across the Sahara on a bicycle."

The original plan was to take the Queen under her own power, an idea promptly vetoed by the United States Coast Guard. In words obviously meant to be recorded in naval history, the commander in charge said, "She will not steam westward from the Golden Gate carrying the United States flag." Instead she was to be towed by a proper ocean-going ship and manned by an ocean-going crew.

Although the Queen's log of the trip is filled with such ominous terms as "Vessel rolling and pounding heavily," and "Rough sea, shipping seas over bow," she completed her improbable journey in one month with no damage except to the digestive systems of the crew. "Now I know what it would be like to ride a saucer in a washing machine," one member commented when he went ashore in New Orleans.

The Queen has led a busy life since reaching her natural waters. In addition to the Mardi-gras journey, she makes three spring and two fall trips to New Orleans, and thirteen cruises of from four to twenty days on the Tennessee River to Kentucky Lake and Chattanooga and up the Mississippi to St. Paul, Minnesota. She is also frequently chartered by professional and social organizations, and a number of companies have taken over the Queen for sales conventions.

The Delta Queen is the only boat owned by the Greene Line and the only overnight passenger craft now in operation in the Mississippi Valley. Even the Delta King is no rival. It has been stripped of its engines and now serves as a dormitory for employees of Aluminium, Ltd., at Kitimat, British Columbia, Canada.

Interest in the Queen shows no sign of falling off. Her passengers come not only from every state in the Union but from almost every nation on the globe. On the cruise which I took, the passengers included businessmen, doctors, retired farmers, teachers, historians, a former opera singer, a Japanese-American pharmacist and a test pilot for jet planes who estimated that he could have made the trip from his base in Columbus, Ohio, to New Orleans in about forty-five minutes.

"However," he explained, "I'm on my honeymoon and, under the circumstances, this is the only sensible speed to travel."

On Saturday morning, a week after leaving Cincinnati, the Delta Queen docked at the Toulouse Street wharf in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Because the boat was to serve as our hotel during our stay in the city, this was an ideal location. Jackson Square was less than a half block away. All the famous restaurants—Brennan's, Antoine's, Arnaud's, Galatoire's—were within easy walking distance. The French Market, where every reveler is honor-bound to go for coffee and doughnuts in the early hours of the morning, was scarcely a hundred yards from our dock.

When we disembarked, the carnival was building to its climax. The streets and buildings were decorated with enormous masks in the traditional green, gold and purple of Mardi gras, the sidewalks were filled with merrymakers, bars were crowded, and jazz—good jazz—echoed up and down the French Quarter.

There was a parade that evening, one of five which took place during our stay. The elaborate floats wended slowly down the street between dense, shouting crowds. Interspersed between the floats were the bands, thundering out New Orleans favorites, like Muskrat Ramble. The crowd beat out the rhythm with staccato claps and whenever the parade was temporarily halted couples would break into dancing in the streets.

Mardi gras—Fat Tuesday—was, of course, the big day. The streets of New Orleans were filled with maskers by early morning. The French Quarter seemed a solid mass of dancing girls and Zulu warriors, clowns and princes, sixteenth-century dandies and twentieth-century spacemen, chain-gang prisoners and Keystone cops. Street bands with washboards, lard-can drums and harmonicas played on every corner and a would-be dancer took whoever was within reach as a partner.

Dawn was only an hour away on Wednesday morning as I walked through the French Quarter on my way to the Delta Queen. The deserted streets were a sanitation department's nightmare. Every gutter was lined with empty beer cans. Confetti, serpentine tape, paper hats, discarded masks, bits of broken jewelry, torn veils and battered cardboard horns lay everywhere. I felt as though I were the last man in the world.

At nine A.M. the Delta Queen began her ten-day return trip to Cincinnati. After the frenzy of the carnival and Mardi gras, the deep peace of the steamboat was welcome. As the big stern wheel leisurely pushed us up the winding Mississippi, the sense of timelessness returned and the atmosphere of our downriver trip was magically re-created.

The Queen docked at Cincinnati about two A.M. on Saturday, just a few hours less than three weeks after we had departed. Because I live in Cincinnati and had no desire to repeat farewells, I decided to leave immediately.

On the way home in the cab, the city seemed oddly unfamiliar. The lights were too bright, the buildings far too tall, the city sounds slightly ominous.

Traffic was heavy for that hour of the morning and was moving at what was, to me, an idiotically rapid pace.

I settled back in the seat and lit a cigarette. "Look," I said to the driver, who was, I now know, driving at a quite moderate speed, "how about slowing down a little? You'll live longer."

The driver turned around and grinned. "I know what you mean, Mac," he said. "I took one of those river-boat trips once myself."

THE END

• You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Six-year-old Elsie, the daughter of divorced parents, went into tantrums when the time came for her to spend her first weekend with her father. Elsie's mother promptly rushed into court over it.

"My daughter obviously loathes and mistrusts her father," the mother argued. "If he is so inhuman that he insists on seeing her, I hope that the court will forbid it to save this child from emotional torture."

"As Elsie's father I have an inalienable right to teach my daughter to love and respect me," the father replied. "Her mother brought on these tantrums by speaking of me as if I were a monster."

If you were the judge, would you make Elsie visit her father?

• •

The father won. The court ruled that it was to the child's advantage to learn as soon as possible "that her father was not as bad as her mother had painted him." It added that, "unless the damage due to the conflict between the parents is remedied, there is danger of a permanent emotional involvement."

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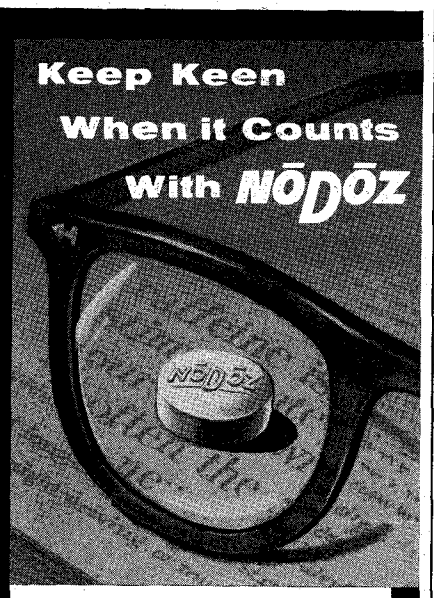

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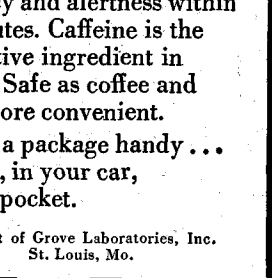

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My Japanese-Educated Children

(Continued from Page 29)

playhouse in the yard. In Japan almost all children attend such a preschool course, which lasts two years. On rainy days fathers and mothers ride up on their bicycles, carefully holding a large umbrella over themselves and a tiny youngster perched on the luggage carrier behind. There is no mistaking the boys for girls, even at our distance of 100 yards, as the boys carry black umbrellas and the girls red ones. Boys' lunch baskets are light blue, girls' red. No boy would be seen in female-red rain boots, only solid-black ones.

At ten minutes of nine our Sam closes Fun With Dick and Jane, the first-grade reader, and puts on a navy-blue smock with white collar, his kindergarten uniform. Next comes his miniature shoulder bag, about the size of an American girl's evening bag, which is the permanent home of his attendance book. Each day it is checked by his teacher and placed back in the bag. It is hard to play hooky in Japan. Sam, too, wears a white handkerchief pinned on his chest. His hangs beneath a little green plastic disk telling his name and his group at school, the Cherry Blossoms. Last year he was a Peach.

Like some American schoolrooms, several of the seven classrooms in the Zentsuji kindergarten have goldfish bowls, some with turtles or snails for variety. But besides these, in a separate little building in the play yard, this school enjoys a small aviary with blue and green parakeets and brown and white finches. A pair of white mice live in one corner of the birds' house.

Every Japanese child at one time or another owns a butterfly net and a small screened box or bamboo cage to house his collection of grasshoppers, crickets, moths, cicadas and more exotic insects. Happy, healthy hours are spent exploring fields and gardens in search of these cheerful creatures, which remain objects of fascination all their lives. A Japanese painting or wood carving will not omit the tiny dragonfly on the lily pad or the bumblebee hovering over the rose-bush.

A country which enjoys animals as does Japan is delightful for children. Our boys received their first canary from our barber—with three sons one becomes very friendly with the barber. At present Sam has a white rabbit, which was a Christmas present from a neighbor. John received a white cat from a classmate, and Bill owns a white spitz, which he bought with his allowance. Our sons are almost as intrigued with the insect community as our Japanese friends are, but their Yankee blood shows in their eagerness to sell giant grasshoppers and praying mantises to the college biology laboratory for one yen each—about three for a penny.

On one homework paper our first-grader identified tulips, hyacinths, jonquils and pansies. Such information is imparted early because skill at cultivating and arranging flowers is a national characteristic of Japanese people. A schoolroom without at least one bouquet is hard to imagine. Before she marries, a young lady is expected to take a course in flower arranging. Appreciation of nature is exhibited in the restful simplicity of the homes here, in which natural wood is used wherever possible. For centuries Japanese have relaxed on porches overlooking back-yard gardens seen through large sliding doors, called "indoor-outdoor living" in our West, which now is busily duplicating many charming Japanese customs.

Another first-grade paper showed four kinds of fish whose names John had learned. I was glad he did not ask my help with that one! An island country, Japan knows intimately the wonders and dangers of the marine world also. When we first arrived in this country, I was amazed that many of the beautiful wall hangings featured fish, which then seemed unattractive subjects. But I have learned that a slender wall hanging showing only one large carp and a few reeds, as an only picture in an uncluttered Japanese room, induces relaxation.

We found out why John needed the bamboo leaves. After turning them into clever snubnosed bamboo boats, the children raced their craft, and Mrs. Manabe helped them discover the meaning of "first," "second," "third." She could have gone up to "fifty-sixth" if all her pupils had been present that day. As she says, interest is the great incentive to learning, and boys and girls especially delight in making their own aids to education.

Each Saturday Mrs. Manabe's classroom programs arrive for the next school week of six days. First-graders would appear minus essential equipment if their mothers did not have the directions for the week. When swimming lessons at the new school pool began, we were given careful explanations and instructions. Ten categories of children, such as sufferers from ear trouble or anemia, were not to go in the water. We were told exactly what was needed for swimming classes, including a strong cord to be tied around the waist to make the children easier to grab, if necessary. "Be sure the child can put his suit on himself," requested Mrs. Manabe.

John's schoolbag also brings us the menus for the following week's school lunch—for example, milk, two vegetables, margarine, roll. Also noted are the vitamin content and calorie count of each meal. One Tuesday the weekly-directions sheet called for toothbrush and paste. How nice, I thought, that proper toothbrushing would be demonstrated. I promptly forgot the incident. A month later John received an "x" under THINGS FORGOTTEN. A note in the margin of the Behavior Sheet reported that John was out of tooth paste. It developed that each day after lunch every child goes to an outdoor row of spigots and gives himself a thorough tooth scrub.

Every morning I check the Good Child's Behavior Chart. Did John say "Good morning" and "Good night" politely? Did he dawdle on the way home from school? Help at home? Reply "Yes" when requested to do something? Go to bed early? At school Mrs. Manabe checks whether he played and studied well, and notes whether he forgot to bring anything. At first the checking seemed onerous to me, but our whole family has benefited. We all say more "Good mornings" than we did, and good-natured emphasis on replying "Yes" to requests smooths family relationships.

One night while puzzling over the directions for the next school day I became completely stuck. I appealed to my Japanese-language teacher, who read aloud the strange words which sounded just like "New York" with a Japanese accent. She looked up thoughtfully, "It says something about taking a bath." Having encountered so many fresh ideas, I am hard to surprise, but how was Mrs. Manabe, efficient as she is, going to bathe fifty-six boys and girls?

Stepping into some wooden clogs, I clumped over to the house of a neighbor who has a daughter in Zentsuji Central. Together we sat on her straw-mat floor to discuss the paper. Finally she called in the daughter, and we read and talked some more. At last the little girl explained, "You are to give your child a bath at home on Wednesday night, because on Thursday all children receive typhoid shots and should have no bath that night." In Japan a bath is a real immersion up to the neck in hot water, so the bathing instructions—which still sound like "New York"—became clear.

Rather anxiously we awaited John's return from his first day as a regular student at Zentsuji Central. "It's all right, mommy," he said, "except for just one thing." I steeled myself for a psychological problem. "My knees won't go under the desk!" Sure enough, even on the back row for the tallest pupils, John's desk would not admit those high American knees. When Mrs. Manabe understood the problem, she quickly located a suitable desk.

Several days later she sent me a note saying all was well except that John kept coming to the front of the room to ask, "Now what did you say?" We cautioned John to stay in his seat and watch the other children when he did not understand. Even though John and Sam were born in Japan and comprehend much conversational Japanese, they still have trouble in following a long story or understanding the names of special rice-cooking pots, harvesting implements and articles of clothing which we Americans do not use, but which are as common here as "shirt," "tractor" or "bed" would be to a child in the United States. John has learned to read and write the first fifty simple letters of Japanese and is launching out with his classmates to get a grasp of the 2000 different characters that are common enough to appear in daily newspapers. And Mrs. Manabe herself cured John of walking the length of the room to ask questions. One day he rushed in joyfully to tell me that he had been moved to the front of the room near the teacher. But—and his smile faded—his knees wouldn't go under the desk any more.

With consideration and courtesy the Zentsuji (*Continued on Page 122*)

Sunday-Afternoon Concert

By Carleton Drewry

After marvelous minutes the
music, final, fails.
The orchestra draws an end
with its instruments,
And the hall empties. Outside,
prosaic, prevails
All that was when the audience
entered; and the intense
Sad feeling succumbs to its own
experience.

The evening settles, now harsh
with hawkers' cries.
The sordid city, in spangled
twilight spread,
Absorbs life's poor pretense:
And enchantment dies
Save in minds remembering
melody instead,
One moment alive, from
millions of moments dead.

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Q. Why do over twice as many car makers—including Rolls Royce—specify Champion spark plugs?

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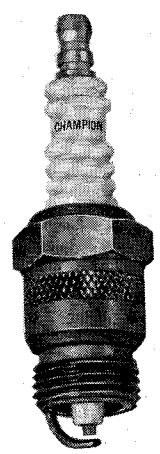

World's favorite spark plug on land, on sea, and in the air

CHAMPION

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(*Continued from Page 120*) schools have adopted our large-sized, light-skinned, foreign youngsters into their program. John even receives a big soup spoon with which to eat his lunch instead of the chopsticks offered every other child in school. First-grade youngsters are served a hot lunch at their desks by sixth-grade monitors. Second-graders and up go to the cafeteria, but the little newcomers sit at their desks and are waited on in style. First come the scalded metal plates and cups placed on a plastic sheet that each child brings from home. Freshly boiled milk is ladled into the cup, and generous servings of two vegetables into the plate. Individually wrapped margarine squares are distributed to accompany the large rolls carefully served with tongs by a sixth-grader.

One day John's lunch included squid, a dish new to him. He informed Mrs. Manabe that it was too tough to eat and tasted terrible. Calmly she told him if he did not eat every bit, he would receive an "x" on his behavior chart. Without another word John downed all his squid.

Our eleven-year-old Bill takes art and physical education with his Japanese contemporaries at Zentsuji Central, supplementing his seventh-grade English course at home. One day the art class trooped outside with their drawing boards and paints to give their impressions of the front gate of the school. All during the mild months, groups of four to forty school children, sometimes with, more often without, their teachers, can be seen sketching or painting one of Japan's hundreds of lovely views. A 600-year-old castle high on a hill overlooking the Inland Sea near here is a favorite subject.

In preparation for New Year, Bill's class made wood-block cuts from which they printed their own greeting cards. The regular art class gave two lessons to soap carving, and shortly afterward Bill's allowance began to go for long bars of white soap to be turned into elephants and bears. To our surprise one day's art class required wire and wire cutters. When school was over we found that the children had made little figures of people and animals from wire, mounting them on blocks of wood.

On another day we managed to accumulate requested magazine pictures of well-dressed men, together with appropriate pieces of cloth which the young artists were to use in designing clothes they had sketched. I could hardly wait to see clothes designed by our fun-loving, husky Bill. He returned with his cloth and pictures untouched and showed me a painting of an ocean liner he had executed while the others designed clothes.

Perhaps the most fun for Bill was the day they drew one another's portraits. Naturally with his blue eyes and blond hair he was the model for several of his classmates. He asked a girl sitting near him to put her name on a blank sheet of his drawing paper, and then proceeded to outline her features. He reported that the child was dumfounded at this sketch—as well she might be. Not having been imbued with art appreciation almost from babyhood as Japanese children have been, our boys are less gifted than their little neighbors at expressing ideas in crayon and paint.

Handwriting in Japanese is a work of art. We have been pleased to receive at Christmastime Bible verses written in their beautiful script from several of the Japanese Christians we know. We mount them in special wooden holders made for the purpose and hang them on the walls of our home. From magazines we have learned that Oriental wall hangings of paintings, handwriting and even brocade cloth are appearing in American homes. As people in this country admire and imitate American clothing, movies and industrial methods, how fine that Americans are appreciating and duplicating the architecture and art of their neighbors across the Pacific, whose culture so effectively emphasizes harmony with nature.

It was not until the last day of kindergarten, just before the beginning of the one-month summer vacation, that we learned to appreciate the closeness of Japanese schools to the homes. Sam brought home from kindergarten a long letter which proved to be directions for vacation care of the children. Once more I applied to my husband for help. "Summer vacation has come," he read, "and your child will have left kindergarten and will be at home under mother's care. We beg of you to see to it that he leads a safe and healthy life." Arch paused. We looked at each other in amazement and burst out laughing.

"Why, they think the children really belong to them!" I exclaimed.

The letter continued: "Summer is the happiest season for the little ones, but it is also the time when they get sick very easily. Let them play freely and happily, but see to it that their habits are well regulated, as it is easy to relax discipline because of the heat. We are sending you a summertime check list to help you, and we hope you will fill in the chart each day and return it in September."

After this introduction, forty-two suggestions were given dealing with hygiene, food, toilet habits, play and rest. I particularly called the attention of my family to the observations that meals should be eaten without complaining about the food, and there should be no walking about while you eat.

The fourteen recommendations about playing and working included the expected, "Take good care of insects and flowers in the summertime," naming especially the cicada and dragonfly, morning-glory and cosmos. In the spring the children had been given cosmos settings by the kindergarten to plant at home. Parents were urged to encourage drawing, paper folding, woodwork, and listening to music over the radio. "Prevent children from eating in bed and direct them to go to sleep by themselves without the help of others," advised the letter. I sensed a trace of reluctance on the part of the teachers at having to turn the children back to us parents, who might not have a very constructive program for them.

After we had been going to school in Japanese a few months a special notice came home in the shoulder bag. There it was written out in Roman letters no one could misunderstand: P.T.A.! I inquired discreetly. Yes, one was really expected to attend. Arriving among the last at the meeting, I added my shoes to the row at the door, subconsciously noticing they were the biggest of the lot. I tried to slip in unobtrusively at the back and kneel quickly on the straw matting, but being as prominent in that group as a sunflower in a rose garden, I was instantly discovered. With typical courtesy and thoughtfulness, a teacher dashed into a nearby room to locate a chair for the American, who would undoubtedly be uncomfortable on her knees all during the meeting. The knees benefited, but the prominence worsened for the one mother in a chair surrounded by 200 on the floor. Soon the teachers began to explain the many colorful textbooks the first-graders carry back and forth each day. Parental help was enlisted for the difficulties of Japanese grammar, and I am not sure, but I think we were told to help the children learn the names of all those fish.

After a while the speaker stopped talking, and about a third of the mothers raised their hands. Seeing that less than half had voted, I thought it was safer to keep my hand down, but a kind neighbor leaned over and explained slowly in language I could follow that those who had not bought a certain text that day were to raise their hands. As there was no such book in my lap, she guessed correctly that I had not bought it, and hadn't I better raise my hand? I raised my hand.

But even P.T.A. in Japanese can be fun. Once at the kindergarten the county director of recreation gave a peppy demonstration of rhythm games, animated songs and indoor parent-child tumbling stunts. All of us mothers laughingly acted out the songs and tricks and studied the tumbling, which he demonstrated with a kindergarten youngster. Afterward I thanked the young man for his helpful program and learned that he had just attended a recreational conference at the Kobe Y.M.C.A. Still later the kindergarten principal thanked me for thanking the speaker. Where is the Occidental who can outdo a Japanese in courtesy?

Her schools are the heart of Japan. Children are sometimes kept in the classroom at excruciating cost to parents. Occasionally widows come to our home to sell pencils, mothballs—anything to keep little Kuniko in school—and they show you her picture and the stamp of a government office stating the mother is selling goods legitimately. All children are required to finish junior high school, but beyond that there are not enough places in the schools; only the best get in. The pursuit of knowledge is an inspiration in this country, which has a literacy rate higher than that of the United States. Once we invited a family to join us in shooting Fourth of July fireworks. The ninth-grade son did not come because he was studying for a test in a few days.

I told Mrs. Manabe that I had heard she once took one of her pupils to the doctor for needed treatments when the parents were unable to do so. She replied that, when necessary, schoolteachers help with illness and other problems. During the first several months of the term, the first-grade teachers visit the home of each student and return as often as necessary. Teachers at Central School are expected to stay at school until five o'clock, but many remain until six. A fifty-to-sixty-hour work week is not uncommon.

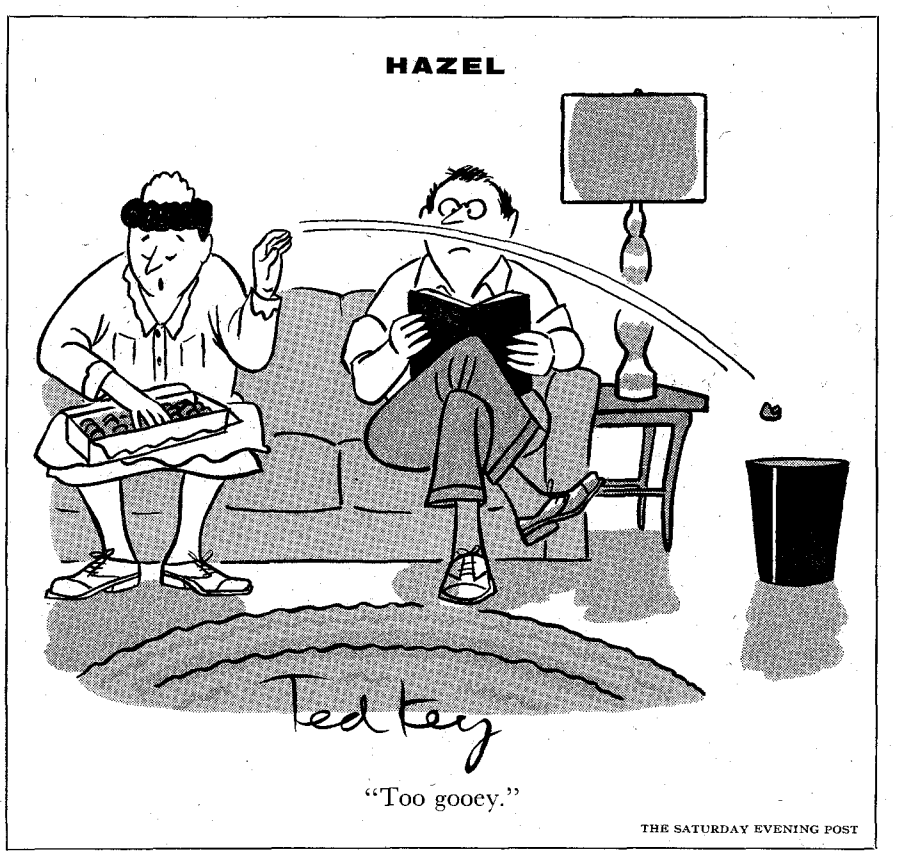
The biggest school event of fall is field day. All children participate in relays, grand marches, obstacle races, dances, games and calisthenics. Parents make red and white balls, filled with rice hulls, for use in a game in which contestants seek to hit a string basket high on a pole. Having boys, I make white, not red, ones. One afternoon we first-grade mothers gathered in the classroom and fashioned pink tissue-paper chrysanthemums to give a fairylike atmosphere to one dance. Afterward we went to the gymnasium-auditorium to practice a drill the mothers performed with their children. Field day captures the interest and participation of the entire family in a day of outdoor gymnastics. We take picnic lunches, which can be supplemented with fruit, cotton candy and peanuts for sale on this gala day.

A regular feature of field day at the kindergarten is a grand march in which all the children form a huge coil around and around the field, waving small Japanese flags overhead. This beautiful sight is the most eye-catching event of their day.

At one rehearsal I heard their loudspeaker playing a march and was drawn irresistibly to the window to watch the teachers demonstrating erect marching posture to the lines of little brunettes. There was our Sam, too, the tallest child in school. But there seemed to be a new flag. I went outdoors to see better. Each child held in one hand the rising sun of Japan, and in the other the blue-and-white emblem of the United Nations. Though Japan had been a member of U.N. a short ten months, the kindergarten of Zentsuji was already teaching its children respect for this banner along with their own country's flag.

A lump came in my throat. The difficulties of bridging racial, language and cultural differences came to my mind, but the friendships and wealth of new ideas at the other end of the bridge outweigh the difficulties. It is good to be an American; it is good to live in Japan.

THE END



"Too gooey."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Sitting pretty

with the Light refreshment

LOOK around at any party today. You can't help noticing today's slim, trim figures—and the preference for the lighter food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola, of course, is right in step with this idea. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. Make friends . . . with Pepsi. Refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

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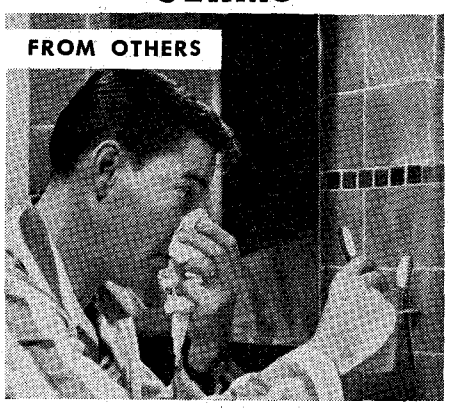
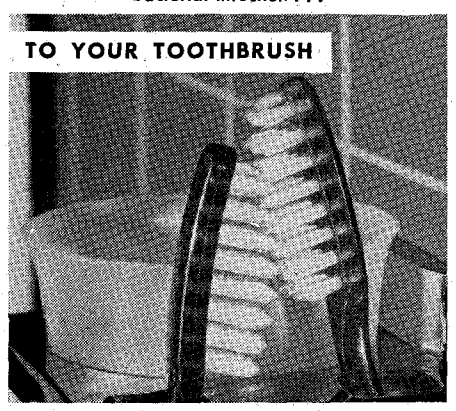
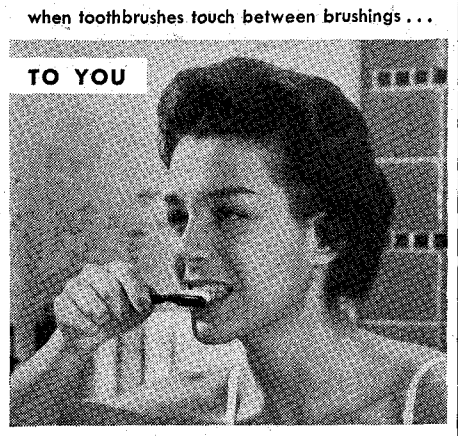
THE TOOTHBRUSH THAT
WON'T PASS ALONG GERMS



when someone in your family has a bacterial infection . . .

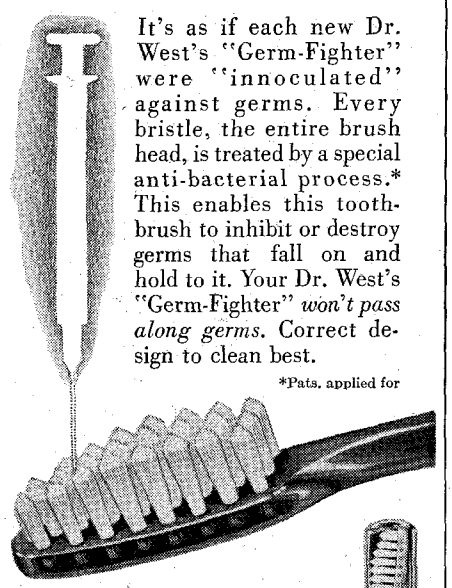


when toothbrushes touch between brushings . . .



Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" won't "catch it" and give it to you!

IT'S HAD A GERM-FIGHTER "SHOT"



It's as if each new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" were "innoculated" against germs. Every bristle, the entire brush head, is treated by a special anti-bacterial process.* This enables this toothbrush to inhibit or destroy germs that fall on and hold to it. Your Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" *won't pass along germs.* Correct design to clean best.

*Pats. applied for

NEW
DR. WEST'S "GERM-FIGHTER"
BRAND
TOOTHBRUSH
69¢

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Keeping Posted

Andy's Untold Story

During the last tense weeks of the Korean War, Lt. Col. Andrew C. Geer, whose writing so many Post readers have enjoyed, was commanding the 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines, at the front. Capt. J. W. Hanker, who was serving under him, says, "He was a legend with the Corps—a Marine's Marine. I want to tell you about an act of high courage which, at the time, he asked us not to speak about." It can be told now, because Andy, at 52, died of cancer Dec. 22nd in San Rafael, Calif.

Andy Geer.

Captain Hanker relates, "Our patrols ventured into No Man's Land every night, and my mortar platoon's job was to furnish them fire support when needed." One night there was a sudden roar of action out front. "A patrol from Able Company, 1st Battalion, attached to our command because of the size of our sector, had been ambushed. My men swung into action, and when it was over we learned that the patrol's survivors, unable immediately to fulfill the Marine Corps' great tradition that its dead are always brought out by the living, had left seven men behind in the night."

At dawn, Able Company asked Colonel Geer's permission to send a combat patrol out for its men, certain that this would be granted. Captain Hanker recalls, "I'll never forget the colonel's face as he said, 'Permission denied. Headquarters states that as the truce is imminent, no one goes out front. Anyone who does can expect court-martial.'" But soon, observation posts reported with astonishment that Colonel Geer himself, followed by a dozen Koreans he had rounded up from a work encampment, was striding out toward where his Marines lay.

When the Reds opened fire, the Koreans broke for cover. Alone, Geer could only walk back to the line, shaking his fist at the enemy whenever mortar rounds struck near him. In the command bunker, he apologized, "I'm sorry I failed." That night the Marines managed to bring home their dead.

Andy Geer's valiant soldiering included two years of volunteer combat service with the British in World War II, after which he switched to the U.S. Marines as a captain and fought brilliantly in the Pacific islands. His writing included the best-selling novel, The Sea Chase, which became a movie; among his Post contributions were two memorable articles about Reckless, the famous Marine mascot horse, later expanded into a book. He had been a hard-hitting heavyweight boxer; he was bluff and hearty. Yet he was a gentle man, and his quiet generosity moved him to give the proceeds of several books to aid war orphans. Andy was buried with military honors in Arlington (Va.) National Cemetery, on Dec. 30th. His wife, Jane, survives him.

Why Fuss About Clothes?

When Dr. James Pritchard, the archaeologist of page 40, flies to the Holy Land, he carries so many cameras, films, tripods, filters and whatnots that he has no room for clothes except those on his back. This worries his wife, but not him. He buys some work clothes in Jerusalem, lives in them ten weeks, and gives them to the Arabs. Doctor Pritchard, whose new book, Archaeology and the Old Testament, will be published by Princeton University Press in the fall, doubted that the Post would buy his article and told his wife unconfidently, "If they do, you can buy a Volkswagen." Mrs. P. named it "Postwagon."

Dr., Mrs. and Mary Pritchard (daughter Sally is in college). Also, rabbit and cat.

Recipe for World Peace

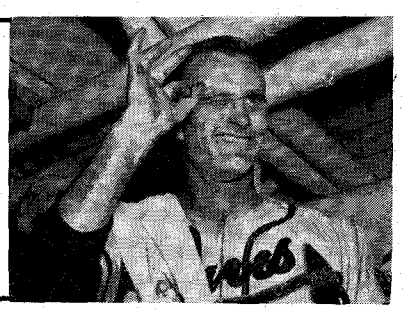
Jim Maxwell visits with Captain Underwood in the pilothouse of the SS Delta Queen.

James Maxwell, page 45, is as neurotic and ulcer-prone as the next man, but when he went slowly churning down the Mississippi on a stern-wheeler, a great do-nothing peace settled upon him—and he had an awful time shaking it off when he got back to his office. He muses, "Since no man can become aggressive aboard the SS Delta Queen, why doesn't the United Nations hold its meetings there?"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

The Yankees Know Me Now!

Want to read the real story behind pitcher Lew Burdette's triple World Series triumph? Milwaukee's star tells of a daring game-time gamble. And of a crisis his wife had to endure alone.



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